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May 7, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

T WEEKLY

THE GLASS SLIPPER

A Novel of Romance and Mystery

By MIGNON G. EBER

May 7, 1938

Biggest improvement in Years!
MEAT-
KEEPER
TOMATO JUICE

ONLY WESTINGHOUSE HAS THE MEAT-KEEPER

for new Kitchen-proved Savings!

For the first time in any home refrigerator — a place to keep meat properly! Covered, all-porcelain, ventilated — located directly under the froster! A raised rack assures air circulation *underneath*. Scientifically designed vents provide just the right humidity. Together with the new Humidrawer, the Super-capacity Froster, Zoned Temperature Regulator and Economizer Mechanism it gives you Kitchen-proved savings like these!

1 saves FOOD

Big food savings plus the low prices of the 1938 Westinghouse make it your budget's best friend. Saves each week $1.07 on leftovers, $1.03 on quantity buying—a Proving Kitchen average of

$9.10 a month *Kitchen-proved*

2 saves TIME

Ice cubes in 56 minutes! That's average fastest time in 102 Proving Kitchens! Frozen desserts in 65 minutes! And a whole week's food shopping in one or two trips to the store!

SHOPPING TRIPS CUT IN HALF *Kitchen-proved*

3 saves MONEY

Operating cost amazingly low! Average, 62 cents a week less than previous methods of refrigeration in 102 Proving Kitchens! Less than ⅔ of a kilowatt-hour daily average!

10 HOURS OUT OF 12 IT USES NO CURRENT AT ALL *Kitchen-proved*

Get Personal Proof: Your nearest Westinghouse dealer can give you facts and figures on Kitchen-proved Savings in homes like yours. Find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Mansfield, O.

Westinghouse *Kitchen-proved* Refrigerator

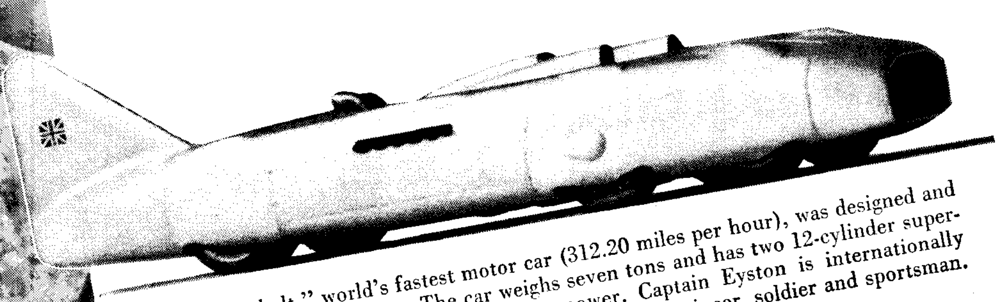
EVERY HOUSE NEEDS WESTINGHOUSE

"A BRILLIANT AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT"

$50.00
21 jewels
Model 2817
$85.00
21 jewels
Model 2803
$50.00
21 jewels
Model 2869

Capt. George E. T. Eyston

APPLAUDS THE PRECISION CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEWEST ELGINS

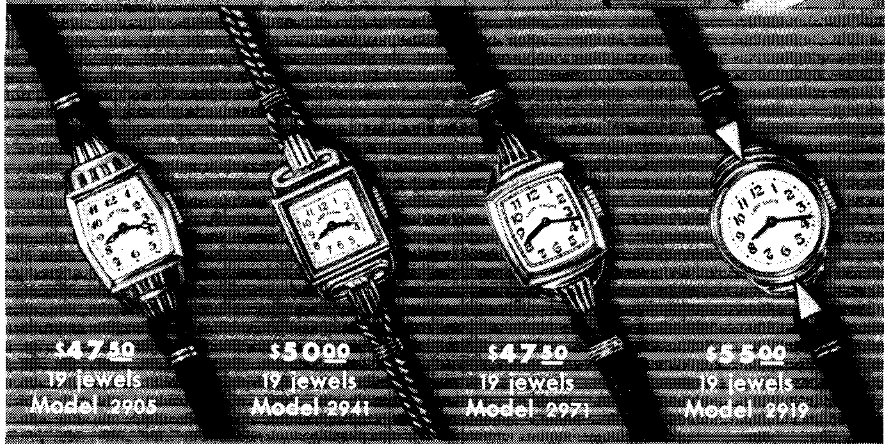


"Thunderbolt," world's fastest motor car (312.20 miles per hour), was designed and driven by Captain Eyston. The car weighs seven tons and has two 12-cylinder supercharged motors developing 3250 horsepower. Captain Eyston is internationally famous for his exploits as an engineer, soldier and sportsman.

Lord Elgin ⋆ Lady Elgin

Stirring climax to 73 years of fine American watchmaking

Elsie de Wolfe, Lady Mendl, originator of the profession of interior decorating, internationally celebrated for her style judgment: "The newest Elgins are a triumph of distinguished beauty!"



SOMETHING vigorously rousing has happened in the field of watchmaking! Something that is making both creative engineers and top-flight style authorities exclaim with admiration.

The sturdy new Lord Elgins are 21-jeweled, and can run 45 hours on one winding. The gracious Lady Elgins are the only 19-jeweled timepieces for women created in America. Nor is that the whole story!

The plates enclosing each watch movement are protected with rhodium, a rare metal costing over four times as much as platinum. All wheels of the "train" are plated with 24 k. gold. Dials are sterling silver. Tiny parts are accurate to 1/10,000 of an inch.

Only ELGIN'S perfect partnership of master craftsmen and modern scientists, aided by new and exclusive equipment, can produce watches like these. They are years ahead in technical design!

Lord Elgins from $50; Lady Elgins from $47.50. ELGINS are priced from $18.50. Each is an outstanding value—timed directly to the standard of the stars by ELGIN'S own world-famous observatory.

MADE BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST FINE-WATCH FACTORY

★ **ELGIN** ★ *Since 1865 the choice of distinguished American families*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Next Week

THE steps by which Leonard Purdey, a timid young man, employed by a firm of cocoa manufacturers and living quietly with his mother, came to be regarded as a dangerous and dissolute character and a threat to womanhood were simple in themselves but magical in their effect. They began by a reckless and unprecedented action on Leonard's part—he went off for a vacation by himself.

The place he chose was in France, which helped, and the supporting cast was, without exception, charming. "Seaside Spell" is by Margery Sharp.

DON'T make any mistake about the three-ring circus now in progress in Ohio. It just looks like a circus; it's really a rehearsal for 1940. Stouthearted patriots are assembled there in tight little knots, trembling in unison for the Union. And the Grand Old Party, slowly reforming its shattered ranks, has picked Ohio as the scene for the first *major battle in its long-delayed* counter offensive against the New Deal. The notable ornaments of Buckeye political life on both sides of the forthcoming struggle are presented by John T. Flynn in "Ohio Jewelry."

"START running, you dirty, yellow dog! Start running!" It was that shout in the seventh inning of a world series game that stopped Jake Reese like a piece of shrapnel. Someone had put the finger on him, and it looked to Jake as if that person might well be the girl who was sitting there in the stands. Beside her, Jake could see the warden of Grasslands. "Running Dogs Bark," a drama played on the diamond, is by Kyle Crichton.

THE announcement that Sir Johnston Bullock-Leeds of Leeds, Hants, Bucks, Carlton-on-Thames, was to marry Meridee Case brought no joy to Hollywood. To Benny Little and Oliver Rand it brought positive exasperation. Each had intended to marry Meridee, but they never had got round to agreeing which it should be. *Stung into action by the* news, both set off to see the lady. "She Didn't Say No" is by Frank Condon.

JESSE STUART contributes "Love in the Spring." Quentin Reynolds takes you to meet "A Man and a Horse." The man is Charley Kurtsinger and the horse is War Admiral. And Katharine Roberts, Charles Hoffman, Henry Pringle, Mignon G. Eberhart, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster and others perform with customary vigor.

Collier's

May 7, 1938

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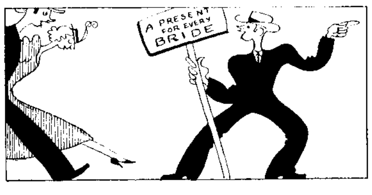
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editors

Any Week

JUST what we'd do if our correspondents organized and struck, we don't know. It's a pretty horrible thought to have rattling around in one's head. For example, if we hadn't but a few moments ago received help from Mr. Bob Emahiser of Seattle, Washington, we'd be hopelessly wringing our hands in despair of finding an answer to Miss Claudia Norris. From Des Moines, Iowa, she demands that we give her "a brief and easily understandable example of how municipal government operates." We give Miss Norris Mr. Emahiser. Writes he: "Seattle's best governmental minds are breaking under the strain of what to do about our municipal-owned street-railway system, which is so deep in the red that even the crews blush. One expert advocates spending ten million dollars for purchase of bonds and new equipment. Mayor-Elect Langlie would buy gasoline busses although Diesel busses would be more economical. Thus at our wits' end, an exceedingly *short journey, we are about to com*promise on a financial survey—oh, about fifty-two thousand dollars' worth of survey. When completed the survey will be carefully filed away and we shall be free to go ahead and worry about what to do about our street-railway system."

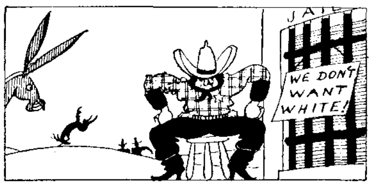
WHICH is about all the news we have this week about the great Northwest except that Seattle clergymen are pretty annoyed by the enterprise of a lady justice of the peace who has detailed her son to sentry duty outside the county auditor's office where determined citizens obtain marriage licenses. The son steers prospects to Mother who offers "a present for every bride, marriages day or night, at your home or by appointment—a brief but workable ceremony." One preacher, losing all patience, says that the lady J. P.'s activities "tend to give young people a totally erroneous impression of how serious marriage is." And he adds—not without some warrant — that "it takes more than wedding presents to make a successful marriage."



A PRESENT FOR EVERY BRIDE

MR. JOHN J. KELTY of Newark, New Jersey, reports that while entering Jersey City on a bus he overheard two young Nazis discussing the future. It was a rather putsch-minded discussion, both Hitlerites being eager to go to work at once. They already had agreed that New York and Newark would be push-overs for Adolf and were at the moment working out plans for Jersey City where, it seems, some trouble might be expected from the Honorable Frank Hague, a dictator in his own right and more or less apt to regard competition coldly. But one of the plotters suddenly cried triumphantly, "Listen, this Hague ain't no smarter than Schuschnigg, is he?" His pal agreed that Mr. Hague wasn't. "Okay, then," said the first, "let's get on to Philadelphia."

WE'VE heard a lot about who should vote and who shouldn't. We got to discussing it the other day at lunch, agreeing with somebody or other that no one who receives a government wage should be permitted to cast a ballot, and that the vote should be denied all who benefit directly from financial assistance from any public treasury. But we had not got as far as Mrs. George Bouser of Terre Haute, Indiana, would lead us. Says Mrs. Bouser: "The will of the common people will never prevail until we pass laws forbidding anyone to vote who has an income of more than five thousand dollars a year."



VAST numbers of people will be glad to know that our Owen P. White is not at the moment threatened with jail in Texas. Something that Mr. White wrote a few months ago about a prominent public official in Texas prompted that patriot to cause Mr. White to be indicted. Anyway, Texas has suddenly decided it had more important matters to concern itself with and wiped Mr. White off its books. We do not believe, however, that the explanation of Mr. Joe Werbah of San Antonio is accurate. Mr. Werbah says that *the jailkeeper served notice that he* was not going to have Mr. White in his cooler. And if they insisted, he was through. Well, a good jailkeeper being more valuable than a run-of-the-mill prisoner, they decided to call the whole thing off.

"I WISH to say," writes Mrs. Edith K. Braman of New York City, "that your magazine covers are obscene, disgusting, offensive, repulsive, degrading, ugly and in bad taste."

ALSO fetching. W. D.

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NEW "*DryTrack*" TIRE PROTECTS YOU AGAINST SKID DANGERS AS NEVER BEFORE

and at NO EXTRA COST you also get Golden Ply Blow-out Protection...

HERE'S the greatest motoring news you've had since the days of the first balloon tire. It's all about the non-skid tire sensation of 1938—the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown with the amazing Life-Saver Tread that stops you right *where* you want—right *when* you want!

It's *really* a new kind of tire. Because the new Goodrich Silvertown is different in appearance, construction and action from anything you've ever *seen* or *felt!* As row after row of the Life-Saver Tread's spiral bars whirl over wet, slippery pavements, they act like a battery of windshield wipers. For these never-ending bars sweep the water from *under* the tire—force it out through the deep drainage grooves—make a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip—protect you against the "hazard zone" of motoring. You get the *quickest* non-skid stops you've ever seen. Hard to believe? Read this startling proof.

Impartial Proof!

Before this new tire was ready for your car, America's largest *independent* testing laboratory was called in by Goodrich. The orders were—"Test the non-skid of this new Silvertown against the regular and premium-priced tires of other large tire manufacturers." The impartial Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory did this in a series of exhaustive road tests and found that *no tire tested—regardless of price—came up to the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown in non-skid action,* and that it also gave 19.1% more non-skid mileage than other tires in its price class—which means you get *every sixth mile* FREE!

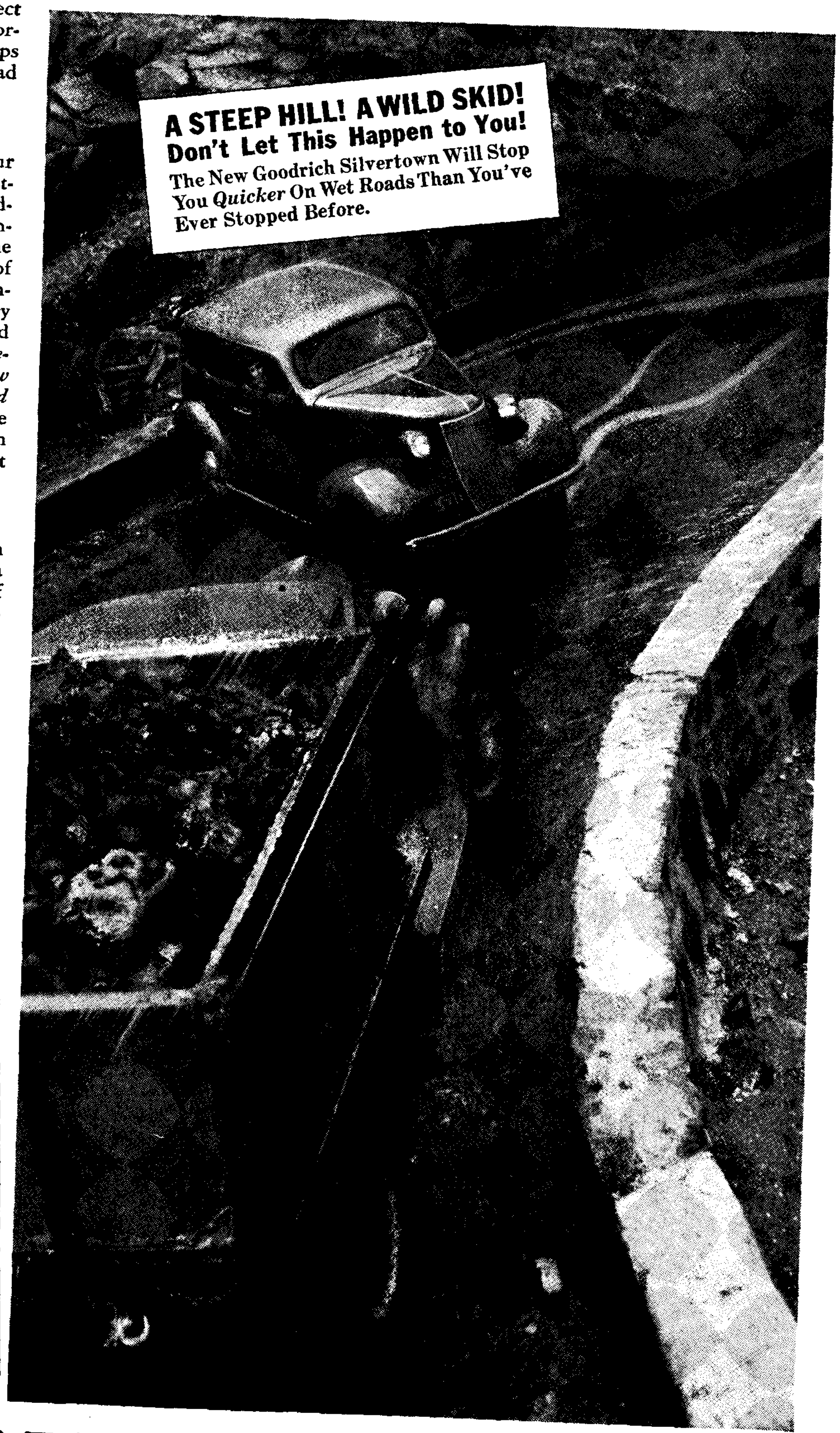
Test Before You Invest

Your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store wants to give you a free demonstration of this new kind of tire that thousands of enthusiastic motorists from coast to coast are hailing as the SAFEST THING ON WHEELS. Get behind the wheel and *feel* the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown in action. Discover what it means to be SAVED BY A SILVERTOWN STOP. *Test before you invest.*

Don't forget these new Silvertowns with Life-Saver Tread skid protection also provide you with the blow-out protection of the exclusive Golden Ply. And *both* of these great life-saving features are yours AT NO EXTRA COST. For safety's sake, make your next tires Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

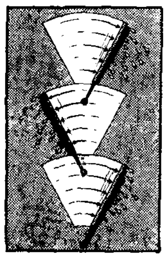
Life-Saver Tread and Sidewall of the New Goodrich Silvertown Protected by Design Patents Numbers 108,226, 108,247 and 108,248.

"THE SAFEST THING ON WHEELS"


A STEEP HILL! A WILD SKID!
Don't Let This Happen to You!
The New Goodrich Silvertown Will Stop You *Quicker* On Wet Roads Than You've Ever Stopped Before.

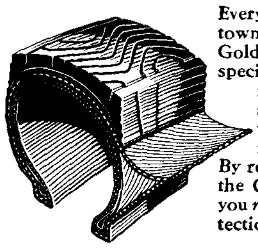
SAVES LIVES 2 WAYS—AT NO EXTRA COST

ACTS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS



The never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread, found *only* on the new Goodrich Silvertown, act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

GIVES YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION



Every Goodrich Silvertown has the famous Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply gives you *real* blow-out protection.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

FOR Mother

ON
HER
DAY
SUNDAY
MAY 8TH

Each box of Whitman's Chocolates is richly and beautifully decorated for Mother's Day...

For your mother—or someone else's mother—no other gift could give more enjoyment...

Your nearby Whitman dealer, taking advance orders for delivery anywhere by Mother's Day, is ready to serve you *now*.

The thing to do... Give Whitman's Chocolates

Whitman's
FAIRHILL
CHOCOLATES
Whitman's
Sampler
Chocolates & Confections.
The SAMPLER..$1.50

Finest box of candy in America . . . choicest nut, fruit, nougat, 'mallow and other centers—variety to tempt any epicure. 17-oz. Sampler (100 pieces, 42 kinds), $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5 lbs.

The FAIRHILL..$1.00

A delectable variety of favored confections—more pieces, smaller pieces—make this the outstanding box of candy at its price. 1 lb., $1.00. Also 25c, 50c, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 sizes.

Each package specially decorated for Mother's Day

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Swans are among the most cruel and ferocious of birds. Not only have they frequently battled one another to death but they have come on land and killed dogs and other animals, and attacked and seriously injured many human beings. They also have been known to beat children into unconsciousness and then drown them.

America's generosity toward its veterans may be gauged by a recent analysis of the costs of the Revolution, War of 1812, Mexican, Civil and Spanish-American wars. It shows that for every $100 spent during these wars, $160 was later expended for pensions and medical care. The study excludes the World War, the final cost of which cannot be estimated for years.

One of the largest scale models ever constructed for the study of tidal effects has recently been completed in London, representing the Rangoon River in Burma from the estuary to the port of Rangoon, twenty miles inland. Forty-five feet long and forty feet wide, it is correct in every detail, even to the size of the grains of sand. Pumping 10,000 gallons of fresh and salt water into it for 24 hours reproduces the effects of the tide for a year and a half.

The sense of sight as well as the sense of smell often assists the sense of taste. Many wine tasters, when blindfolded, sometimes have difficulty in correctly naming wines that, produced from various soils, have correspondingly varied shades as well as flavors.

In Panama, a man indicted for a crime, even though he may be a fugitive from justice, undergoes trial at once, while the witnesses for the state are alive, present and of sound memory. Recently a safebreaker was captured and began his six-year sentence a few hours later, his trial having taken place in 1935.—*By Peggy Lee, Balboa, Canal Zone.*

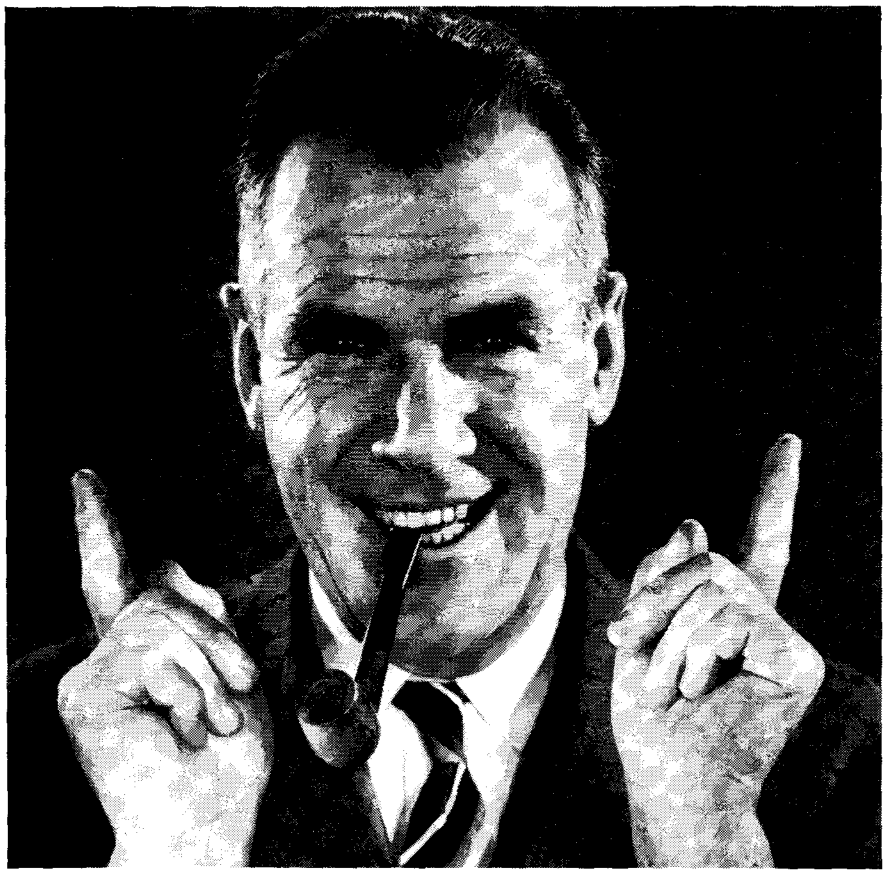
Although the movies have become the world's most popular form of entertainment since the first public picture show was presented in New York City in 1896, the number of living persons who have never yet seen a movie is estimated at 475,000,000, or nearly one quarter of the entire population of the globe. —*By Irving D. Hyland, New York City.*

Ernst Lissauer, the German poet who wrote the "Hymn of Hate" against England in 1914, was ruined by this work. Throughout the war, about 60,000,000 Germans recited it almost daily. In 1919 Lissauer's countrymen, ashamed of their past vehemence, exiled him to Austria where, until his recent death, his works were banned, as in Germany.

The United States Marine Corps, although having detachments on naval vessels and in military stations around the world, is a comparatively small organization, its total number of 18,331 officers and men being only half again as large as the number of workers in the R. C. A. Building in New York City. —*By John W. Terry, Jr., Great Lakes, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Make this test with your pipe tobacco!



1. Do you think that you enjoy the *flavor* of tobacco chiefly through your sense of *taste?* Then make this astonishing test. Pinch your nostrils together while smoking. Notice that your tobacco becomes flat . . . tasteless . . . flavorless!

2. *Now let go.* Immediately the flavor returns . . . proving that you enjoy the *flavor* of tobacco chiefly through your sense of *smell.* Flavor, you see, is produced only partly by the tongue . . . *largely* by delicately keen nerves at the back of the nose.

How we found FLAVOROMA for you!

Flavor depends mostly on your sense of smell. Knowing this, we set out to produce a pipe tobacco that would appeal to the senses of *both* taste and smell . . . in exactly the right proportions to produce finer flavor.

Finally — in HALF & HALF — we produced a blend with the very special quality we were looking for . . . combining taste and aroma in *exactly* the right proportions.

We call that exclusive quality FLAVOROMA. It will add a richer, fuller pleasure to the comfort and enjoyment you get from your pipe.

Buy HALF & HALF today. Taste for yourself why FLAVOROMA is switching so many pipe-smokers to this finer-flavored tobacco.

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GENUINE
LUCKY STRIKE
ROLL CUT TOBACCO
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM BRIGHT CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

THE TIN TELESCOPES!

JUST PUSH IT TOGETHER . . .

AS YOU USE UP THE TOBACCO . . .

The Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use it, makes tobacco easy to get at all the way down. No scraped fingers as you reach down for the last load. (Patent No. 1,770,920.)

Enjoy the FLAVOROMA of

HALF AND HALF

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

If you're a hundred miles from home tonight

you can go back by telephone for as little as 40¢

WHEN you travel, thoughts keep turning back toward home. The folks there are thinking of you, too. Then it's good to hear the sound of warm, familiar voices by *telephone*. One quick, convenient call brings peace of mind *both* to you and to them.

Such calls cost little during the day and much less nights and Sundays. Then you can telephone about 100 miles for 40c,* about 150 miles for 50c,* about 425 miles for $1.* Rates between specific cities are shown at the right. Many more are listed in the front of your telephone directory. *Keep in touch by telephone.*

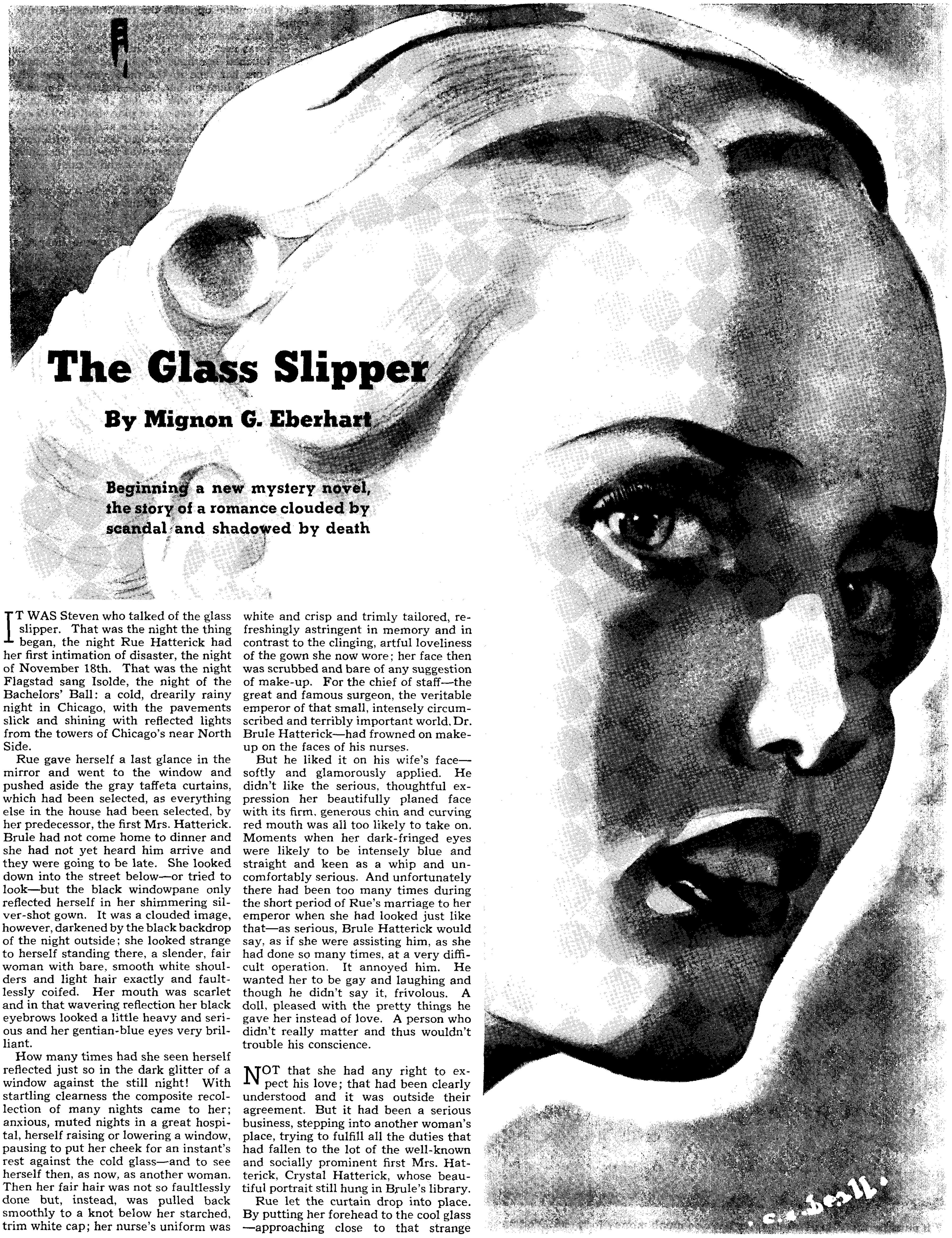
BELL SYSTEM

HERE'S HOW LITTLE IT COSTS TO TELEPHONE:

Between these points		*Day except Sunday**	*Night and Sunday**
Boston, Mass.	Hartford, Conn.	$.50	$.35
Chicago, Ill.	Indianapolis, Ind.	.75	.45
Butte, Mont.	Spokane, Wash.	1.00	.60
Milwaukee, Wis.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	1.50	.90
Atlanta, Ga.	Kansas City, Mo.	2.00	1.20
St. Paul, Minn.	Salt Lake City, Utah	3.00	1.80
Los Angeles, Calif.	Des Moines, Iowa	4.00	2.50
Portland, Ore.	Memphis, Tenn.	5.00	3.25
Washington, D. C.	Reno, Nev.	6.00	4.00

**3-minute station-to-station rates. Reduced rates are in effect from 7 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. every night and all day on Sunday.*

Collier's The National Weekly for May 7, 1938



The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

Beginning a new mystery novel, the story of a romance clouded by scandal and shadowed by death

IT WAS Steven who talked of the glass slipper. That was the night the thing began, the night Rue Hatterick had her first intimation of disaster, the night of November 18th. That was the night Flagstad sang Isolde, the night of the Bachelors' Ball: a cold, drearily rainy night in Chicago, with the pavements slick and shining with reflected lights from the towers of Chicago's near North Side.

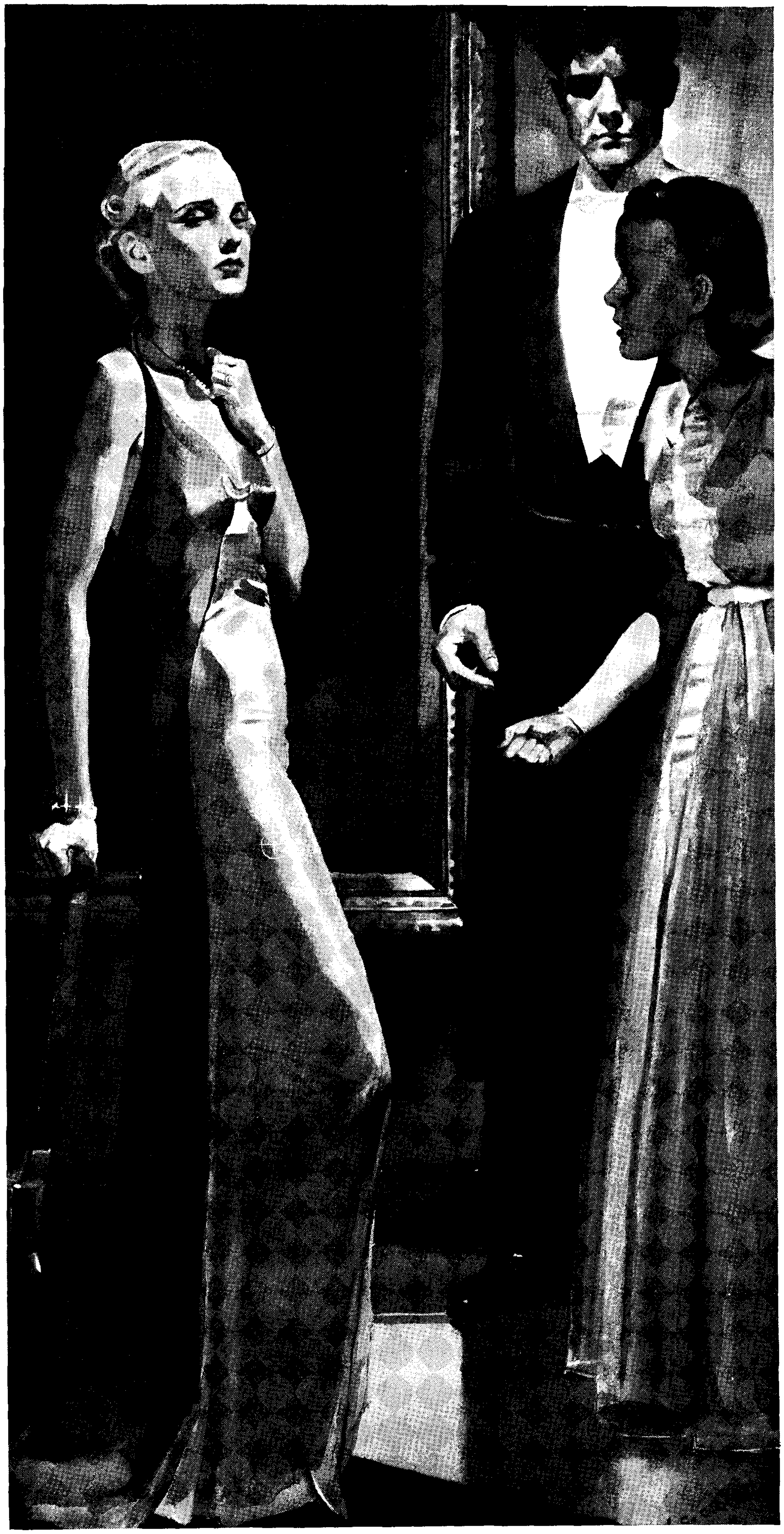
Rue gave herself a last glance in the mirror and went to the window and pushed aside the gray taffeta curtains, which had been selected, as everything else in the house had been selected, by her predecessor, the first Mrs. Hatterick. Brule had not come home to dinner and she had not yet heard him arrive and they were going to be late. She looked down into the street below—or tried to look—but the black windowpane only reflected herself in her shimmering silver-shot gown. It was a clouded image, however, darkened by the black backdrop of the night outside; she looked strange to herself standing there, a slender, fair woman with bare, smooth white shoulders and light hair exactly and faultlessly coifed. Her mouth was scarlet and in that wavering reflection her black eyebrows looked a little heavy and serious and her gentian-blue eyes very brilliant.

How many times had she seen herself reflected just so in the dark glitter of a window against the still night! With startling clearness the composite recollection of many nights came to her; anxious, muted nights in a great hospital, herself raising or lowering a window, pausing to put her cheek for an instant's rest against the cold glass—and to see herself then, as now, as another woman. Then her fair hair was not so faultlessly done but, instead, was pulled back smoothly to a knot below her starched, trim white cap; her nurse's uniform was white and crisp and trimly tailored, refreshingly astringent in memory and in contrast to the clinging, artful loveliness of the gown she now wore; her face then was scrubbed and bare of any suggestion of make-up. For the chief of staff—the great and famous surgeon, the veritable emperor of that small, intensely circumscribed and terribly important world, Dr. Brule Hatterick—had frowned on make-up on the faces of his nurses.

But he liked it on his wife's face—softly and glamorously applied. He didn't like the serious, thoughtful expression her beautifully planed face with its firm, generous chin and curving red mouth was all too likely to take on. Moments when her dark-fringed eyes were likely to be intensely blue and straight and keen as a whip and uncomfortably serious. And unfortunately there had been too many times during the short period of Rue's marriage to her emperor when she had looked just like that—as serious, Brule Hatterick would say, as if she were assisting him, as she had done so many times, at a very difficult operation. It annoyed him. He wanted her to be gay and laughing and though he didn't say it, frivolous. A doll, pleased with the pretty things he gave her instead of love. A person who didn't really matter and thus wouldn't trouble his conscience.

NOT that she had any right to expect his love; that had been clearly understood and it was outside their agreement. But it had been a serious business, stepping into another woman's place, trying to fulfill all the duties that had fallen to the lot of the well-known and socially prominent first Mrs. Hatterick, Crystal Hatterick, whose beautiful portrait still hung in Brule's library.

Rue let the curtain drop into place. By putting her forehead to the cool glass—approaching close to that strange



"It must be nice," said Madge, "to have so much money to spend. You never had it before, did you?"

woman who looked back at her—she could perceive street lights and the long black outline of the Hatterick limousine opposite the front door, but Brule's coupé was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he had arrived while she was dressing.

She was nervous. She went back to the dressing table, touched her hair, which was pulled upward, away from her face in the mode, and arranged in smooth curls high on her head—hesitated a moment to make sure there was no flaw, no wrinkle in her gown, no detail that was out of place that Brule's eyes, which saw everything, would see and disapprove. A little gust of impatience touched her, and with one of the impulsive gestures she was learning to control, she picked up long white gloves and a small jeweled bag and turned to leave the room.

The big, silken bedroom had been in its pseudo-Victorian luxuriance a triumph of the decorator employed and assisted by Crystal Hatterick. Crystal had liked the thin, old French carpet with its faded pastel flowers; the chaise longue heaped in satin and lace pillows; the tiny pink marble mantel with its gilt clock and mirror; the ruffled, elaborate dressing table; the French prints on the soft gray walls; the great swan bed with its crepe de Chine sheets and its down puffs; even the adjoining bathroom was done in soft, flattering shades of pink, and the great closets were lined in quilted satin, heavily scented.

The first time Rue had ever entered that room she had hated the soft, enveloping scent of roses that permeated it; she still hated it and could not entirely dispossess it. It clung to the room like a ghostly reminder of Crystal's presence.

A French screen, all cupids and Fragonardlike ladies and gilt, stood before the door.

Rue, pausing, remembered sharply and clearly the first time she'd entered that room; she saw herself standing on the threshold, a little hesitant because it was the great Mrs. Brule Hatterick she had come to nurse; because she had been selected (from all the nurses at the hospital) by Dr. Brule Hatterick to care for his wife. She'd had a panicky instant, standing there in the shadow of the great screen—her blue nurse's cape still over her shoulders, her little leather bag in her hand. What would Mrs. Hatterick be like? Would she be a difficult patient? Would she, Rue, succeed in the exacting eyes of the great Brule Hatterick? It had taken all her courage to step around that screen and go to Crystal, ill, white, hard to please, waiting for her in that great soft bed.

SHE had failed because Crystal Hatterick had died. Yet she hadn't failed in Brule Hatterick's eyes, for a short ten months later he had married her.

Married her and made her mistress of that house she had first entered as a nurse. Crystal's house.

The autumn had not been so difficult; they'd been at camp; she'd been able to fall in with the routine of the household even if she had not quite grasped the reins of it from the capable and determined hands of the domestic staff Crystal had hired and trained. Steven had helped—quietly and kindly. Madge had been her main problem, but she had known Madge would be; it was mainly because of Madge, Brule had told her in that curiously frank interview, that he wanted her, Rue, for a wife.

But now it was winter; the social season was beginning; Brule depended upon her to carry on exactly the same life Crystal had balanced so easily and lightly in her poised and certain hands. But Crystal had been born in that very house; it had been her money and her position that had started Brule on his meteorlike flight upward. She had been considerably older than Brule; she had known all the people who could help him; she had known all the affiliations, all the loyalties, all the age-established feuds; she had known who counted and who didn't; she had made no mistakes. Rue had all that to learn and she must learn it, for Brule's position demanded it and Madge, now fifteen, later must be suitably launched.

Well, Alicia would help. Alicia Pelham, who had been Crystal's best friend and was to be married to Steven.

It must be that Brule had arrived without her knowledge and was now dressing in his own rooms at the end of the narrow long hall. This was one of the first big nights of the season; surely he wouldn't be late, certainly he would be there to support Rue in her new, untried role.

Yes, she was nervous.

Only her fellow nurses at the hospital would have guessed that nervousness. It made her eyes a little brighter, her head more proudly erect, her movements a little more deliberately controlled.

In the hall she met Steven and he paused to look at her.

(Continued on page 67)

Ex Leopard Lady

By Kyle Crichton

HURRELL

The career of Gail Patrick, who gave up politics for the movies—for a while

BEHIND the walls of a studio in Hollywood works a man who will get ten years at hard labor if they ever discover what he thinks about the industry. At the very least he maintains that anybody caught working in movies must be mentally touched. Supervisors are maniacs; directors are tarantulas; writers are skunks. Actors? What he thinks of actors cannot be transmitted through the mails.

With some trepidation we asked him about Gail Patrick.

"She's a lawyer," said our new-found friend.

"What do you mean, a lawyer? She's an actress."

"She's a lawyer," he insisted, "and she ought to go back to being a lawyer."

"Now, now," said we, "you can't say things like that. Nobody as beautiful as Gail Patrick could possibly be a lawyer; the other lawyers would have her disbarred for unfair presence in court."

"You go ask her," said the cynical gentleman.

We went and asked her.

"Sure, a lawyer," she said. "And a politician, too. I'd like to run for governor."

Running the thing right down to the ground, it is learned that the lady was prepared to enter law school when a group of sorority sisters at Howard University in Birmingham put her across for a Hollywood trip in a contest to find the Leopard Woman.

The Patrick girl was known in those days as Margaret Fitzpatrick and she was no more a Leopard Woman than she was a pole vaulter. She happened, however, to be a popular campus figure and the boys and girls of old Howard voted her right out to Hollywood. The possibility that anybody might think her a beauty was farfetched because she was a long, lanky dame who wore her hair pulled straight back like somebody sitting on the front steps of a mountain cabin smoking a pipe. More than that, she had an accent like Pick and Pat. Nobody could be sure she had a shape because it was wrapped up in a jumper dress with a red and white plaid blouse. She looked like hell.

This will be a surprise to people who have seen her since in such things as No More Ladies, My Man Godfrey and Stage Door, where she passes either as a great actress or a swell looker, the preponderance being rather heavy toward the latter. What changed her life was a phone call from Mr. Turtledove at Universal. It happens that there *was* a Mr. Turtledove at Universal. It was his right name and he was casting director over there and the regular practice when he called anybody was for the recipient of the call to say who're you kiddin' and hang up.

One Way to Get a Contract

The truth in this case was that somebody was kidding Mr. Turtledove. They told him there was a marvelous Southern girl stopping at the Ambassador and he fell for it. He asked her out to lunch and she said yes. Then she called up the contest people at Paramount and said she couldn't have lunch there that day because she was going over to Universal. The Paramount people in typical Hollywood manner went nuts immediately, figuring that if Universal wanted the gal she must be another Ellen Terry. So they dashed over to the Ambassador, dragged her off by force and soon had her name to one of those tryout contracts that pay $75 a week and generally amount to nothing.

What really saved her at Paramount was Johnny Engstedt, the studio still photographer. He told her to change her hair and she listened to advice on the subject from Dot Ponedel, the make-up artist. Nina Moise, the voice coach, floored Patrick's accent in six months of furious struggle and Johnny Engstedt stuck her mug in every picture that came out of the studio. The film magazines were loaded to the gunwales with Patrick's face and she began to get fan mail saying how much they enjoyed her work in the films, which proved that the writers were liars because up to this point she had never been in a picture.

As for her acting, the dispute has not died down to this day. Stuart Walker told her several months after she arrived that she would never amount to anything in Hollywood and ought to go home.

"It's all right with me," said Patrick. "I'd just as soon. I never wanted to be an actress anyhow."

But Mitchell Leisen, the director, gave her a small part in Death Takes a Holiday and she came along even faster later when Gregory La Cava put her in Stage Door. That last almost unhinged her, for La Cava called her in for a conference and then talked an hour and a half convincing her that she ought to take the part.

"Convincing *me!*" says La Patrick. "The only time a director ever *talked* to me before was to say get out of the road."

This is slightly exaggerated, for Miss Patrick has had a standing of some importance in the industry for some time. You can't laugh off a face that photographs as well as that one. Back of it all, however, is a determination to go back and finish her law course and run for office.

On the domestic side, Miss Patrick offers a pretty picture. She is married to Bob Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby restaurants. Last fall when the employees were on strike, Miss Patrick practically ate herself into a stupor proving to the world that the restaurants were operating at normal, but ordinarily she stays home and does her own buying. Cooking?—well, sir, would you believe it . . . that elegant creature you see in the cinema gets beside herself over a new recipe.

A Born Politician

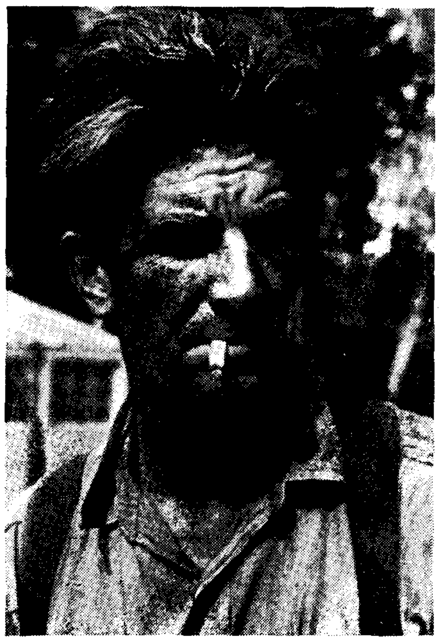
She doesn't drink or smoke. She will talk anywhere at the drop of a hat. She has a good sense of humor and never forgets to wave to the ordinary blokes around the studio. She has autographed everything, including an elevator. One of her prized possessions is a golden key given her by the Maharajah of Indore when he was in Hollywood last year. The studio publicity department tells an amusing story about Miss Patrick's maid on the occasion of the Maharajah's coming to dinner. Gail was careful to instruct the maid to call the great man "His Highness." When they came in, the maid addressed the Maharajah as "Mr. Highness" and the Ranee as "Mrs. Highness." (You're not laughing? You're fired.)

When last heard from, Miss Patrick was playing in Dangerous to Know at Paramount, clipping recipes out of the papers and being photographed by Johnny Engstedt. Between times she is being friendly with the workers on the set. The lady is going to be awful tough to lick in an election.

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS

One of Matanuska's young pioneers, whose father, a victim of hard times on a Minnesota farm, has established a new home in Alaska—and likes it

Matanuska's houses are designed to be simple, inexpensive and comfortable. The people, like the pioneer at right, are much like the farmers on similar land in the States



Pilgrims' Progress

By W. B. Courtney

Four years ago a handful of pioneer farmers, tired of droughts and dust storms, were given a fresh start in virgin territory in Alaska. And now look at them

WE STOOD in a clearing where yesterday there had been old trees and primeval shadows and the matting and tangle of the years. Peter, broad and Nordic, stooped and filled both hands with virgin soil and worked it under his stubby thumbs. There was a light on his face like the flash of a plowshare when it turns at the field's edge.

"This is fine dirt, Mister!" said Peter.

It was moist and dark and glowing with rich and secret hints of fertility; in it lay distilled the gifts of time and weather, of sky and bracken and wilderness creatures—the bounty of the centuries waiting in a fortunate land.

"I seen two farms blow away from me back in the States!" said Peter.

Mayta, his wife, came near and stared with us at the fisted earth. She was tall and slim and young, and their baby was in a sling upon her back. Peter reached across her shoulder and rubbed a bit of earth between the baby's gaping eyes until Mayta slapped down his arm.

"This one ain't goin' to blow away from us, Mister!" said Peter.

Mayta was girlishly trim in a blue overall; a brightly dotted handkerchief restrained her corn-tassel hair. There was certitude and grace and the discipline of pride in her swaying body as she drove the horses; a mobile, pliant fullness that was in mysterious affinity with the new field. Peter walked behind the plow. He looked backward from his uneven, plunging stride.

"The woman is the most important thing up here. A feller's lost if his wife ain't got no git-up and git-out. If she's okay they'll eat, you bet, and be warm, too, and have good things to wear!" said Peter.

This was the picture you carried away from Matanuska: a young American family, innocent of national or party destinies, of catchwords or theories, of economic laws or political controversies—knowing only that here was a country that did not go without rain for months, here was soil that would not turn to dust and blow away for all your hard work, here was a place where strong and willing folks could make a go of things.

Now the long days have come again to that far-off valley: steel blades have unlaced winter's bindings from the earth, and the furrows turned like eager wounds to the gentle sun and the nurturing rain. Down the Susitna from the great Alaska Range, down the Matanuska and the Knik, down a hundred creeks and a thousand brooks, down the aisles of the spruce woods and the rough grooves of the foreland moraines, the water hurries, its skimmed-milk color telling of glacial birth. Springtime in this land of emphatic seasons is a lusty upheaval in men and beasts and ground alike. And the colonists of Matanuska, the latter-day pioneers, turn grateful eyes to the summits where the eternal snow is a pledge against crops withered in the row and cattle dead of thirst.

Their eyes come back quickly to immediate things: to horse and plow and seed bag, to fork and disk. For in the shape of events, this will be for them a momentous year; when the colonists must walk diligently in a middle road, armed against meddling friend and captious foe alike. The purse strings in Washington are closing; Matanuska is on its own, to justify its existence or to be marked down as another crackpot experiment in patent-medicine sociology; to flourish as a milestone in sound and practical depression relief, or to be shrugged-off as another five-million-dollar rooking of taxpayers that will piddle away and be forgotten.

No other single welfare project of modern times in the United States was so spectacular as this uprooting of two hundred-odd families, a thousand men, women and children with a variety of pets and household goods, and transporting them more than three thousand miles over prairie, mountain, ocean and valley to a new world; a romantic public adventure with a throwback to the early history of the Republic; an exodus that sometimes took on spiritual fervor, when the women cried and sang hymns, the men shouted psalms, and there were exhortations and emotional joinings in prayer. Public attention dogged the strange, pathetic flight; advocates minimized each delay and stupidity, critics howled up each mistake; the pilgrims themselves were infected and there were fights and sickness and hysteria and some who stood around with their hands out, while delegates were actually dispatched to Washington to charge parsimony to a bewildered and beneficent uncle. In those days you could not see the waves for the spray; shirkers and homesick, the unfit and the misfit, had not yet departed to give you a clear view of the Peters and the Maytas.

"This is our fourth year," Peter says, "and now you can begin to get a pretty good idea of how things stand and how they ought to go. Last season about 150 tourists a week came to see us and we think it's good because they go back and tell folks at home what's going on up here. Funny thing, a lot of them come with chips on their shoulders."

Peter and Mayta and the baby typify the 170 families left in Matanuska Colony of the 245 that were chosen, all told, in the first and succeeding years. Not a bookish fellow, Peter; but a simple, earthy one, who lets down his suspenders when he relaxes beside the radio after supper. Historical parallels you will have to round up for yourself; for example, how favorably Matanuska's desertion of less than one third compares with the stories of early colonizations in America. From the group of 120 settlers, dispatched in 1607 by the Plymouth Company to the mouth of the Kennebec River, who went home in a mass the next year; through Plymouth, the Bay, Maryland and Virginia settlements and plantations, there was a constant wholesale flow of faint hearts back to the homeland. It has been estimated that only one in ten of the early colonists in America survived; incredible hardships and Indian raids accounted for many of the nine; desertion the rest. But the nearest Peter comes to a reference is when he tells you:

Why Not Cream-Puff Pioneers?

"We saw in the papers a lot of names for us. Sometimes we hear tourists whispering, too. We are 'cream-puff pioneers,' and 'plush-lined pioneers' and a lot of other things. They say we are spoiled because things are made too easy for us; and I guess they are sore because we don't have the same hardships like the Pilgrim Fathers, who had fevers and starvation to fight as well as Indians. Well, there ain't no Indians to fight up here, that's so, and we have been helped a lot; but I still think we got hardships of a kind. I don't understand why some people who have got jobs expect that a great, rich country should send its poor out to live like the poor lived three hundred years ago. After all, I figure a hardship in any time is when you ain't got all the nice things that's available to other ordinary people in the same times. We got a good life here and I ain't kickin', but it's a new, strange world and we're away from our friends and relations and probably won't never see most of them again, because it costs plenty of money to travel all the way back, and we're stuck here in the valley, with only local roads; and the cost of living for everything except what we make or grow is awful high on account of the Alaska Railroad's freight rates; and if you think breakin' new land is for sissies, a cream-puff job, just lend me a hand with this here stump, Mister!"

The mystery of Matanuska, so far as laymen at home are concerned, is why Alaska was selected for a resettlement project; a distant and unbroken land, with initial costs for transportation and ground preparation so great that only a relatively small number of needy families would be aided.

Many conjectures have been made; some in whispers. It is likely, however, that Matanuska is the result of no single idea or motive, either superficially benevolent or slyly ulterior.

The military advantage of a widely tilled and settled Alaska is, perhaps, the incentive principally credited: indeed, the colonists themselves have a vague idea of being part of some mysterious provisions for national defense strategy. Alaska has been much talked up in recent years as an outpost of United States arms. And when you discuss in Washington the question of the disproportionate cost of the Matanuska Resettlement Project, officials lay fingers alongside their noses and shut one eye and give coy visual interpretations of air raids and machine guns.

A vast land, Alaska offers nearly ten square miles of room for each of its inhabitants, compared with the sixteen or so acres each one of you here at home must be content to swing your elbows in. It has about 30,000 white residents, who live chiefly out of tin cans imported from the States. But it lies far out at the crown of the Pacific Ocean, extends west of Hawaii and comes within eyeshot of Russia, like a sentry box guarding the main routes over which invaders from Asia—when and if any—would have to approach us. However, even a Saturday-afternoon militarist can see that it would take scores of Matanuskas—thousands of families—before Alaska will be competent to provision and comfort an embattled American defensive army up there; a condition hardly attainable, except by ruinous expenditures, within half a century or more.

"I figure," said Peter, "it's just one of them things for which you can't blame nobody and it comes out good anyhow."

In mankind's annals there have been many such instances; movements, actions, tides in human affairs for which neither legal justification nor clear purpose can be discerned, but after a while you see that it had to happen. Alaska is a "natural," in these days of international hunger for good land.

The flow there on a large and organized scale was inevitable—with our agricultural population crowded over the edges of nonarable land, running far ahead of irrigation projects and possibilities, robbed by lack of attention in the past to conservation fundamentals.

Alaska was bought from Russia for about two cents per acre, or $7,200,000—thus, only a couple of million dollars more was paid for the whole territory than has been expended so far on Matanuska colony alone. That was in 1867, and the wags called it "Seward's Folly" and "Seward's Icebox"—after the Secretary of State who made the deal—also "Icebergia," "Walrussia," "Zero Island," and a lot of similar rib-splitters. Alaska contains nearly 600,000 square miles—it is about one fifth as large as the entire United States, twice as large as Texas and 14 times the size of Ohio.

Alaska's Three Belts

Alaska is divided into three climatic belts—Arctic, Interior and Coastal. Forget the first, the zone within the "Circle," for colonization purposes; although some vegetables actually are raised in the inch or two that in the brief summer thaws into a sort of grease on top of the perpetually frozen ground. The Interior has drastic weather; 60 to 70 below zero in the long winters, occasionally 90 or more above in summer—and, incredibly, a semiarid precipitation record. Fairbanks averages about 11 inches of rainfall, and 50 of snow. Conditions here and elsewhere in the interior sometimes approximate drought. The Coastal region has lots of precipitation, luxuriant vegetation, and escapes prolonged severe cold. Lowest winter temperatures here do not approach those of the Midcentral States from which the Matanuska settlers came. The Japan Current does for Alaska's coast what the Gulf Stream does for the British Isles and Scandinavia.

Government experts hold that Alaska contains 65,000 square miles of land suitable for tilling; 35,000, in addition, ideal for grazing. The potential agricultural land, therefore, nearly matches the whole area of the combined New England States and Pennsylvania and should be able to support an equivalent population—about 18,000,000.

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With land cleared and fenced, life on a Matanuska farm falls much into the same pattern as on any farm in the States. While the men are occupied in developing the land, the women keep themselves busy with the familiar household duties

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Want to pay off the mortgage on your church, clubhouse or what have you? The answer is BINGO!

SHE said she had to win a ham. She was a pretty young woman, with mink on her hat and mink on her coat. She had her diamond wedding circlet and she had her diamond engagement ring and she had her diamond dinner ring. The expensive coat lay across a folding chair. The diamonds flashed as she tore into squares a piece of perforated black paper we had each got at the door, along with a bingo card, our pencil and our complimentary game card (if we came next week). She made the squares into a neat little pile on the long plank table—ready for action.

"I've got these people coming up from the South," she said. "I'll have to feed them. So I said to my husband, 'I'm going down to the club and bring home the bacon. I'm going to win a ham.' "

The clubroom filled up. There were two long plank tables in the center and three rows of card tables on either side all the way to the door, each table seating four persons. It was a respectable suburban crowd. Plenty of men with their womenfolks. Lots of elderly women in groups. What distinguished them from a neighborhood movie crowd was the number of children alone, who had paid their thirty-five cents for thirty-five games at the door like everybody else.

The near end of the second plank table belonged to a party of ten old ladies in flabby hats and shabby coats and lots of Christmas scarves. They seemed to be a club; perhaps, judging from the grimness of their expressions, a bridge club on a busman's holiday. They got out packs of cards. One played solitaire and others played casino while they waited.

Upon the platform, neatly ranged in tiers on red bunting, the presents stared us in the face. One hundred dollars' worth of prizes, the sign outside said. You would hardly expect a group of well-off people to get excited over the two-toned quilts or the toaster or the dripolator with the red handle or the two sofa cushions of a dreary shade of chocolate or even over the tip-table with an orange sunset painted on it. But that would be your mistake, for they were stamping their feet and clapping and banging on tables for the game to begin.

The Game is On

The master of ceremonies—he is the only paid employee, at five dollars a night, and takes seriously the job of turning this into a party—made his preparations. A pitcher of water. The mike on the edge of his table. The master card on which he will place the numbers he calls, to check back with the winners. The wire cage on a tray that holds the bingo balls. He upends it, tray and all, rattles it around, turns the handle, picks up the released ball, calls its number. And off we go.

A bingo card consists of five rows of five numbers each, the rows disposed under the letters of BINGO. The numbers are chosen from between one and seventy-five, in different combinations, and in the center there is a zero, which the house generously gives you as a starter. As the numbers are called, you cover the corresponding ones on your card, and if or when you have covered five numbers in any row, you bingo. There are twelve different ways to bingo, including the diagonal.

The master of ceremonies had called ten numbers through the microphone when the voice of the little girl in red next to us piped up, "Bingo!"

"My, what a sweet little bingo!" said the master of ceremonies.

She blushed and fluttered and the audience laughed and stirred. The first game carried a prize of three dollars. A verifier came over and read the girl's

(Continued on page 42)

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

WILL ISBERG, owner of the Skull outfit and the most powerful man in the Piute Desert country, marries Sally Bidwell. He is well aware that the girl, long in love with Owen Merritt (who runs a small ranch on Christmas Creek), is interested primarily in his money. He decides to get rid of Merritt, by purchasing his ranch *or by having him murdered.*

Merritt refuses to sell his property. And, although he knows that Isberg is jealous of him, he does not realize how perilous his position is until Juke Slover, one of his friends, and George Vird, his foreman, are shot to death. But, following these killings, he feels sure that several men—among them, Fay Dutcher, Isberg's foreman; Theodore Bale, Skull's riding boss; and Hugh Clagg, who has an outfit of his own near Merritt's and who has allied himself with Isberg—are only awaiting the chance to do away with him.

Knowing that Merritt may be shot at any moment, Sally Isberg—torn between loyalty to her husband and the love she still bears Merritt—steals away one night, goes to Merritt's ranch house, and implores him to go away. Unfortunately, when she rides away from the house she is seen and recognized by Hugh Clagg, who instantly reports to Fay Dutcher.

Dutcher, it appears, hates Sally—regards her as a menace to his welfare and certain hopes he entertains for ultimately gaining possession of Skull. He says nothing to Isberg. But he does have a talk with Sally, who from that time on feels that she is more or less in his power.

Another girl, Nan Melotte (a schoolteacher in whom Hugh Clagg is interested) also gives Merritt a warning. She tells him to beware of Clagg!

The young ranchman sees that he is in for a life-or-death struggle. He makes his plans for a vigorous war against Isberg. Then, alone, he rides to Corral Flat, where Skull's chuck-wagon crew is sleeping, and shoots up the place. After which he finds a hide-out in the near-by hills, and awaits developments. He is presently joined by two of his friends: Pay Lankershim and Bourke Prine; they announce that they are going to stand by him, come what may.

Under cover of night he returns to his house. No one is there—his superstitious Indian cook, Cultus Charley, having departed out of fright! He enters, lights a lamp, steps out on the porch.

Soon he hears horses approaching. Hugging the porch wall, he hears Isberg's voice: "Merritt, is that you? I want to talk to you." He hears Fay Dutcher shout. Then comes the sharp crackle of rifle fire—from Skull's attacking forces!

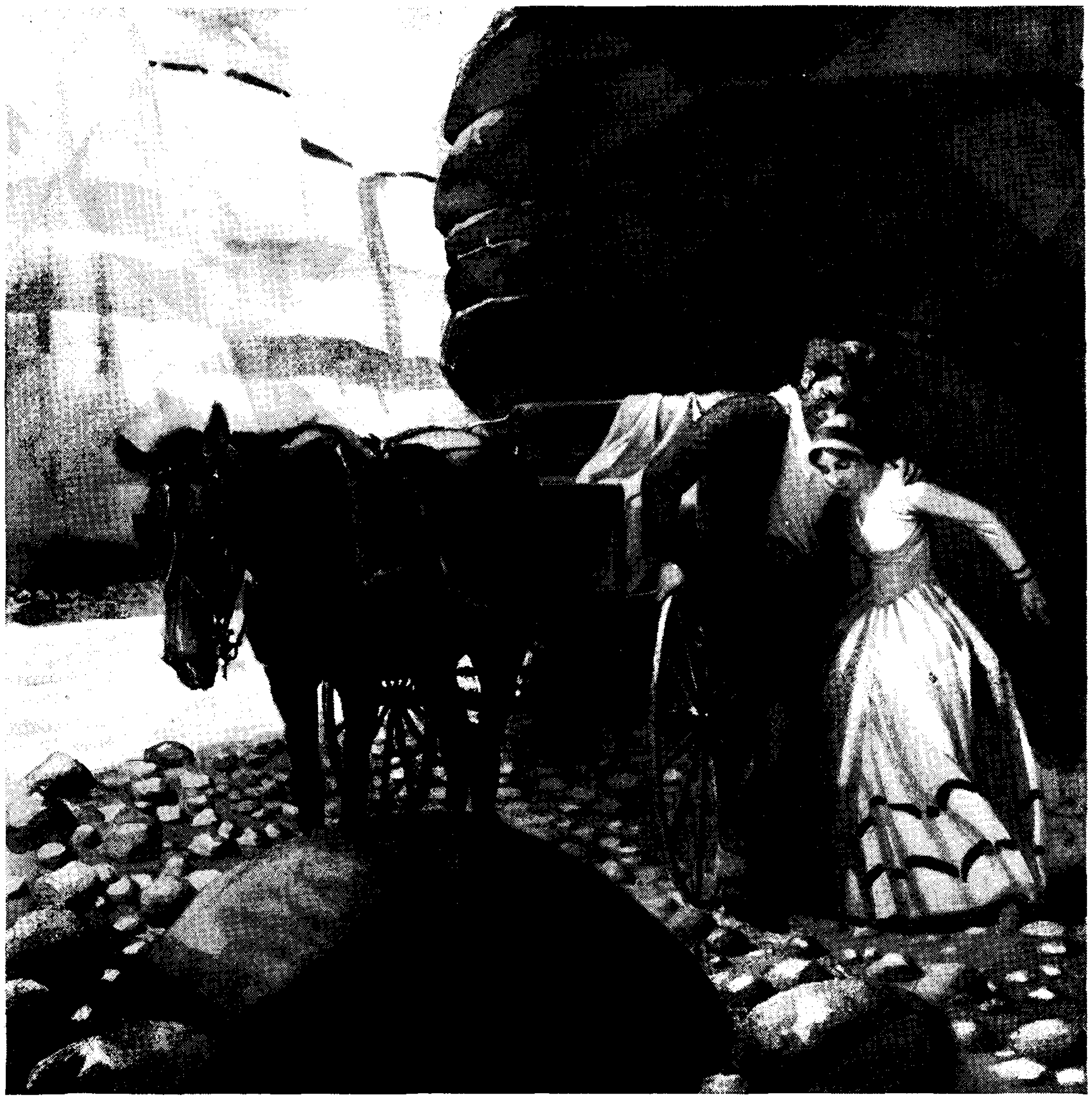
VI

MERRITT stepped backward, dropped off the end of the porch and put a shoulder against the side wall. Half sheltered here, he waited while they rushed on, and laid his quick fire at them. Bullets skimmed the porch boards. One bullet hit the porch post with a definite spat. A horse grunted and fell, and a man yelled: "Dutcher—Dutcher!" Isberg's voice came on: "Keep going!" Some of them had cut back toward the rear of the house.

Merritt ducked along the wall and came out at the back yard and saw a man's dismounted shape streaking toward the barn, which was where he, too, wanted to go. He threw two bullets at that fading shape and saw the man fall—and heard him fall. Somebody was in the house, kicking through it at a dead run. The lamplight was killed. Halfway to the barn, Merritt saw a rider gallop in from the back trail and race toward him. He swung sharply away, barely clearing the horse. He took a snap aim at the rider, but held his fire, hearing the man call anxiously, "Dutcher—Dutcher," and rush by.

Dutcher burst through the back door, howling: "Back here! Mr. Isberg, stay out of this for a minute! Come back here—he's in the barn!" Merritt wheeled and whipped a shot toward the house door, but it was wild, for Dutcher's yell was like a terrific whoop of triumph and afterward he laced the night with his answering fire. Other men were rushing up, on foot. Lead scraped around Merritt's feet and his hammer dropped on an empty shell. Isberg called from the house, calm and cool as ever: "Keep on, Dutcher. Keep on." Somebody swung in from the darkness and raced for the barn, and so he was surrounded on three sides and the barn was, for all good use, a hundred miles away. He gave ground, retreating toward the waterfalls and thumbing in fresh shells as he faded back. All this was in a night turned swiftly and completely black. They were pinching in on him but he saw only the vaguest of shadows, and would have missed them entirely except for the flare of their guns.

Pay Lankershim



Nan put her shoulder against him and felt his weight sag

He had his revolver loaded and raised it to fire again when something like a huge scythe cut him off his feet at one stroke and dropped him, knees and hands, to the ground. He felt, at that moment, no pain at all. Nothing but shock and a complete lack of feeling in his left leg. Searching slugs went "thwutt," on the near-by hardpan, making him roll over and over. His arm hit the edge of the creek and the faint slope carried him down into the water, the coldness of the water kicking pain through his left leg at once. Dutcher howled, "Watch that barn, Tuck—he's goin' that way!" Two men ran from the house, passing him within three feet, and trotted toward the barn. He knew then that he was through. He pulled himself around in the shallow water and crawled toward the falls. Its spray reached out to him and after another twenty feet the whole solid fall hit him in the back of the neck, knocking him flat. He pushed through it to the little basin inside the falls, his one sound foot supported on the basin's bottom.

Resting this way, up to his ears in water, one hand hooked around a rock on the bank, he heard Isberg's men as from a great distance. They were in the barn and afterward their voices came near him, and then they were in the house. He heard furniture and windows smashed. He heard doors go down. These sounds grew fainter and fainter and the rock to which he hung seemed to slide beyond his fingers. His leg was solid fire, the pain growing greater and greater. There was, at last, no sound at all from the house, and after a long interval he pulled himself beyond the rock and, with his chest flat on gravel and his feet afloat in the restless surface of the pool, he drifted into a completely black world.

THESE hills and desert of the Piute made up a vast whispering gallery wherein the acts of men, no matter how isolated and secretive, soon were known from the remote edge of the Broken Buttes all over to the northernmost side of Wagon Rim. At noon Starr Bidwell came from the Buttes and paused long enough at the schoolhouse to give Nan Melotte the news.

"Merritt," he said, "went to Corral Flat this mornin' and shot up the line cabin." He looked at her with a sly interest. "I hear he was visitin' you last night. I'd be careful about that." He went on to The Wells. Returning from town late in the day, he paused at her house to drop fresh information. "Isberg's on his trail with a crew. Well, Merritt won't be fool enough to come back to his ranch. He ain't got anything left to come back for anyhow."

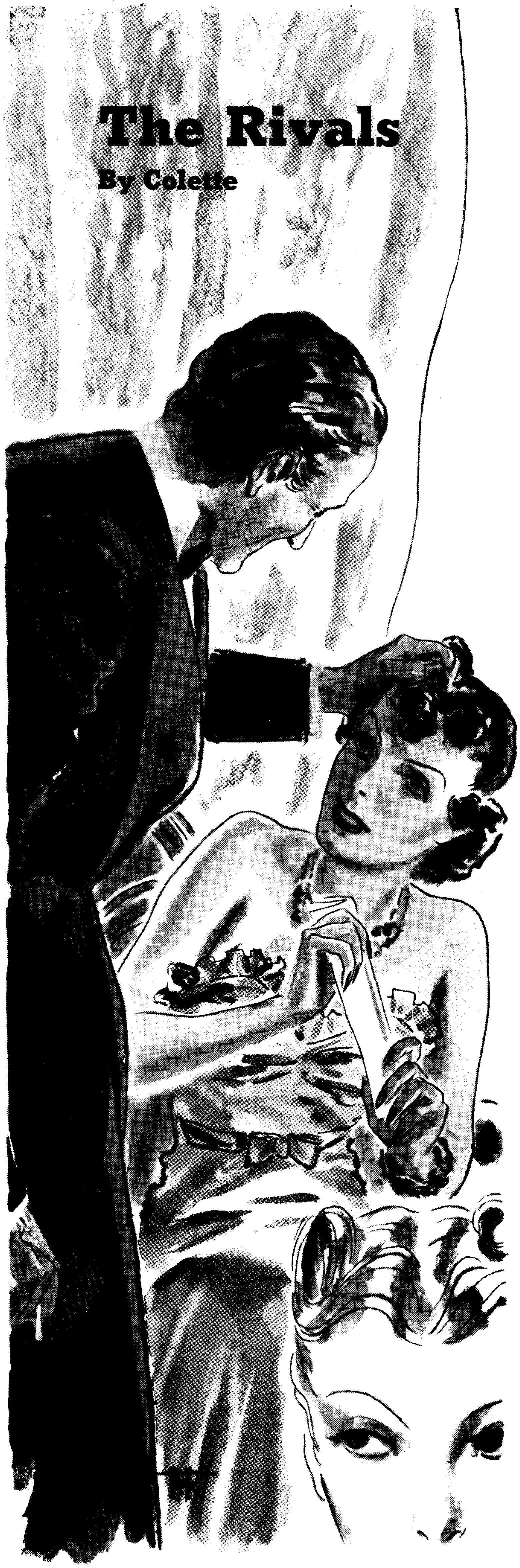
Nan said: "How do you know that?"

Starr Bidwell grinned again. "I know," he answered, and trotted up the grade into the Butte country.

He was a Clagg rider and she could draw her own conclusions from what he had said. If Owen Merritt had nothing left it could only mean that Clagg had raided Merritt's range. After her evening meal, Nan stood in front of the cabin and watched night drop layer after layer of *(Continued on page 45)*

The Rivals

By Colette



Quickly, with calculated impudence, he seized the red curls

NICE dress," thought Clara. "But it seems to me Antoinette isn't looking very well. Perhaps it's because I hope she isn't. We'll see what *he* thinks. How can a man of taste see anything in a woman with a forehead like that?"

She leaned over the shoulder of a young woman seated in the front row: "Marise, are you subject to vertigo?"

"Vertigo? Yes, indeed," Marise answered quickly. "The mere mention of the word makes me weak in the knees."

"Then don't look at Antoinette's forehead. It's worse than a precipice. She has combed her hair straight back and done it up at the back of her neck. It's—I don't know—it's indecent."

With a pretty imitation of modesty she pulled a great wave of red curls down over her own forehead. At that instant, warned by the strange telepathy that exists between people who have been close to each other, Antoinette turned her brilliant black eyes straight on her and guessed everything. Instantly she began to whisper urgently into the ear of a stout lady, meanwhile sketching parallel lines with her thumb across her high, smooth forehead. Clara, who did not hide her forehead simply out of coquetry, saw and ground her teeth.

"So that's what we've come to," she thought. "Suppose we were left alone, Antoinette and I, what mightn't happen?"

In vain the Capet quartet outdid itself in the finale of Brahms. Clara, her eyes on Antoinette, was waiting for the appearance of a man. "*He* won't come before the end of his play. Tonight's the second performance, with all the second-night critics there. But—there *he* is!"

She noticed that he lingered in front of Antoinette, and stinging tears of jealousy crept into her eyes. Feverishly she opened her gold compact.

"Would you like me to introduce the singer to you?" asked the friend who was sitting in front of her.

"No," said Clara, a shade too loud.

Six yards away, *he* heard and recognized Clara's voice and came toward her. Whether from pleasure or in self-defense, *he* smiled as he came, with that engaging tenderness made possible by the shape and color of his dark blue eyes. He was no longer young, but his wicked and alluring reputation, combined with his success in the theater, hadn't given women time as yet to think much about his age.

"Good evening, Bird of Paradise!"

SHE was beside herself, but she kept remembering, "She is watching us!" and, bending toward Bussy, gave him the trusting smile of a schoolgirl in love with her teacher.

"That pink gown!" *he* said.

"You like it?"

"No, indeed. It's too pink. And besides . . . A faun like you doesn't wear a pink gown with ruffles; anyone with the goat's tuft between her two green eyes, that magnificent red, bacchante's mop; anyone with that doesn't put on a ruffly pink dress; she wears a garland or wraps a tiger skin around her."

Quickly, with calculated impudence, he seized the bunch of red curls that danced on Clara's forehead. Pale and watchful, her rival was sitting with a glass of orangeade in her hand, holding it as if it were a poisoned cup and not tasting it.

"How did the play go tonight?"

"Pretty well."

"The box office?"

"Twenty-two thousand francs, despite the second-night passes. You see, I tell you all my secrets."

"Truly, all of them?"

"All but one. And I think you're going to force me to tell you that too."

With a sudden movement she stood up as though she were going to dance. She didn't want to hear any more tonight. Tonight she would carry away this speech, this tone of surrender and this challenge.

Since Clara had realized that she was in love with Robert Bussy, her quick mind had turned first of all each day to the girl who was her rival. Whenever a party of some kind gave promise that she would meet, besides Bussy, her former friend, she felt a little shock that brought the blood to her cheeks. . . . Her desire was to fascinate Bussy, of course. At the same time—and occasionally perhaps first of all—she needed to outwit Antoinette.

It happened that Antoinette, compelled on all occasions to give ground and withdraw, ended by disappearing. That was the one thing that Clara had not foreseen. At the opening of Bussy's new play, Bottomless Pits, Clara, leaning on the red velvet armrest, searched the theater with attentive eye. "Where's Antoinette?" she asked the playwright.

"I'm not her keeper," Bussy growled, angry that Clara should think about anything except the play.

SHE believed he was lying and said no more. But Antoinette was not present at the Venetian Night, which the Fauchier-Magnans gave in their garden, and so could not see Bussy dressed in white as an Italian noble and Clara as a doge's wife.

"What a party!" cried Clara's friends.

"Yes . . ." she replied absent-mindedly. "It was very nice. But there was something lacking. . . . It was a fine party but just a trifle boring."

For she was often bored now and showed an impatience that was unusual with her, and a desire for change. She threw herself wildly on Bussy's neck the day he admitted that the solitary life no longer had any charm for him and that he wanted to surrender, hand and foot, to Clara. She decided on a "country wedding"—that is, a crowd of Parisians jammed in a little country church. But she gave up this notion when she reflected that Antoinette couldn't possibly be present even in disguise. Where in the world was Antoinette?

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

She decided to ask out loud this question that had been haunting her mind, and her friends laughed in her face.

"Where have you been, Clara? Antoinette married that good-looking cousin of hers and they're off on their wedding trip to the West Indies."

One day when she was having lunch outdoors with Bussy she noticed that spring had come and that the petals of the apple tree were drifting down into the foaming pitcher of cider. Bussy, observing that she was silent, put his hand on hers. She lifted her eyes and saw in her fiancé that vapidness that women discover in men they do not love. He began to tell her the plot of his new play. A violent series of nervous yawns overcame her to such an extent that she believed she was ill and asked to be taken home.

"I'll call before dinner to find out how you are," Bussy said anxiously.

"No, don't do that. I'll telephone you. This is nothing. . . ."

He got no telephone call but instead a brief note so brusque in tone that his masculine pride kept him from believing it. "There's a man in this somewhere," he decided. "She has made a fool of me."

But in that he was mistaken. Clara, comfortably in bed and enjoying the benefits of aspirin, saw beneath her closed eyelids Bussy's image grow pale and indistinct. As sleep approached it disappeared completely behind another, which Clara greeted without rancor and without distress; she called it, as she had done formerly by its nickname, "Anto!" She wept, but quietly. In the hope that a long friendship could reunite two women, separated only by the transient passage of a man, she began to call and to wait for the absent, the longed-for and indispensable Antoinette. . . .

Music in the HEIR

By Hortense Monath

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Piano practice doesn't need to be drudgery for your child; you can turn it into pleasure

Don't look now but those big men are lugging a piano in next door. Won't Junior be happy! Anyway Miss Monath, concert pianist and teacher, comes to the boy's timely rescue

DARNED if it isn't just like Sunday night when I was a kid!" someone exclaimed. "Imagine, people playing the piano again!"

Sunday evening, lights blinking on in the rows of suburban homes we passed as we drove back to the city. We peered shamelessly through the windows—and saw whole families of young and old people gathered around the piano. It was actually homemade music that drifted through the windows of our car.

I was not surprised. I knew that 100,000 new pianos had been sold during 1937, nearly that many the year before, and it is reasonable to suppose people bought pianos because they meant to play them. Not that anybody thought this would happen the day the old upright was sold to make room for a phonograph, and the phonograph went out in turn before the radio. Nobody would have prophesied then that great music floating into our homes—the Saturday night and Sunday afternoon symphonies, the opera, the nightly summer broadcasts from concert halls under the sky—would have us all itching to make music again as well as listen to it.

"All those pianos going into the homes of America—and all the piano teachers marching right in on the heels of the piano movers. And the tortured poundings and squeakings, the frazzled mothers and rebellious kids—in Beethoven's name, what a prospect!" came a cynical voice from the back of the car.

Now, as a concert pianist and assistant to the celebrated teacher Artur Schnabel, I had to answer this challenge. Times had changed, I said, since the back-seat heckler had bludgeoned his way through the five-finger exercises.

"Yes? Well, if you musicians have worked out a system that will make children's piano lessons anything but torture for parents—to say nothing of the youngsters themselves—why, you've got something there."

Perhaps we have. Certainly, if music lessons still meant the endless stumbling scales, the maddening click of the metronome, the sharp raps on the knuckles and howls of rage from an ogre of an old music master, 150,000 piano teachers wouldn't be making a living in this country today. They know very well they can't get away with anything so unpleasant any more.

Nor do they want to. The pleasant way to learn music is the easy way. Remember how, as a child, you once in a while tried playing a tune by ear? But you were mighty careful not to be caught at it. You had to learn first to read those meaningless black spots with little tails to them. Then suddenly, and only a few years ago, this happened: teachers realized that the ear, the natural gateway for music, was also a perfectly good entrance for musical teaching to the child's mind.

If someone has given your youngest a drum, just remember, while you cover your ears and endure it, that a drum is one of the first childish steps to musical appreciation. In a modern progressive school you'll see moppets of three or four squatting on the floor, banging away at drums. They will not just be making noise. If you listen you will hear them getting onto definite rhythms—and having a wonderful time.

Eight-Year-Old Composers

Another class, five- and six-year-olds, will be singing. Their shrill voices follow a simple tune played by the teacher, giving back more exactly each time the pitch, rhythm and phrasing she repeats for them. Later, one of the piping voices will be asked to go to the piano and pick out the tune—this game is perfect training for the ear. It will surprise you, as it delights the young yodeler himself, to see how precisely he can pick out not only the tune but the actual key in which he has been singing it.

Now we come to a really advanced class, eight-year-olds who have been playing an instrument for a year, two, maybe three. This is a class in composing music. The lesson for the day is to write the music for "This is the house that Jack built," and Lennie, the towhead on the end, hands an ink-blotched score to Miss M. and goes to the piano to play it.

He plays with both hands, moving unhesitatingly up and down the keyboard with chords, trills, runs to describe the building of Jack's house. Next is Nina, an Italian child with long chestnut curls, who has neglected to write out her score—these are not model children any more than yours or mine. But her musical version of Jack's house is something you can almost see, and she even glides unconsciously from one key to another in perfect form. She couldn't explain to you what she has done, but that doesn't matter now. The important thing is that she plays her story as naturally as she might tell it in words. She can learn the mathematics of it later when she won't be frightened or bored by technical stuff.

But teachers can go only so far. Their two half-hour lessons a week (much better for a young pupil than one long, tiring hour) can hardly counteract the efforts of an anxious Mamma who has made going to the piano feel like going to the dentist. But, says Mamma instantly on the defensive, it's up to her to get the child to practice somehow. How is she to do it?

(Continued on page 35)

A Change of View

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The happy end of a marriage that was imperfect from the beginning

AT VANCOUVER there had been a little party on the Marine Drive for Charles and herself and after cocktails the party moved down to the transcontinental train. Sir Edward Clews was there beside her on the platform; and the bouquet of white orchids Sir Edward had given her, together with her youth and her effect of a great and consuming happiness, made passers-by think, in spite of her simplest of thin black wool dresses, that she was a bride. Lady Clews was there, and Mimi Browne, and an extra man or so.

Charles, too, was over there, across from her on the platform. People came to see them off wherever they were—Santa Barbara—New York—Charles was unalterably rich; and, sick of it as she was, she managed—because she had been an actress on the stage five years ago when Charles had married her and ended everything—to seem exactly what she wanted to seem. So she was a bride again tonight, with occasional demure glances across the platform at Charles. "I've got to get something out of it," she thought. "Form, if not substance."

"Probably next summer," she assured Sir Edward, who had his arm linked through hers—elderly, he was, and fond of young women—"Charles will be going up to Ketchikan again on the yacht. Fourteen canneries and a cold-storage plant. Fish."

"And you will come, too?" asked Sir Edward.

"I always have to come, too," she said, "although I'm not really alive to salmon scum. We've been all over the world for fish. Smell me. Do I smell of fish?"

She smelled heavenly, said Sir Edward, squeezing her arm. What was it, he asked—a white flower perfume or something fresher?

Charles was talking to one of the extra men, lighting another cigarette, stamping it out. Why did he always light another cigarette, she thought, if only to stamp it out? Lady Clews was speaking to her of the Clews children, her topic. Mimi Browne was edging over to get nearer to Charles and much good it would do her. Critically she looked over Charles to find the particular quality in him that so attracted Mimi Browne. He was tall and lean—any man she had married would have to be that; he looked conditioned. He didn't say much. He had a terrific crust. He wasn't ever sloppy or romantic. Whatever he went after he got. All those things were on the credit side—

People were pushing past their group on the platform. It was nearly nine—a bright, cool young evening showing over the edge of the day. Up here days lasted forever. It would be good to get home to New York and the early winter dark. Here was Phoebe, her maid, with a cape for her shoulders.

"No, Phoebe," she said.

"Put it on," said Charles with his back to her.

She smiled down at Lady Clews as the cape was put on her. "Charles is so tender," she said. "Thanks, Phoebe."

THESE people were waiting to see the last of her, regretfully. She was always glad to see the last of everyone, even Charles, especially Charles. She was always glad to close her door and lock it for the night. It was almost time for the train to leave and she looked forward, as she chatted, to that moment as a preliminary to rest—a good cleansing cream to get rid of the make-up, a slick, mildly sharp astringent to pick up her precious face. Then—

"Luce!" screamed a voice suddenly, near her. "Luce! Darling—at last—"

A red-haired, smiling young woman dashed across the platform to her and was shaking her into recognition. Three people had pushed themselves into their group and their group did not like it. "Upon my soul!" said Sir Edward.

"It's quite all right, Sir Edward," she said, looking down at the red-haired young woman who was so eager, so glad, poor dear—looking at the older, rather accentuated man who was with her and then swiftly and cautiously at the young, very blond, very brown-skinned man who stood back. "Kit!" she said. "And dear old Brad— And is that—Dave?"

"Darling! It's Dave, of course," screamed Kit.

So—yes—it was. For an instant there was nothing in her mind. She was lost. "Five years ago," she said to Dave, "you were only twenty-one."

"And you," said Dave. "So you remember."

Dave was looking at her as he had always looked at her. Dave was an extraordinarily fine young actor. He had had a small, swift success on Broadway and a greater, more opulent success in pictures. Not so tall as Charles but much better-looking—

"Charles, here are three friends of mine, from the theater," she said, speaking clearly to Charles' impassive, superlative back across the platform. And then when he did not turn but continued to light a cigarette—"Charles!" she said sharply. Before he turned Charles dropped his cigarette to the platform.

"Kit Blanchard," she said at once, *more in explanation than introduction,* "and Brad—Brad's her husband. They're dancers, marvelous in comedy. . . . How's the triple-threat tap, Brad?—And this is Dave Callan, Kit's kid brother. . . . Before—before she married Brad she was Kit Callan."

Charles' eyes flicked up at her for this stupidity, as he stepped out his cigarette. "Obviously," said Charles.

"Hello," said Dave Callan to Charles.

"Darling, we must fly," swept in Kit. "You're more luscious than ever, Luce—Oh, there goes my dressing case, Brad! Catch that porter—we're in the club car, Luce—if you want to look us up—"

They were gone, their entrance and exit as swift and unexpected as a summer storm, which had caught her up with it, which dragged her thoughts after it. She was pale and Charles knew she was pale. She couldn't pretend to listen any longer to Sir Edward. Nine o'clock. At last. "All aboard—"

HER bed was made up. Off with the hat, with the gloves, with the *soutached,* two-piece, black wool dress. Shoes. Stockings.

"Give me something white," she said to Phoebe.

A knock on the door, which Phoebe answered. "Mr. Field," said Phoebe.

"Oh. . . . What is it, Charles?" she called out to him fretfully. "You can't come in."

"What about dinner?" asked Charles. "I'll have it sent in."

"I don't want dinner," she called.

"What's the matter with you? Those people?" asked Charles.

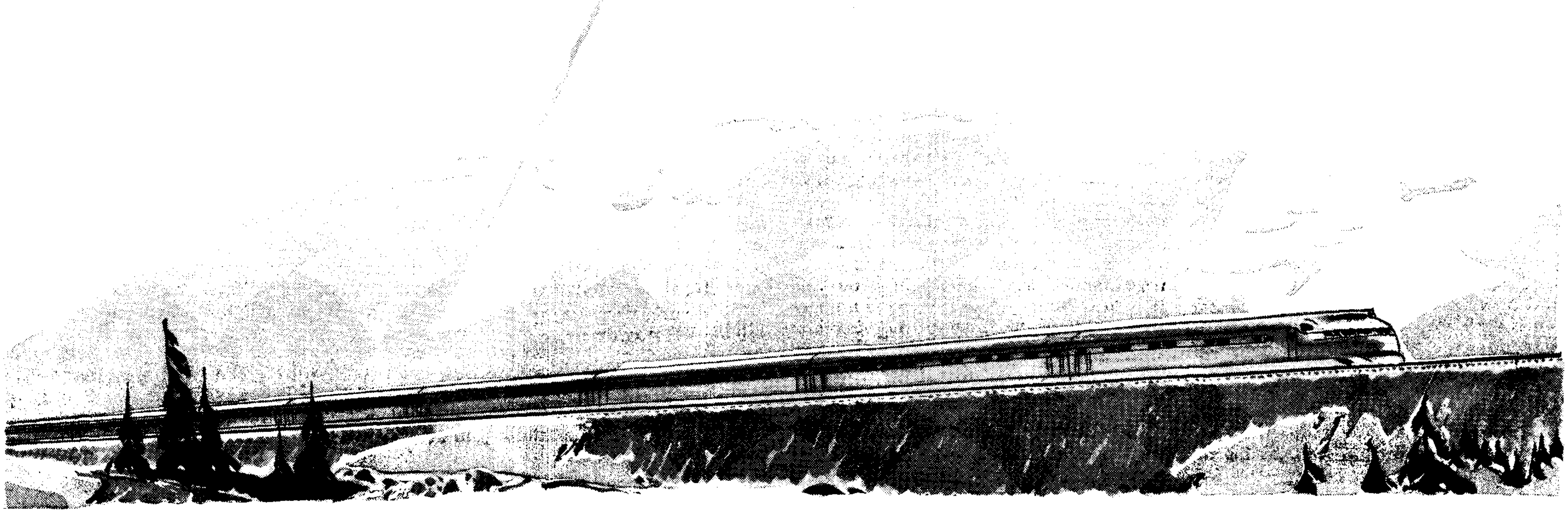
"Nothing's the matter with me," she said. "I happen not to be hungry and why make an issue of it?"

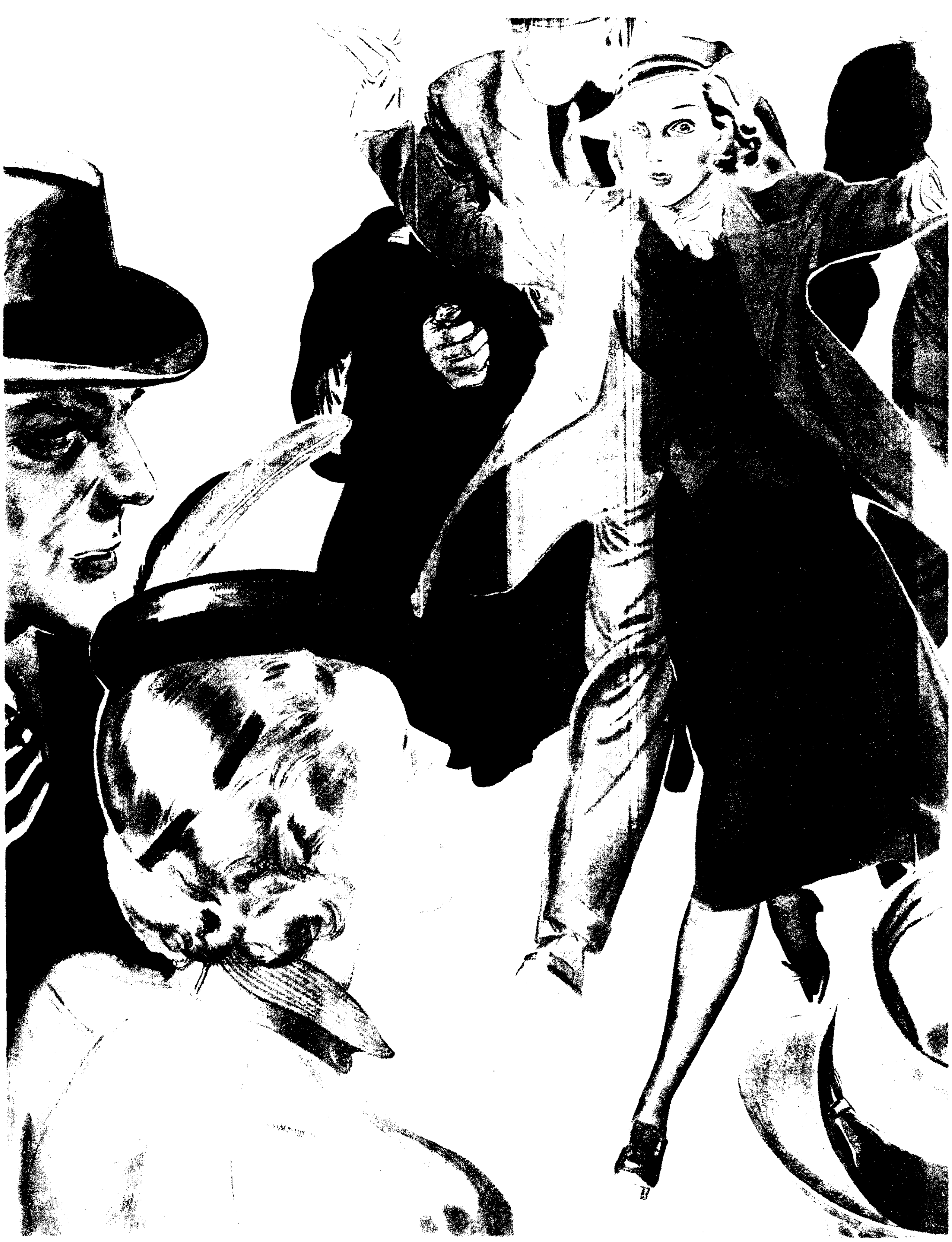
"Those stage people, damn them," said Charles. "Which one of the men was it?"

"Phoebe," she said, "give me a dressing gown."

All white she had on when his impatience reached her at last in the inclosed space of the compact train room. A plain white silk nightgown with flutings at her feet—a white wool dressing gown with great cuffs of white fox—white-beaded moccasins lined with white fur. He had bought her the moccasins in Skagway.

"Well," she said to him, sitting poised on the edge of her bed, "what do you want?"





"Luce!" screamed a voice suddenly, near her. "Luce! Darling—at last—" A red-haired, smiling young woman dashed across the platform to her

"Get out, Phoebe," he said. "Get your dinner."

They were alone in the room. Looking at him, Luce studied, impersonally, his face. So he was angry again, taut, a pallor under the brown, the corners of his mouth turned down.

"Charles, when you're like this I hate you," she said.

"I know it. That makes me like this," he said.

"Your silly ideas make you like this."

For an instant he could not speak. "Charles is really angry tonight," she thought.

"You were once in love with that impertinent young cad of an actor," he said. "He's sorry for me. He thinks I'm too old for you, that you married me for my money."

"Well, didn't I?" she said.

"Not exactly," said Charles. "I've always hoped that wasn't the only reason."

"YOU'RE right there, Charles," she told him. "That wasn't the only reason. I liked your looks. I liked your clothes and the way you wore them—with a fling—'These are my clothes, the best the world can produce and I don't give a damn for them. . . .' I liked your attitude toward me—cool—I couldn't ever get you really going. You were Charles Field by the grace of God and here I am and get out of my way everybody, including my so beautiful wife."

"So you know you're so beautiful."

"I'm not dumb—or blind. I can look in a glass any time, can't I, and verify?"

"In men's eyes," said Charles. "Sir Edward—white orchids—"

"Don't, please, let us have any more of Sir Edward," she said. She was so tired she could hardly sit still and straight on the edge of the bed. It would be a relief for once to forget posture, to lie down on her stomach on the bed and hit the train pillows with both hands and yell. Some violence, some swift powerful happening to sweep Charles and herself away from the dead level of their unhappiness together. A summer storm, perhaps, catching them both up and whirling them away.

"You are not to see those people again on this train or anywhere," said Charles. "I forbid you—particularly what's-his-name—Dave. That was our contract, remember, when we married. No—more—stage—people. And I have your promise."

"All right," she said, swaying as the train rounded a curve. "Only go away and let me alone."

"I'll go," said Charles more loudly than usual. "That's the thing I do best. And don't I always let you alone?—But tonight," said Charles, "for a change—I have it in mind to kiss my wife good night. . . . I have a beautiful wife," said Charles strangely, "who does not like to be kissed."

Without warning, for she had hardly listened to Charles, she was caught up by him. His arms were around her. She tried to pull away, she pushed against him, but when she felt that he was shaking she lay still against him. Well, kisses were cheap. Just a man's hot mouth on hers, over and over again on hers. Just something to endure. What if there was a stirring in herself at the insistence of it, at the repetition, the strength? Incredible that this could be Charles. She had never pretended even to herself, much less to him, to be in love with Charles. . . . Kisses were cheap because there were so many of them. They occurred everywhere all over the world. Moons were cheap, too, because they came so often and were free to everyone. But kisses like these she had never experienced or imagined. They got between herself and her thought of herself. They were reaching her. They diminished her. She was no longer herself—she might be anyone now—a cheap girl on a park bench—

"Charles—please—I can't stand it."

He let her go. He leaned against the wall of the room but she couldn't see his face, for he kept it turned away. Charles was hiding his face from her. He was fumbling for the door. At first he couldn't find it. His eyes must be shut. Then he found it. The door was open now, letting in a stream of cold air. The door was shut. He was gone. It was over. . . .

WHEN Phoebe came in from her dinner, she found her mistress, the eminent Mrs. Charles Field, lying flat on her stomach on the train bed, with her face hidden in the pillows. Phoebe walked right in on her mistress—an unaccustomed thing, for in public places Mrs. Field kept her door securely locked. But tonight it was unlocked.

Through the night the train followed the river on rising curves, for they were in the mountains. Charles had a compartment forward. Phoebe a lower berth somewhere. She had her room to herself as always. Everything was unchanged. She had nothing to worry about. In the morning everything would be the same, and so it was. Phoebe—"Good morning, Mrs. Field." Orange juice, dry toast, coffee on a tray.

"I'll get up now, Phoebe. Give me the tweed suit this morning."

"The heather tweed, Mrs. Field?"

"No. The hound's-tooth check in brown and cream—with the stiff shoulders—"

She was dressed. Charles had not come. The porter came to make up the room and there was nowhere for her to go, for she never went to the club car alone.

So she stood outside her room in the passage. People coming through looked at her as she moved aside to let them pass—the women at her tweed suit, which had been made to her measure in London—the men at her face and her hair, at the pure forehead, wide-apart,

(Continued on page 37)

Capital Story

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

MRS. SOBRINA PODHUNTER, landlady of the Caristo Club in Washington, plodded swiftly up the stairs of her guest home.

Over her thick forearm was a pair of fresh sheets; in her hand was a padlock. One of her guests had just left the house for the day; the guest was behind in his rent and Mrs. Podhunter was going up for an appraising look into his room.

The Caristo Club is a weathered old red brick mansion, spreading and squat, slouching behind gaunt shrubbery on a Massachusetts Avenue corner. It has seen better days. Inside, it is pretentious and cheap, with the veteran furniture of the E Street auction rooms, the insecure chairs and settees of solid mahogany, the big but bumpy beds.

Mrs. Podhunter, too, was spreading and squat. She was a veteran landlady; her temper was insecure, and her heart for delinquent guests was solid mahogany.

She plodded to the top floor and opened the door to the skylight room. The guest who had just gone out--a young man named Almus Wable—was the tenant of this narrow and airless cell.

Since Mr. Wable was back in his rent, Mrs. Podhunter was on the watch to see that he didn't remove his baggage and defraud her of her landlady's lien.

There in the skylight room was Mr. Wable's trunk. Mrs. Podhunter pushed against it to see that it was still full.

Yes, it was still heavy. She couldn't budge it. Her rent for another week was safe in that trunk. Mr. Wable should have the fresh sheets. Comforted, strengthened, she gave the trunk a final heave.

It came up with a splintering sound and bounced.

"Nailed to the floor!" gasped Mrs. Podhunter.

She was outraged, but also pleased. She had been one too many for that tricky Mr. Wable! She snapped the padlock onto the room door, marched to a window, and pointed at a tall figure on Massachusetts Avenue.

"You!" she challenged. "Just you come back! Just you dare!"

The tall figure was that of young Almus Wable, a separated PWA clerk not yet absorbed by private industry.

The morning air was keen, and Almus wore summer clothing, somewhat warped and wrinkled. He had eaten his overcoat, and his good winter suit, since Mrs. Podhunter had barred him from her table as a first step to expelling him from the Caristo Club.

Almus was on a spot: no job, no jack. No joke; and yet he carried his chin up, and his big nose well out, and his alert blue eyes were smiling.

It was funny; it was worst while it was coming. The day that he got his notice to quit, and realized that he was going to be out of work and out of money, he worried and stewed. He didn't sleep that night. He dangled his hands, and caught at his bronze hair, and was pale and stary. And then it hit him; and he bucked up. He was serene, almost; he enjoyed life—what he could get of it; nothing bad would happen to him now.

He entered into the gay social doings, and went to parties, deb dances, teas. There's a monstrous lot of entertaining in the capital.

On Massachusetts Avenue alone are twenty embassies and legations, each and all the soul of hospitality. They provide breakfasts, dinners, lunches, teas and snacks. If one hasn't been asked, teas are best; they are stand-up affairs, come-and-grabs, and if one attends them in the last half hour of their duration, one is lost in the thronged room where fine liquors are on the sideboard and where a great table billows with delicious sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres, relishes and cakes. It is rash to enter the sparsely populated room where punch is served; and only a daredevil would approach the lonely lady who is pouring tea.

THEN there are the parties paid for by rich and fine people who are strange in Washington, and whose entertainments, such as daughter's coming out, are managed for them by professional *entrepreneuses*. The host and hostess don't know their guests, and the professional promotress would rather not bounce anybody out.

Almus had become a socialite. He had to eat.

A drifting smell of food wiped his big nose now.

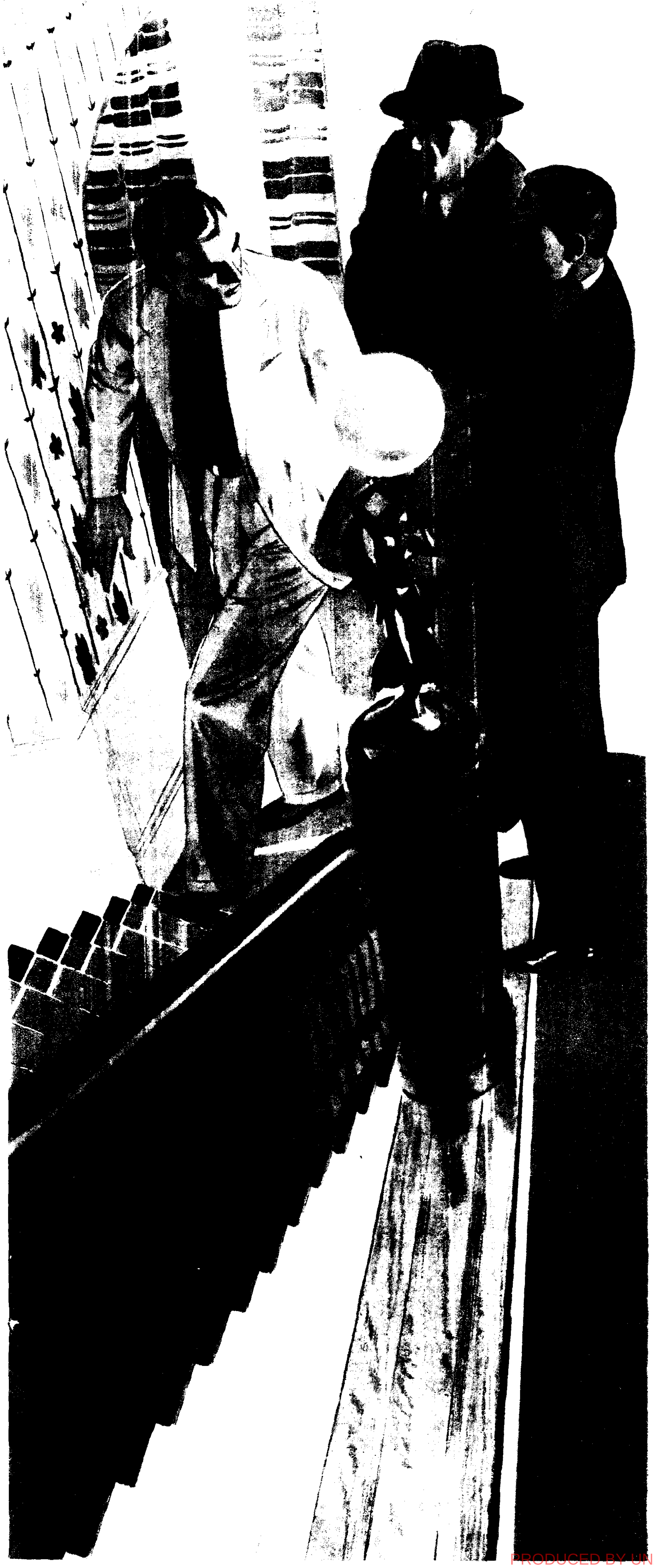
He looked, and saw stout matrons being helped out of cars, and portly gentlemen arriving, and lads and lasses in boots and breeches.

Almus had been reading his society page of late. Wasn't something called a hunt breakfast scheduled for this foreign spot? Almus hadn't meant to attend. He had guested there too recently, and one mustn't come in a crowd. But he was hungry. He smelled Irish bacon and gave in.

The fragrance drew him by his nose. He walked in behind the cars, walked around a car, collided with a girl of a group and passed the doorman while affably apologizing.

Yes, this was the hunt breakfast. There was a sideboard, centered by a noble boar's ham. He had come a little early, and the

In love. Broke. No job. No prospects. An irate landlady. So what? Ladies and gentlemen, meet Almus Wable, of Washington, D. C.



"Pardon me," said Betty, turning to go down to Almus. Mrs. Podhunter blocked Betty's descent. "You stay here," she said. "We can do business without him. What a mercy the law caught him in time"

hunters weren't *en masse* yet, even about the liquors. He took plate and tools and sauntered to the ham. Nothing, after all, like ham!

"A little sharp this morning, my man!" confided Almus.

"Brisk, isn't it, sir?" smiled the lackey, cutting.

"Pardon, sir, the attaché wishes to speak to you, sir."

This disagreeable remark was passed by another lackey.

"Quite so!" accepted Almus, going along.

The attaché, the foreigner in charge, was in a near-by office.

"Good morning," he said cordially. "May I ask your name, sir?"

"Wable," supplied Almus. "Almus Wable. Lovely morning."

"Lovely," murmured the attaché, running his eyes over a list. "How careless of us, Mr. Almus Wable, not to have asked you here this morning! Nor, I think, did we ask you the other afternoon, when you were good enough to come. It won't occur again, Mr. Wable—will it? Go-o-od morning, Mr. Wable!"

And Almus was escorted to the doorway and handed his hat.

WALKING southward again on Massachusetts Avenue, Almus reflected on the etiquette of guesting and gave the correct rule.

"Never," he murmured, "arrive on time! Nobody does. Come late."

Tightening his belt, he kept going, all the way south to the half mile of government office buildings that fill in between White House and Capitol. It wasn't so far; nowhere is far in the tight little district.

But then his real trudging began, going around to pester personnel directors for a job. Those new government buildings are skyscrapers lying down. You want to see somebody; the elevator lifts you fifty feet to the top, and you walk a furlong. Though it's a nice walk. What girls you pass everywhere! Those government girl clerks are the most sumptuous race of women in the known world. In build, they are generous but not waistful; they look fit to eat. Hollywood or the island of Bali can't touch them. It's the walking that does it.

The walking is nice if you are a nature lover and want to admire scenery. If you are hunting a job, it is a terrible drill. When Almus was told at one end of the endless Commerce Building that the man he wished to pester was in his office at the other end unless he had just stepped out, he called it a morning.

Almus had to eat; and he knew a separated and absorbed chap over in the Union Station, jerking soda, who might stand him a bite or a quarter.

He headed out for the Union Station.

THE soda jerker of the Union Station had just stepped out.

Almus hung around. He hung near a large olive-green trash barrel. Somebody would pop in a newspaper, and Almus would salvage it and see what was doing in society and the embassies.

He loitered before an open gate in the tall iron fence that separates the waiting room from the landing platforms of the trains.

"All aboard!"

A departing traveler barged into Almus, causing Almus to look at him sharply.

The chap had been running, and was barely going to make it, but he borrowed a second to dart aside, snatch a newspaper from his pocket and thrust it into the olive-green trash barrel. He ran on. The gate clashed behind him. Almus hurried to the barrel and fished up the newspaper.

Something fell from it as he lifted it. The something was a wallet, and Almus fished that up too.

"Hi!" he shouted, running to the gate.

He was joined by two gentlemen arriving on the run.

"Hi!" they shouted, shaking the gate.

The ticket checker walked away. Far down the platform, the departing traveler mounted his train. The train pulled out. Wallet in hand, Almus sat down on a bench. The two tardy gentlemen hurried away.

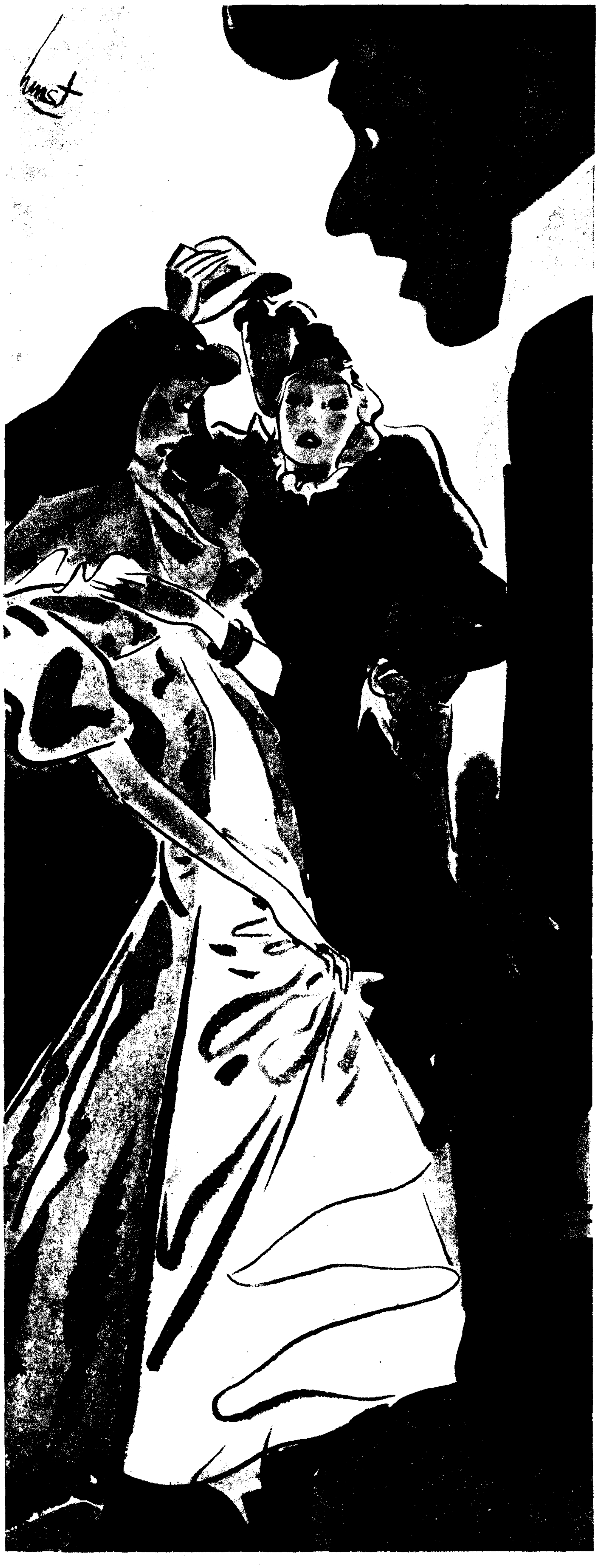
Almus looked into the wallet. There was a sheaf of new United States notes, all twenties, evidently several hundred dollars; and nothing else.

Almus sat still, holding the wallet under his coat lapel. He was lightheaded, dizzy. . . . Should he . . . ?

He looked about him. He was unobserved. . . . The traveler would never guess where his wallet had gone. It was safe, as safe as murder.

Almus was not outside himself, watching himself. He was keyed up but not fidgeting; he

(Continued on page 55)



Maxine halted abruptly, a pretty picture of confusion on seeing Lucille

No Time for Love

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The heartbreaking adventure of a modern Galahad. His trouble was women

LARRY MASON turned the big roadster off on a side road outside of Farmington. For a moment they waited, as they always did, to make sure they hadn't been followed.

"It's all right," Sam said after a minute. "Nobody saw us."

"I'm glad something's all right," Larry said darkly as the car started up the dirt road. "Sometimes I wish I'd never left Kewanee."

"Quit worrying," Sam said. "You have to expect things like this. It's the price of being famous."

Mr. Mason laughed bitterly. "If this is fame, I don't want it."

"Just the same, you've got it," Sam said reasonably. "Can you help it if people know who you are?"

Larry was staring grimly at the rutted road that stretched before them. "You see," Sam went on soothingly, "you've got this reputation for being sort of safe and sane. You never hear of Larry Mason being in a jam. But then you never hear of Larry Mason being out with blondes, either."

"Did I know Winchell was going to be there?"

"No," said Sam, "but I'll bet Berg did. I'll bet he planted it."

A signboard said it was twenty-three miles to Farmington and Larry scowled at the figure. It had been at the 23 Club that Winchell had spotted him with the girl and promptly identified her as a recent debutante.

Within twelve hours all Broadway and most of the United States had known that Larry Mason, the Galahad of the air waves, had finally succumbed to this thing called love. Right this minute pert secretaries were gathered over their morning coffee, pooling their gossip and wondering avidly if maybe Larry Mason was going to turn out to be human after all.

Mr. Mason had always been noteworthy for his lack of interest in the fair sex. If anything, this attitude had only increased his fan mail. He wistfully explained to interviewers that, in his busy life, there could be no time for love. This was duly written, published and digested by his palpitating public.

Meanwhile he had sailed his serene course. His money was carefully invested in annuities. The race tracks knew him not. He was, as he so modestly said, a man of simple tastes, a man who preferred a sane and orderly existence. More important, he achieved it. Clocks were set by his arrival and departure. Some of the boys were willing to lay you six, two and even that his mother had been frightened by a timetable.

Mazda Lane regarded his utter lack of faults with deep and brooding suspicion. They reminded you that he had hit the stem fresh from some whistle-stop college as the winner of a national audition contest and in seven years he had run a pair of choir-boy pipes into a six-figure pay-off. He had all the earmarks of a sleepwalker, a simple child of destiny sent to Manhattan as living proof of how far you could go on how little. He certainly wasn't anything to keep the lovelies awake at night. He was just a nice-looking boy with dark hair and eyes and he had sort of a corny wholesomeness.

And, they added, he was so dumb that he had never even lined himself up with a big-time agent. Sam Collins, a big, sandy-haired, slow-take guy he had known in college, still handled Larry Mason's business.

Because he had never been one of the boys, Broadway felt that he owed them a few laughs. And now that he had finally been smitten by the little lug with the bow and arrows, they were sure they were going to get them.

Larry was fretting about that as he wheeled his car up the seldom-used road that led to his Connecticut retreat. Fan writers had often remarked on how, when a crisis confronted him, Larry Mason went to commune with nature before making a decision. It was proof, they said, of the simplicity that marked him for greatness. Even nature, it seemed, was on his side. He invariably returned from Connecticut with just the right answer.

PRESENTLY they came to a rambling white house set well back from the road, and Larry got out and opened the gates. He ran up the walk to the house while Sam was hiding the car in the barn.

Maxine met Larry in the doorway. He threw his arms around her and she clung to him and kissed him a lot more than was absolutely necessary. Her pert brown head barely came to his shoulder. They were still standing close together when they saw Sam grinning at them as he came up the walk.

Sam Collins was the only one who knew about Maxine. He had been their best man at that midnight elopement just before Larry left for the finals of the contest in New York and—eventually—fame. Not even Larry's sponsor, let alone the ubiquitous press and public, had even so much as suspected that Mr. Mason was a bridegroom of many seasons ago.

"How are you, Sam?" asked Maxine, sliding out of her famous husband's arms. She glanced quizzically at his manager. "What's this I hear about Larry being raffled off to some blonde?"

Sam shrugged and slid into the biggest and easiest chair.

"It's Berg's idea. He says the sales have been taking a nose dive. He thinks

(Continued on page 64)

INTERNATIONALS SHOW
THE PROFITABLE WAY
IN MISSOURI

"*I'm from Missouri,*" says W. C. Shank, President of Crowe Coal Company of Kansas City . . . and ten International Six-Wheelers show him how to *cut costs!*

Your business stands to benefit by the same kind of fact-finding investigation that is making more money for the Crowe Coal Company. They had our transportation engineers take the measure of their hauling problems and fit the right Internationals to the job. The result is expressed by Mr. Shank in terms every truck man understands: "Our ten Internationals each haul between 10 and 11 tons 2½ miles from mine to tipple making 19 to 20 round trips per day—about *2280 tons per eight-hour day,* including waste returned to pit. And they're showing a lower hauling cost per ton than we've ever known before."

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If you're looking for a half-ton delivery truck, a big six-wheeler like these coal-hauling units, or *any size in between,* International offers you 25 models in 81 wheelbase lengths — a *complete* line of high-powered trucks with heavy-duty stamina.

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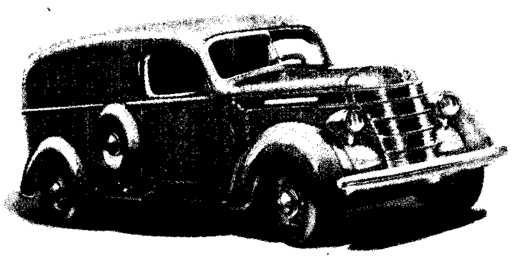

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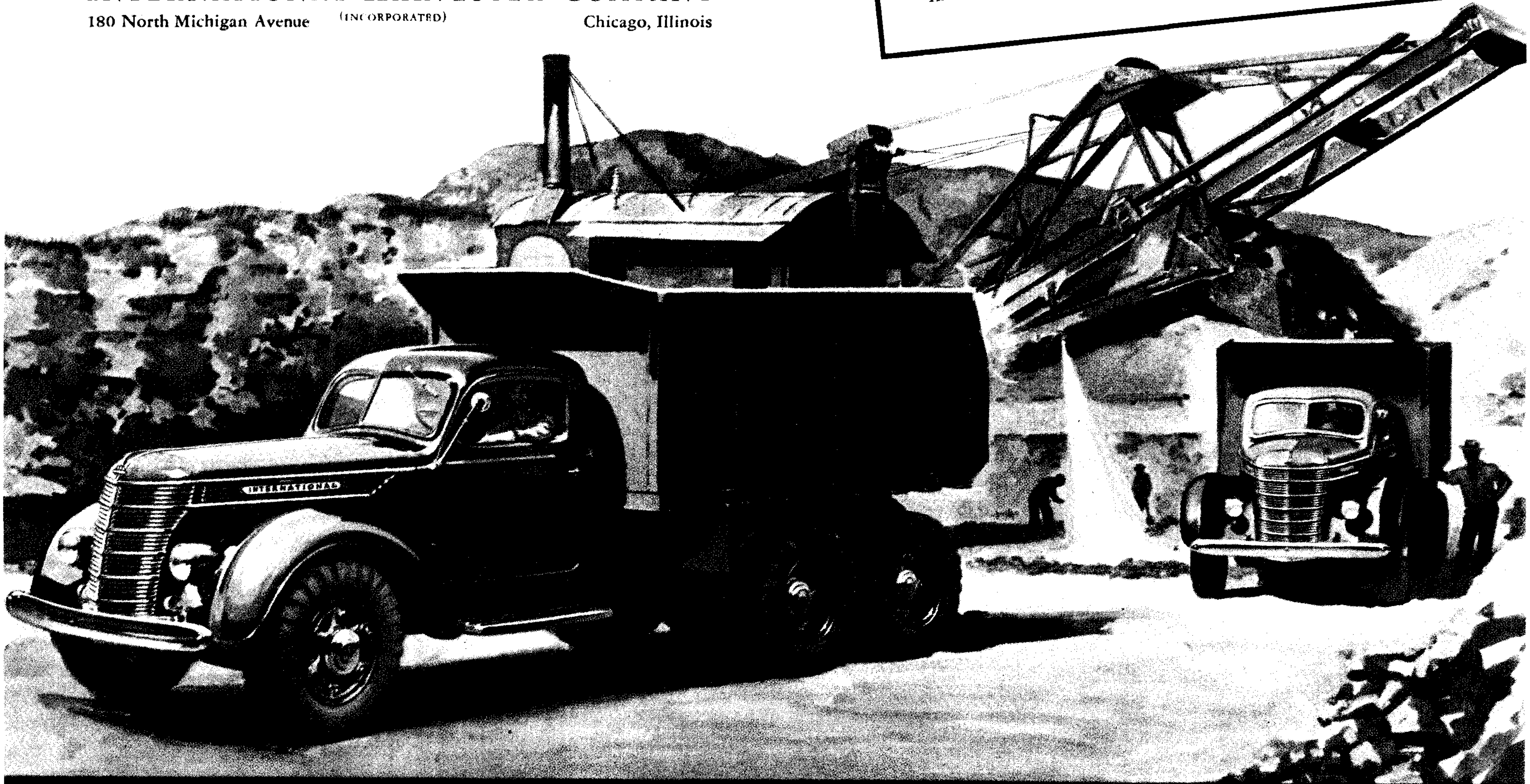
To make sure of the prestige that is so important in the success of all business today, most men who buy trucks want the last word in streamlined style. That style goes with Internationals!

The new Internationals give all the *plus* value that modern styling can lend to a business without any plus in cost, in purchase price or upkeep. In fact, you will be making sure of the lowest cost performance that you can buy.

If you haul loads in the ½ to 1½-ton range, International offers the same kind of cost-cutting economy that increases profits for the Crowe Coal Company, as told here. These lighter Internationals are available in a number of models and wheelbase lengths, with body adaptations for every type of work.



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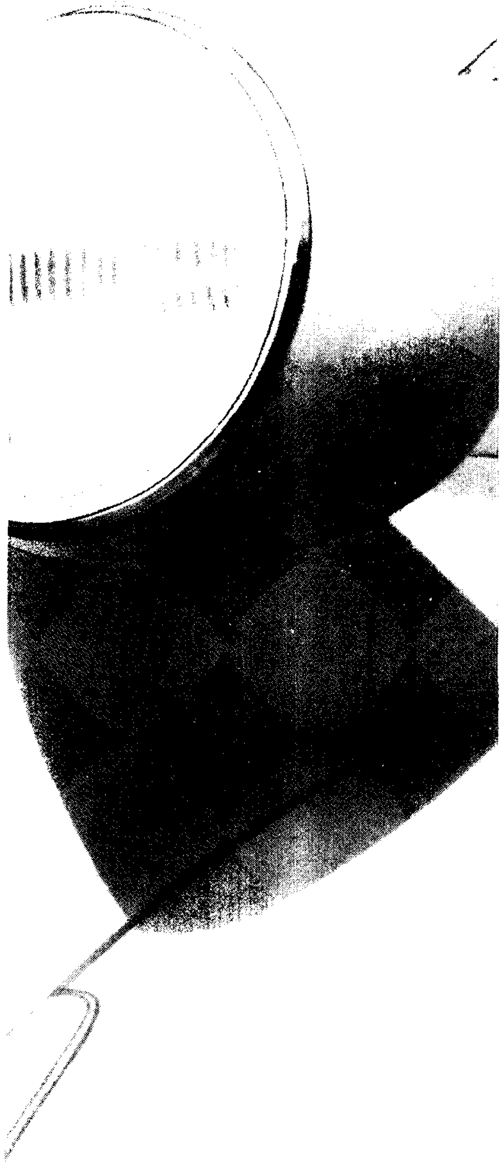

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SEE *how much more this great new car gives you... in Size, Comfort, Economy. Try Plymouth's sensational new ride. Exclusive Features make Plymouth the "Most for Low Price"!*

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Find out about the many long-life features that give Plymouth a greater resale value. Find out *everything* by *driving* a new Plymouth.

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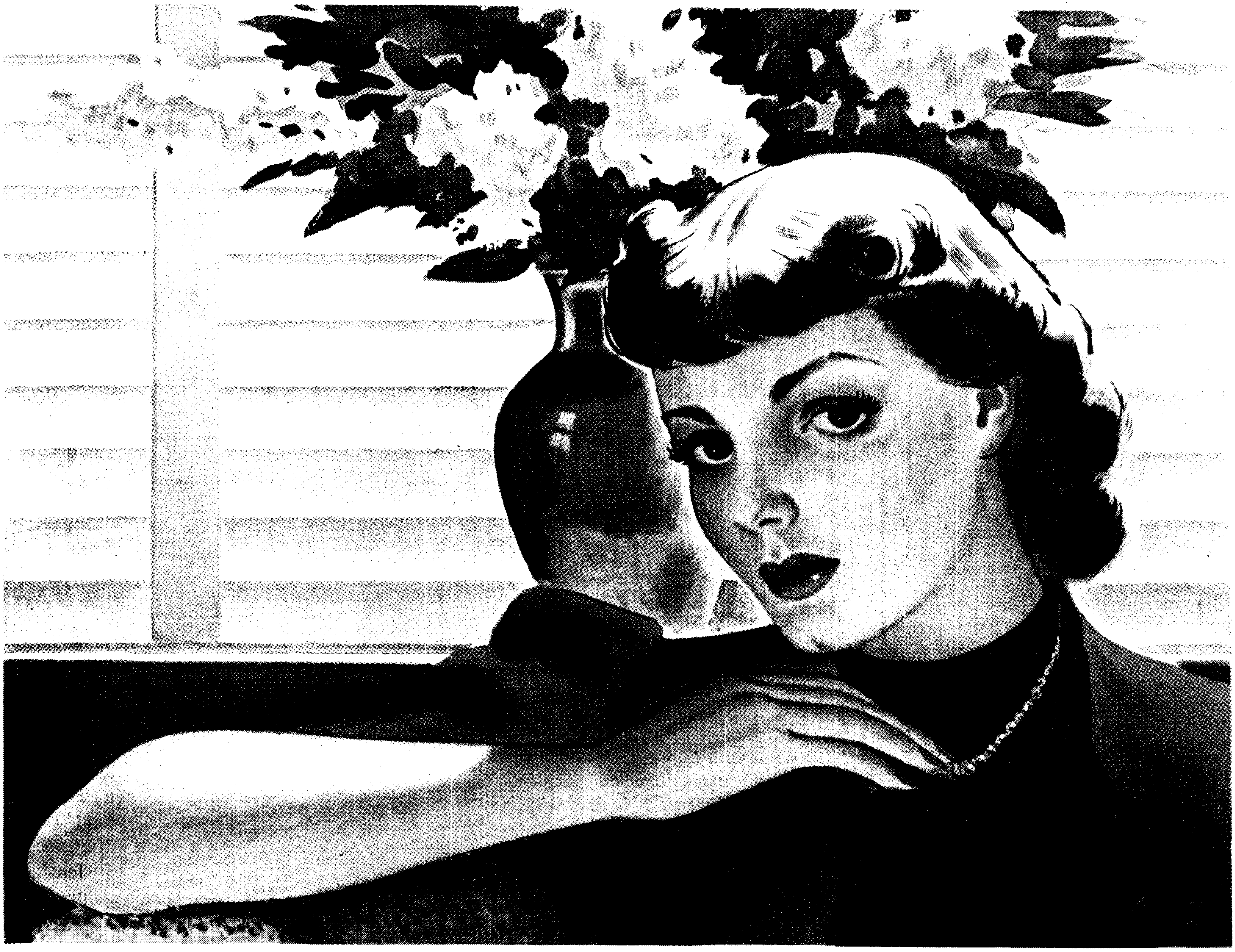

"I did everything you said," she went on defensively. "Duke, why are you looking at me like that?"

Bodyguard

By Matt Taylor

Duke got exactly what he asked for—and lost everything else

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

THE small, tight-lipped man stepped down from the stand. For ten minutes the sound of his thin voice had been the only sound in the crowded courtroom. The hush lasted a moment longer. Then came the flood of whispering, like sudden rain on a still night, and the scuffling of feet, and the nervous coughs. It was all over now. The tight-lipped man had clinched it; the prosecuting attorney wore an air of quiet victory. From the witness chair the quick staccato sentences had fallen with a metallic ring around the three defendants, dooming them, building prison bars around them. Their eyes, narrow with hate, followed the wiry figure of Duquesne as an attendant escorted him to a far exit.

The attendant led him down the corridor a little way and stopped short in front of an office door. "In there, Duquesne," he said shortly. "Your hat and coat's in there."

The small man nodded sullenly. He went inside and gave a start. The familiar bulk of Frank McGill was sprawled uncomfortably in the undersized armchair.

McGill laughed and rubbed a big hand over his knee. There was no friendliness in his laugh—only a hint of triumph. "Finished singing your song, Duke, my boy?" he said.

"What're you doing here?" Duke demanded with a touch of apprehension in his voice.

"Nothing much. Just waiting for you."

Duke kept on frowning. "You got your signals mixed," he said. "No one's looking for me."

"No? You'd be surprised."

"I ain't wanted. I'm state's evidence. Ask the D. A."

"Sure, Duke. You made a deal for yourself. You spoke your little piece and the boys in there do a ten-to-twenty stretch and you're in the clear. That's why I'm here. Your three little playmates may want to even the score."

"Let 'em want to. What good will it do 'em?"

"Maybe they got friends outside."

Duke's eyes darted to McGill's, widening with fear. "Do you know anything, Mac?" he said.

"Me? I don't know a thing. I'm just a dumb plainclothes dick. But the chief's a little worried about your health."

Duke fumbled for a cigarette in his gold case. "I can take care of myself, I guess," he said.

McGill kept squinting at him appraisingly. "When did you learn?" he said. "When we were kids you used to—"

"I don't want a cop trailing me around. Anyway, not you."

"The chief thinks you need one. And I'm it." He laughed harshly. "It's a good one, ain't it? I'm your bodyguard, Duke."

"I'm leaving town tonight. I don't need you."

"Sure, you're leaving town. And I'm staying with you till you do." McGill squeezed himself out of the chair and got to his feet. "It's like old times," he said. "I used to save your hide plenty in the old days when you pulled your ratty kid tricks. Did it because you were a skinny little runt and I was tough and liked to scrap. Now it's part of my job. 'See that he stays alive till he gets out of town,' the lieutenant says. 'All right,' I says, 'but what for?' 'I don't know,' he says. 'Chief's orders. Maybe it wouldn't look

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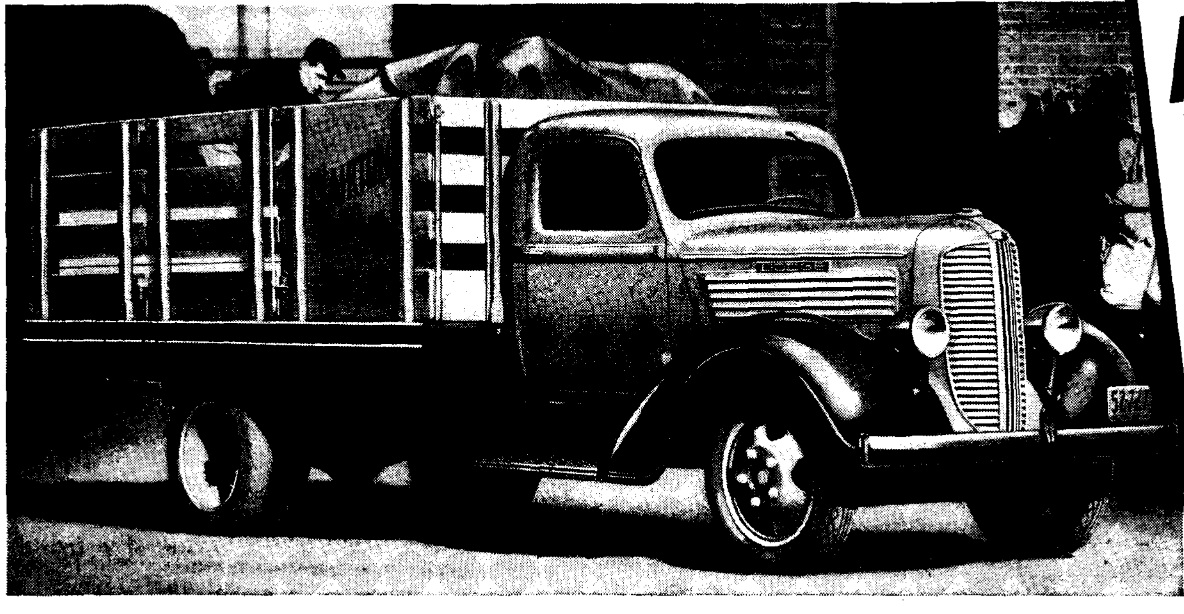
½-TON 116″ W. B. CHASSIS	1½-TON 133″ W. B. CHASSIS
$475	$604
Price includes front bumper, spare tire, tube and tire lock.	*Price includes front bumper.*

Other models, including ¾-1 ton, 2-ton and 3-ton, at correspondingly low prices. **FOR DELIVERED PRICES IN YOUR LOCALITY SEE YOUR NEAREST DODGE DEALER.** At low cost, budget terms may be arranged.



NEW 1938 DODGE 1½-TON STAKE—6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine—(133″ W. B. with 9′ Body and 159″ W. B. with 12′ Body)—19 special "econ-o-mizers"—yet still priced with the lowest. The year's outstanding value!

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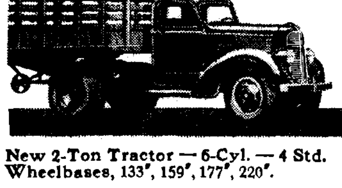
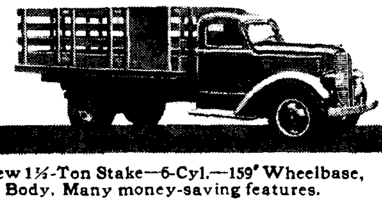
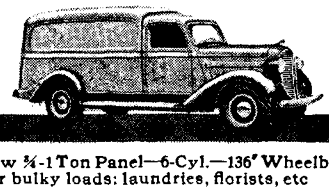


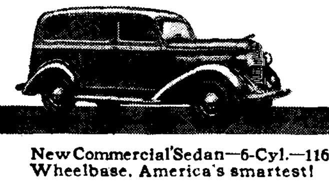
New 2-Ton Tractor — 6-Cyl. — 4 Std. Wheelbases, 133″, 159″, 177″, 220″.



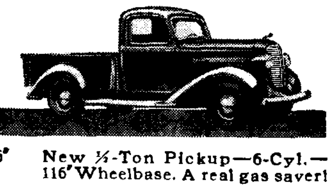
New 1½-Ton Stake—6-Cyl.—159″ Wheelbase, 12′ Body. Many money-saving features.



New ¾-1 Ton Panel—6-Cyl.—136″ Wheelbase. For bulky loads: laundries, florists, etc



New Commercial Sedan—6-Cyl.—116″ Wheelbase. America's smartest!



New ½-Ton Pickup—6-Cyl.—116″ Wheelbase. A real gas saver!

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Pretend you will wake up in California in the morning . . . and we'll lead you through a rare vacation day!

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Through Market street—one of the *world's* main streets, and avenues filled with the fragrance of flowers on sidewalk stands.

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Finally, when the sun goes down, we'll head back over tall Twin Peaks, past the Mission Dolores; downtown again.

And if you think this day is done, then you don't know this city's debonair hotels and restaurants and bright night places!

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good if anything happened so soon.' So here I am, Duke. You're having company for dinner."

All the color had gone out of Duke's face and his mouth was crooked. He was no longer handsome. "Damn you, McGill!" he said. "It's a trick. You framed all this!"

McGill smiled. "The lieutenant's a friend of mine," he said. "I heard he was assigning someone, so I sort of volunteered for old times' sake, Duke."

For a moment they faced each other, McGill's broad, flushed face broken with a set smile, Duke's lips tight and sucked in, his eyes hard. They both knew the challenge. They accepted the issue.

Duke stepped forward. "You're clever, Mac," he said. "But it won't do you any good. She's sticking with me, see? She goes where I go!"

McGill's heavy shoulders rose and fell. "Maybe and maybe not," he said. "She won't like to admit she was wrong, I know. She's proud, Kitty is."

"You've never stopped wanting her, have you?" Duke said. "And you think now you can—"

McGill's hand moved forward leisurely and became a great heavy fist with half of Duke's coat collar wrinkled up inside it. "You've got a cockeyed slant on cops," he said calmly. "When a cop's on duty, that's all he thinks about." His grip relaxed and he smiled. "Anyway, a good cop—like me."

DUKE pulled his coat lapel straight. "Keep on being a good cop, Mac," he said.

"Meaning what, exactly?"

Duke shrugged. "You're my bodyguard. I can't help that, I guess. But you're not hers. You want to remember that." He paused and came a little closer. "They gave me a permit when this trial started. So now I carry a gun."

McGill laughed quickly. "I carry one, too," he said. "To keep you from getting hurt. It's funny, all right." He pulled his hat lower over his eyes. "Ready, Duke? I'm sort of anxious to get going. Let me out first. You stay back till I give you the nod."

Outside it was getting dark and the flow of homeward-bound traffic was heavy. McGill pushed through the revolving doors, nodded briefly to two men with cameras and flash bulbs, and found a cab. He left the cab door swinging open and walked back to the building.

The men with the cameras stood ready. "He ain't stopping to pose," McGill told them. "Don't try to make him. Standing around here ain't healthy for him."

Together they crossed the sidewalk to the curb. Two blinding flashes went off. McGill felt the man beside him draw closer, and he climbed into the cab, laughing. "You scare easy, Duke," he said. "But then you always did, didn't you?"

"You shouldn't have let 'em," Duke said sullenly. "I don't want my mug all over the papers."

"The guys that are interested know your mug already." He smiled broadly. "You're pale as a ghost."

Duke wet his lips. "You're putting on an act," he said. "The chief don't know anything."

"He usually does. And he sent me, didn't he? Sit back in the corner and you'll be all right."

"This is fun for you, ain't it?" Duke said bitterly.

McGill nodded brightly. "This part, sure," he said. "After this, I don't know. Seeing her there in your place, cooking your dinner and waiting on you—" He broke off and shrugged. "But she married you. Maybe it's what she wants. That's what I'm going to find out."

They left the downtown traffic and headed north along the broad, straight highway. At the traffic circle the cab detached itself from the speeding string of cars and became a separate particle again. The side street was quiet—bay-windowed brownstone fronts in a solid row, like a scalloped-edged border of stone. McGill knew the street; it was the former aristocratic part of town, gone flashy. There were big, expensive cars parked on the street. A lot of money came here—all kinds of money, buying anything it wanted.

"Not much like our old neighborhood, Duke. I guess you sort of hate to move?"

"I got other connections."

"Chicago, maybe?"

"That's my business, ain't it?"

The cab came to a stop and Duke paid the driver from inside. On the curb, McGill looked around him. There was only one man in sight. He stood near by, cupping his hands and lighting a cigarette against the wind. His eyes met McGill's and the match flickered out and he moved on.

McGill turned back to the cab. "See that one?" he said. "That guy with the gray overcoat?"

"What about him? He's just a guy."

"Looked like he was hanging around, didn't he?"

Duke swallowed. The taxi was glass-topped and the overhead street light shone through and McGill saw the muscles around Duke's mouth work nervously. "Have your fun, copper," Duke said. "What's it going to get you?"

McGill's eyebrows went up and he looked aggrieved. "I got to do my job," he said. "I'm a good cop. I can't let you get hurt."

"It's no good, Mac. Those three guys downtown ain't got any friends. They're from out of town."

"Their friends might take a little trip to see the big city. Of course, I wouldn't know. But maybe the chief does." He gave another glance around him. "It's clear," he said. "Stay right with me."

They crossed the sidewalk and Duke ran ahead up the steps. McGill took a final look. The man in the gray overcoat was across the street. His cigarette had gone out and he had stopped again to light it.

McGILL stepped into the dimly lit hall. His heart was speeding up a bit now. In front of the mirror he straightened his tie and smoothed his tumbling hair. He hung back a little behind the gaudy draperies at the living-room door, and let Duke go first. He wanted to see her before she saw him, before she had time to pretend.

She was facing him, sitting in a deep chair and smoking. He watched her eyes meet Duke's. She had always had such eager, compelling eyes. Eyes that were quick to sparkle, with plenty of devilment and a lot of fight in them. Her face was pert and pretty, and her small chin firm. She was the most fun of any girl he had known when he was a boy; later, when he was old enough to hold her hand and want to kiss her good night, the most exciting. This was the way he remembered her—not the way he saw her as he watched from behind the wine-colored drapes.

He set his jaw and waited. It's just that she's older, he thought. Everyone changes in five years. He's got plenty of dough, but he's always in trouble, or right on the edge of it, and she knows and worries. It must be that. It couldn't be—couldn't possibly be—that she's afraid!

She drew deeply on her cigarette and her eyes burned brightly—but with a strange, unnatural brightness—as she looked at Duke. She was tired and worn out and all the rouge in the world couldn't change it. "What is it, Duke?" she said, and McGill, listening, felt a sharp dry ache in his throat. It was something in her voice. "I did everything you said," she went on defensively. "I packed all except that one bag. Duke, why are you looking at me like that?"

Duke nodded curtly. "We've got company," he said, and McGill stepped forward.

She sat rigid a moment when she saw him. Then she sprang to her feet. "Mac!" she said. "Frank!" She took one step toward him and stopped, as though she had remembered something. "Is it about Duke? Has he—"

"Duke's all set," McGill broke in gruffly. "He's the fair-haired boy downtown. Him and the chief are buddies." He held out his hand. "I'm glad to see you, Kitty."

THEIR hands met and he held hers in a tight grip until her eyes, darting to Duke's, begged him to let go. "You bowled me over," she said with a little laugh. "I can hardly believe—"

"I'm on duty," McGill said shortly. He pulled his eyes away from her and looked around the room. Duke stood beside them, watching.

"So you're leaving the old town?" McGill said.

"Tonight," she nodded.

"Where you heading for?"

"She don't know," Duke said quickly. "And if she did she wouldn't say."

McGill kept looking at the girl. "Wouldn't you, Kitty? Why wouldn't you?"

Duke didn't give her a chance. "Why do you think?" he said. "She's got better sense."

"I'm talking to her. Do you want to go 'way, Kitty?"

"She wants to go wherever I go," Duke said.

For a moment they stood there, the three of them close together. McGill wasn't smiling now—it was Duke's turn for that.

"I'll see about dinner," the girl said at last. "Will he stay, Duke?"

"I stay if Duke stays. I'm taking care of his precious skin."

The girl turned quickly and left them. McGill followed as far as the door. Resting on the piano was a framed picture of Duke, and McGill took it and held it a moment, studying it. It was an actor's pose—the head lowered, the dark eyes upraised, a smoking cigarette between fingers heavy with diamonds. He was flashy, but handsome, with all the charm in the world if he wanted to turn it on. Five years ago he had turned it on, and a rookie cop who couldn't keep his head in an argument with a girl had lost out against it. McGill spread his hands and the photo crashed to the floor and the broken glass scattered.

From across the room Duke frowned. "That won't get you anywhere," he said.

McGill moved toward him swiftly. "What have you done to her?" he said.

"Why? She still looks good to you, doesn't she?"

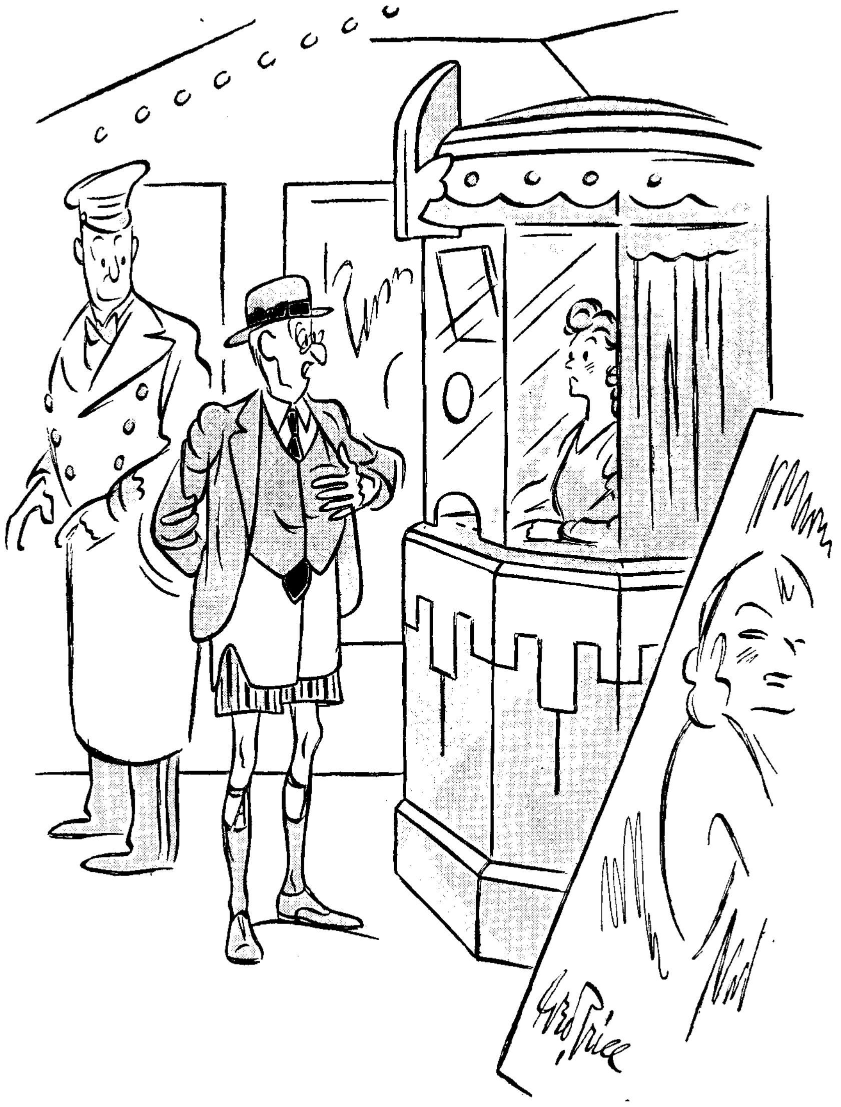
"What have you done to her?"

Duke smiled. "She's quieted down a lot," he said. He stepped back. McGill's big fist had closed. "You're on duty, Mac," he said. "You're my bodyguard. It wouldn't look right if anything happened. Chief's orders, ain't they?" McGill's fingers straightened again, and Duke laughed. "You're a good cop, Mac," he said. "A swell cop."

The girl was standing in the doorway. Duke brushed past McGill and went quickly to her. "We'll pack that last bag," he said.

Her eyes moved to his reluctantly. "You said you didn't want me to touch it."

"I'm telling you now I do." He smiled shortly. "Mac can entertain himself for a while."



"Pshaw, know what I've done? I've come away without my wallet"

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Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, featured in Paramount's "College Swing" know . . .

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. . . record "drive" from your car, go to your nearby Sinclair dealer's and get a tankful of Sinclair H-C Gasoline. You'll like the way he treats you.

THE AIM IS PROGRESS —

The motorists of America are demanding something more in tires today than long wear, traction and economy. In swiftly growing numbers, they are demanding safety. That means the modern tire is no longer merely a casing and tube. It is, instead, a casing and a Goodyear LifeGuard.✻ Because LifeGuards are the only sure protection against the menace of blowouts, they are as important to the safety of your car as four-wheel brakes, safety glass and all-steel bodies. Yes, their first cost is a little higher. But from many angles they are the most economical tire equipment you can buy.

It is not too much to say that the pneumatic automobile tire has made the present-day motor car possible.

It has done so by providing the cushioning needed to protect the vehicle and occupants from the racking strains of the road, and the traction to enable it to start and stop.

The marvelous serviceability of today's tires stems largely from three major developments: the straight-side tire, with its benefits in convenience; the multiple cord tire, with its benefits in efficiency, and the pneumatic truck tire, with its lessons in durability.

These three developments, each a vivid marker of tire-making progress, were all Goodyear contributions.

Now a new need of the motor car makes itself felt, a need sharpened and made urgent by the swift improvement of the automobile. Speeds are higher, brakes are more powerful, performance is stepped up, traffic is denser, faster.

FIRST CHOICE OF THE WORLD — PLUS

The finest casing you can buy wears the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. *For 23 years it has been the world's first choice:* more people ride on Goodyears than on any other kind.

In this finest casing Goodyear gives you the ALL-WEATHER TREAD, most popular non-skid design ever developed, CENTER TRACTION, with grip where you need it most, MAXIMUM CARCASS DURABILITY, with Supertwist cord in every ply, the closest thing to blowout prevention that can be built in any casing.

Now, by adding the matchless blowout protection of LifeGuards to these other Goodyear advantages, we provide in the really *modern* tire a combination of *utility and safety* not to be had elsewhere at any price!

To meet these sterner conditions tires must be stouter, more dependable, longer lived — far more important than these, they must be SAFE!

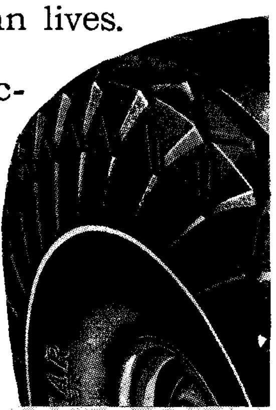
The highways of the country bear more eloquent witness of this in their annual toll of dead and injured than anything we might say.

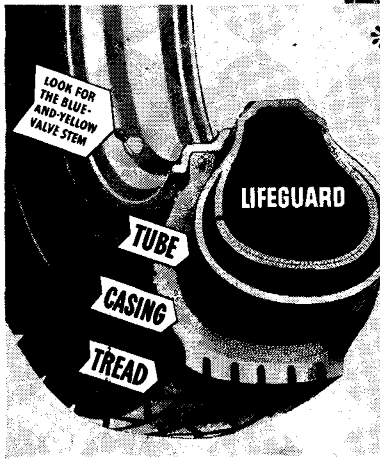
Over the years Goodyear has steadily brought to motorists better tire values and better tire quality — so conspicuously better that more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

But Goodyear knows that with *any* tire, the farther that tire travels the more it increases its blowout risk — the thinner the tread, the heavier the threat.

So in its laboratories, the greatest and best equipped in the rubber industry, Goodyear set itself the task of perfecting an infallible safety member to go inside the casing, something that would continuously stand between the blowout menace and human lives.

It named the successful result the LifeGuard — because *that is what it is* — the only sure protection money can buy.




LOOK FOR THE BLUE-AND-YELLOW VALVE STEM
LIFEGUARD
TUBE
CASING
TREAD

✻LIFEGUARD consists of a reserve two-ply inner tire *inside* a regular tube, both inflated by the same valve. When the casing blows out, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car without lurching until you can come to a safe stop.

Available for CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES, MOTORCYCLES

Goodyear LifeGuards inside your casings take the place of ordinary inner tubes.

But they are *not* like inner tubes — being built with a fortified reserve air chamber, which, even with the most violent tire failure, holds air long enough to keep your car in control and let you bring it to a safe straightline stop.

GOODYEAR

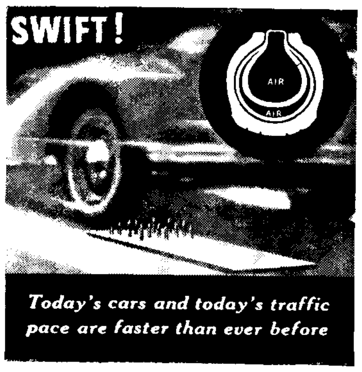
THE STAKE IS HUMAN LIVES

Watch for this demonstration in your locality —see speeding Goodyear test drivers rip their casings wide open on huge spikes and come to a safe stop with LifeGuards still inflated.

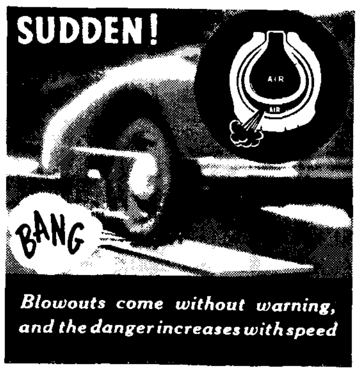
***Quality tells, the world over:* MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!**

Goodyear LifeGuard tires *complete* the safety of the modern automobile —finish the job begun by steel bodies, four-wheel brakes and safety glass.

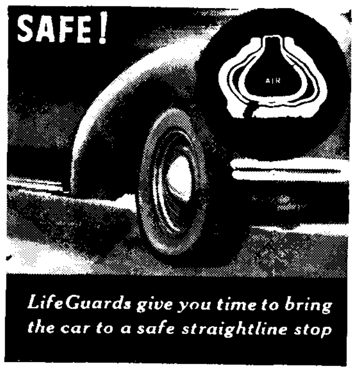
Good as our tires are, good as *any tires* are, we yet say install Goodyear LifeGuards — you can't get better protection to save your life!



Today's cars and today's traffic pace are faster than ever before



Blowouts come without warning, and the danger increases with speed



LifeGuards give you time to bring the car to a safe straightline stop

LIFEGUARD

LIFEGUARD, *a registered trade-mark of* The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, *fully protected by patents.*

I lost the order

Don Herold Says-

Maybe because he needed - - -

I say *maybe*. There are lots of ways to lose orders and friends and customers and sweethearts and jobs.

I wouldn't say that failure in love and business is ever due entirely to such things as perspiration aura.

But you can't tell. Maybe the man in the above picture had a prospect who was on the fence. Our hero leaned over close to show a picture in his catalog. The prospect noticed something wrong about the salesman. It knocked him off the fence ... the wrong way.

Mum might not have made this sale, but I do know that the four biggest male users of Mum are *salesmen, doctors, dentists* and *executives*—men who regard MUM as a business and professional adjunct.

Evidently, these intelligent people don't want to take a chance.

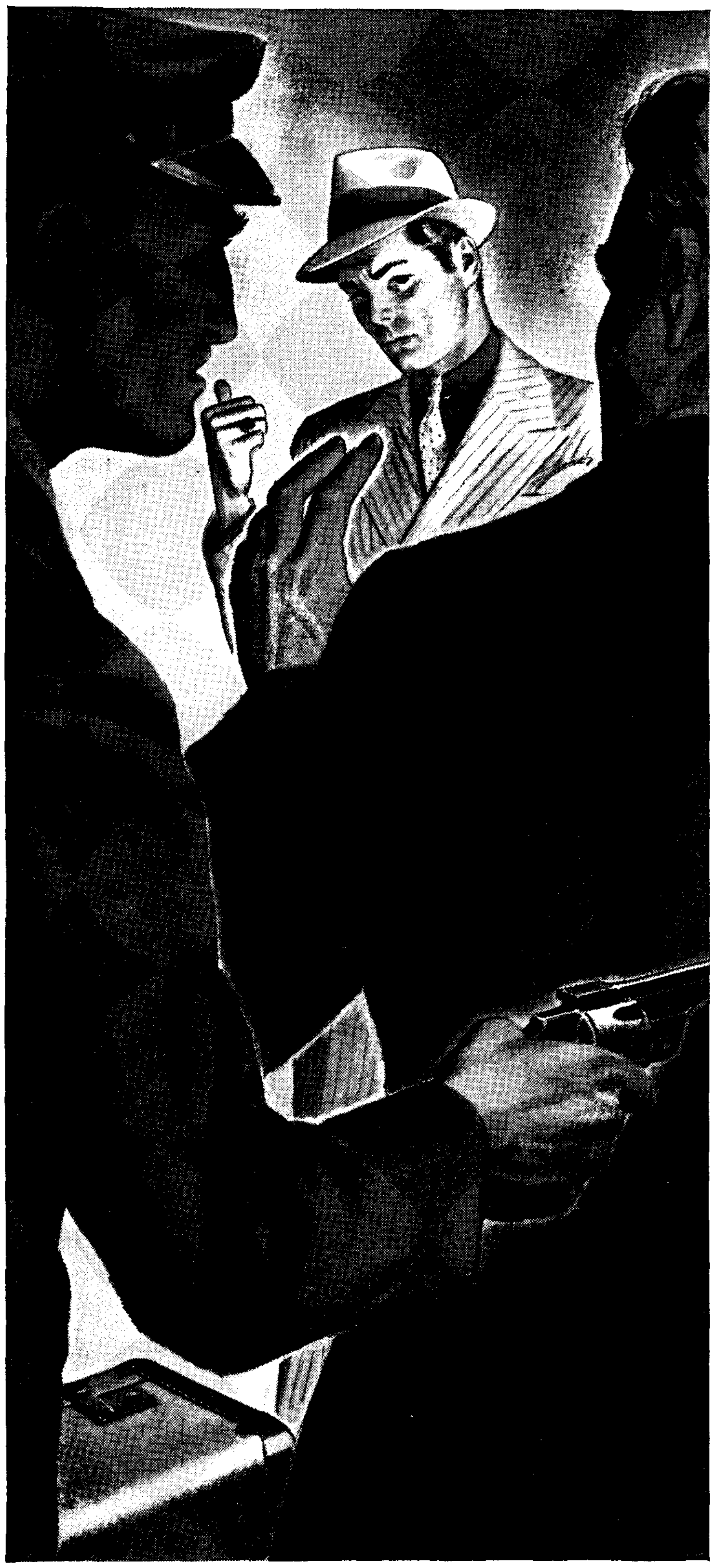
Thousands of men who would have once considered it a bit sissy, now regard Mum use as a manly, gentlemanly habit, and they make a practice of it every day after every bath (to cinch the cleansing effect of the bath), and they frequently use Mum again before evenings out. Many also apply touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

I consider using MUM as good business

Mum is a pleasant, inviting cream which definitely kills perspiration odor without stopping perspiration.

Start its use in a small way. Feel the thing out. Try it with doubt in your mind. Begin with a free sample, which you can get by sending your name and address penciled on the edge of this page to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M1-58, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"That's a gun, you fool!" he said close to McGill's ear

McGill lit a cigarette. The palms of his hands were moist and he rubbed them together. He went to the window and opened the blinds a little and looked out Automatically his eyes took in the scene and his mind made notes. A few cars parked on both sides of the street. One, an expensive sedan no longer new, almost directly opposite, heading east. Its license that of a neighboring state, the numerals indistinguishable. A man sitting at the wheel, smoking. No one of interest passing. The man with the gray overcoat no longer in sight.

He smoked two cigarettes before they returned. Duke was gayer now. "Get something for us to eat," he said to the girl. He left the two bags in the hall and nodded pleasantly at McGill. "Kitty and me will have to eat and run," he said. "That ain't polite, is it? But the car's coming in half an hour."

McGILL frowned. "Chauffeur and everything, eh?" he said.

"Sure. Someone you know, too. Pete Golden's his name?"

"I've run into him once or twice. They paroled him too soon. They always do."

"He's a good driver," Duke said. "Reliable, too. He'll be right on time."

They sat down to dinner. They didn't talk. McGill kept watching the girl across the table—how she didn't eat or even pretend to; how her eyes lifted quickly to his and fell again; how her lips parted for words that never came.

Duke pushed back his plate and raised his arm to see the watch on his wrist.

"In about ten minutes," he said. His eyes flashed jubilantly now. "Get the coffee, Kitty."

McGill got to his feet.

"I'll help you with that," he said.

"She don't need help!"

The girl stood there, looking from one to the other. She turned away and turned back again quickly, and in that one moment a new look had come into her eyes. "He won't leave us alone, Mac," she said.

"I know."

"And I've got to talk to you. I *must*—before I go!"

Duke leaned forward. "I'd shut up if I was you, Kitty," he said.

McGill moved to her and took her hand. "Go ahead and talk, kid," he said. "Talk just as though he wasn't here." He held her chair for her and drew another close. Their hands met openly on the table. "There's nothing to be afraid of," he said.

"I'm not afraid. Not any more."

Across the table Duke drew in his breath sharply. "You're making a big mistake," he said.

McGill's hand held hers more tightly. "Tell it to me, kid," he said.

Her smile came bravely. "I tried to see it through, Mac," she said. "I'm proud, I guess. I'm stubborn proud."

"I'm just as bad. I should have looked you up. But after you ran out on me—"

"I was so wrong, Mac! So terribly, terribly wrong! And when I think of that silly quarrel, how unimportant it was—"

McGill nodded. "We were a couple of hot-headed kids," he said gruffly. "We messed things up."

DUKE pushed back his chair. "Talk fast, Mac," he said. "Talk good and fast. It's about five minutes now."

McGill did not turn. He kept looking at the girl, seeing her as she used to be, remembering all the things they had said when they were very young, the promises they'd made and meant to keep, high-sounding phrases learned from books to tell each other that which needed no words, but only a single understanding glance. Such a glance as held them now, as Duke stood between them, his thin face dark with anger.

"He's changed you, Kitty."

"It's been five years."

"If he's hurt you, I'll—"

"Not that way. But it's been five years of his kind of life. Meeting his kind of people. Hiding out, sometimes. Having money you're afraid to spend, even for food and things you need, because you don't know where the money came from and you're afraid they may. It changes you, Mac—all of it put together."

"You shouldn't have stayed."

"We were married. It's supposed to mean something. That's what they taught us, didn't they, Mac? And there was always the chance that he'd be different."

"You can't stand any more," McGill said.

"No, I can't stand any more," she answered.

HE DREW his hand from hers and stood up quickly. Duke's eyes were narrow slits; his hands were deep in his pockets, jingling keys and coins.

"This washes it up, Duke," McGill said. "You get out of town, but you get out alone."

Duke's lips parted to answer, and closed again. The doorbell was ringing—three short rings and a long one. Duke turned abruptly away.

McGill followed slowly. He waited in the living room until Golden came in, his bulging form grotesque in the fitted chauffeur's coat. His eyes widened as he saw McGill standing there. "Him?" he said. "What for?"

Duke laughed harshly. "He's taking care of me," he said. "He's seeing me safe out of town."

"Let Pete take the bags," McGill ordered. "You stay out of sight."

"See how careful he is? He even takes care of my wife! Don't you, Mac?"

"It's all washed up, Duke. Get going."

"Without her?"

"I told you before."

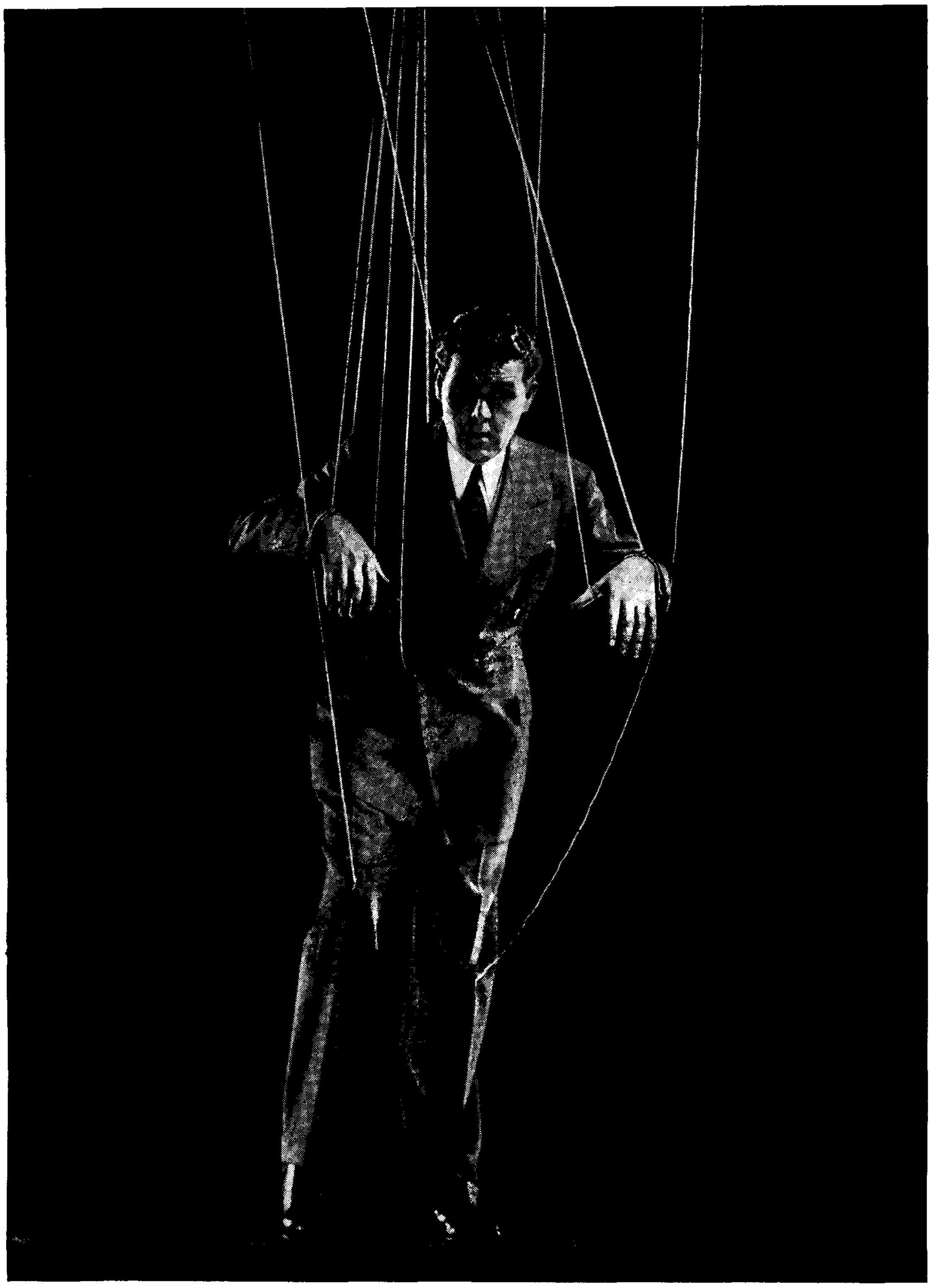
Duke shrugged. He lifted up the palms of his hands and let them fall hopelessly. "Get the bags, then, Pete," he said. "Those two behind Mac. Take care of everything." He paused a moment. "*Take care of everything!*"

McGill heard the girl scream from the dining-room door. He tried to turn. Even after he felt the thing pressing into his back he tried to turn. The man in back of him stepped closer. "That's a gun, you fool!" he said close to McGill's ear.

Duke strode forward. "Keep digging it in," he said.

Over his shoulder McGill called, "Stay back, Kitty. Keep out of it." He felt his gun pulled from the holster at his hip. With its familiar weight gone, it was as though they had removed some part of him. They pulled the handcuffs from his pocket; they turned him around to face the wall. He tried to steady himself, to think clearly. He heard them moving in back of him; heard Duke's thin rasping voice giving orders.

"Now the bags," Duke said. "Get



• • For Men, not Puppets • •

The puppet is pulled about, willy nilly. So are some men—pulled about by "fate." But the man who owns life insurance stands up against that puppeteer. He has a say in his destiny. For insurance safeguards the family, it builds a financial reserve, it may enable the insured man some day to take life easy.

Thos I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

* * *

HAVE YOU ANY QUESTIONS?

You are invited to send any questions on life insurance to "The Equitable Counselor," 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. Or write for booklet, "Build for the Future," which gives interesting information of value.

• • •

Meanwhile, read these questions and answers on important life insurance facts.

Q. I am 25, married and have one young child. I earn $50 a week. I have $6000 of insurance, and a small bank balance. What added insurance do you suggest?

A. Enough to provide a minimum of income to your wife, and to create an educational fund for the child.

• • •

Q. Should life insurance be paid in a lump sum?

A. Not always. More and more people believe it wiser to arrange the payments to beneficiaries in installments, with a moderate lump sum for emergencies. The "life income option" on every policy makes life long protection certain.

• • •

Q. What is a "Special Income" Policy?

A. This policy is designed for the man with a growing family. It provides extra protection while the children are dependent. Ask an Equitable agent or the Counselor about its interesting features.

• • •

Q. How can your life insurance help conserve your estate?

A. Special provisions can be made in your policies to assure funds for estate expenses and inheritance taxes.

* * *

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

"I've gone modern—

it's the Brush with

the Twist for me!"

My dentist advised me to get the *Double Duty* tooth brush, and I was certainly surprised when I first saw it. The "twisted" handle looked so different. But when I gripped it I was even more amazed that so simple a change in the angle of the handle made the *Double Duty* so much easier to use. For more thorough cleansing, for gum massage—it's the finest brush I know.

It's the "twist" in the handle of the Double Duty tooth brush that gives you such a comfortable, natural grip. You almost automatically brush with the rotary motion most dentists suggest for thorough cleaning and more effective gum massage.

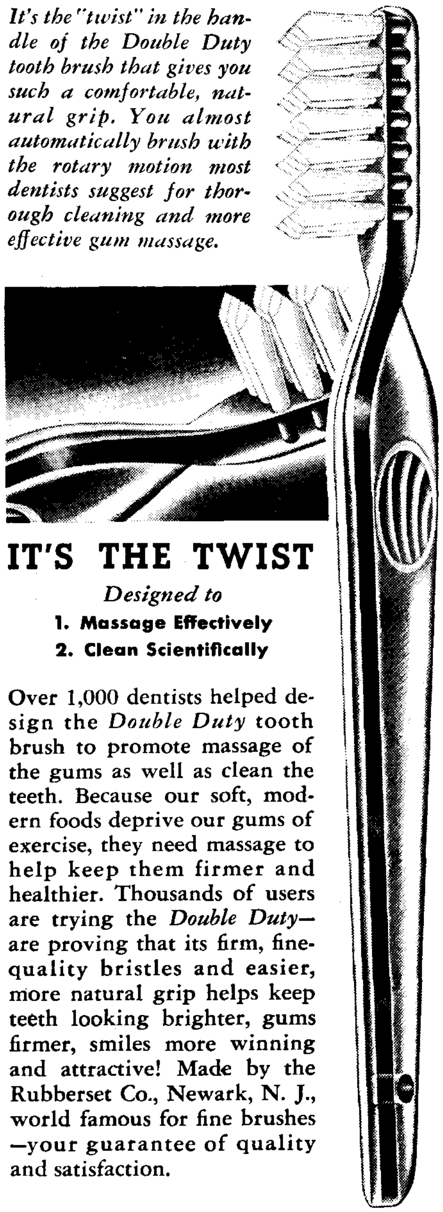
IT'S THE TWIST

Designed to

1. Massage Effectively

2. Clean Scientifically

Over 1,000 dentists helped design the *Double Duty* tooth brush to promote massage of the gums as well as clean the teeth. Because our soft, modern foods deprive our gums of exercise, they need massage to help keep them firmer and healthier. Thousands of users are trying the *Double Duty*—are proving that its firm, fine-quality bristles and easier, more natural grip helps keep teeth looking brighter, gums firmer, smiles more winning and attractive! Made by the Rubberset Co., Newark, N. J., world famous for fine brushes—your guarantee of quality and satisfaction.



RUBBERSET'S

DOUBLE DUTY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TOOTH BRUSH

them in the car. I'll stay here with him. You, Kitty—get your hat and coat."

McGill moistened his lips. "You can't get away with it, Duke," he said.

"Can't I? What law does it break? Bring out your rule book, Mac. City ordinance number so-and-so—a man can't take his wife with him on a little trip."

"You can't kidnap her!"

"I wouldn't call it that. Neither will Kitty. You'll see. Kitty's going to be a good little girl from now on."

McGill wheeled around. He would have lunged at Duke without caring if the girl hadn't thrown herself in front of him, her arms tight on his shoulders, her head buried against his coat. "Please, Mac!" she cried. "He'd do it! I know he would." She turned her head sidewise. "I'll go with you, Duke," she said.

"Sure you'll go. There ain't any argument. You turn around again, Mac. And take it easy."

Golden came back into the room. "The bags are in," he said. "What happens to him?"

"We take him along," Duke said smilingly. "He's my bodyguard, ain't he?"

"He could stay here. We could fix it so he wouldn't talk."

Duke laughed. "He's on duty. He's got to see me safe out of town. So we drop him, up at the city line."

"He's pretty big. He may start to slug."

"Not wearing his own bracelets, he won't slug. Put 'em out behind your back, Mac."

McGill felt his wrists caught in the twin rings of cold steel. "We'll take 'em off when we drop you," Duke said. "Keep those keys, Pete. And just so you won't talk, Mac—" He turned to Golden. "Get that bottle from the cupboard inside," he said. "It's four-year-old stuff, Mac. Kind of a shame to waste it on you. But you'll drink it while we ride, if I have to pour it down." He made a reproving clicking noise with his tongue. "You're going to be awful drunk, Mac. On duty, too—a good cop like you. The chief won't like it a bit, will he? You'd better lay low for twenty-four hours or so."

"Duke, please!"

"Shut up, Kitty! Get your things. We're ready, I guess."

They put his hat rakishly on his head. They sent Kitty ahead. They themselves walked on either side of McGill to shield from sight his locked wrists behind him. But the street was empty, except for the parked cars.

They put Kitty in the front seat. McGill and Duke were to ride in back. Duke settled himself comfortably. "I can just see you, Mac," he said smilingly, "reeling into the precinct house. I can just *hear* you trying to talk, and make 'em believe—"

He broke off. McGill wasn't looking at him; he was looking past him through the car window, his lips parted, not smiling exactly, but stripped in a tense, excited grin. "Look, Duke!" he whispered, and Duke turned.

It was too late to get out of the car. Too late for Golden to start the motor and get going. Too late to do anything but sit and wait. The three men from the sedan with the out-of-town license came noiselessly across the street and each had a hand dipped inside his coat. Two of them moved close to Golden; the third—a man in a gray overcoat—pulled open the rear door.

He leaned inside. He wasn't excited. He wasn't in any hurry at all. "The little guy's in the wrong car," he said.

McGill's wrists strained against the binding steel. Beside him, he saw Duke white and trembling, wetting his lips, pushing back with all his strength against the cushions.

"Mac!" Duke whispered. "Don't let them!"

The man's hand came out from beneath his gray coat. "We just want the little guy," he said. "Just the little guy, that's all." The two in front did not say a word.

Duke twisted in his seat. He couldn't look away from the man at the car door, but he whispered again, out of the side of his mouth, a dry, beseeching whisper more terrible to hear than any woman's scream. "For the love of God, Mac!"

McGill was breathing heavily. "I got bracelets on," he said. "You put 'em on!"

"Never mind the talk, little guy," the man at the door said.

A taxi sped by with a fare, its radio going full blast, and a single bar of dance music broke the stillness and faded away. Across the street a young couple walked past hurriedly, eager for the evening ahead, and the girl laughed.

"Listen, Mac! It's all right about Kitty!" He wasn't whispering now; his voice rose, thin and shrill with fear. "You can have her, Mac! But don't let them—"

"Shut up, Duke! I can't stop them. You fixed it so I can't!"

"Come on, squealer," the man at the door said. "This is business."

In front, Kitty was sobbing softly, watching. Golden sat motionless, staring rigidly ahead, his bulging shoulder muscles tense beneath the tight coat, his hands locked over the wheel. Duke kept twisting, pushing back, whimpering a little. McGill turned away from him, feeling suddenly sick and weak.

The man at the door reached in and took hold of Duke's arm. He pulled him forward in the seat and out of the car. Together they crossed the street to the waiting sedan. Duke was shoved inside. The two others followed slowly, looking back over their shoulders. The motor had been running all the time. It gave a sudden roar, and McGill had his last glimpse of Duke's face as the sedan leaped forward.

Kitty covered her face with her hands. Golden's arms fell to his sides, his shoulders slumped forward. "Gee!" he whispered. "Gee!"

McGill's throat was dry; the words stuck and wouldn't come out. He swallowed hard. "Quick, Golden!" he said. "Give her those keys. Kitty, come back here and get these off. No use going after 'em. We'd lose 'em before we could turn. Drive to the corner. I'll phone from there. Hurry, Kitty!"

She came in back and worked with the keys and the steel fell from him. Kitty sat there beside him, so close he could feel her tremble.

"Can—can we stop them, Mac?" she whispered.

"We've got to try," he said shortly.

"But *can* we?"

He turned and looked at her and his eyes told her everything. She gave a small sobbing cry and trembled again. "It's so awful," she said, "thinking of him in that car with them."

"Yeah. It's awful, the way they do it."

"And the way he looked at us! I'll never forget it."

His hand touched hers. "In time you will," he said. "You'll forget a lot of things." The car drew up sharply at the corner. McGill hardened again. "I'll phone," he said tersely. "Golden, you wait. They'll want descriptions. Try to remember. Get 'em clear in your mind."

Golden sat limply behind the wheel. "It won't do no good," he said dully. "They know their business, those guys. It won't do no good."

Kitty was looking at the drugstore door, where McGill had gone. "He's a good cop," she said. "A swell cop."

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1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

Music in the Heir

Continued from page 17

Use your wits, Mamma. How can you expect a boy to leap to his practicing when the gang is out on the corner lot playing baseball? Switch his practice hour so it won't always be competing with the gang's plans.

And how can you expect a boy or girl to like practicing when the best argument you can make for it is that you're spending money on those lessons and this ungrateful child had better practice—or else? You don't have to grit your teeth about this thing. There are other ways to get your child's practicing done.

Listen to those lessons and that practicing. If the teacher you've chosen is modern-minded, your child will be playing scales as though they were melodies, and in eight or ten lessons actual simple melodies will be coming out of his fingers. Practicing today doesn't need to be the drudgery you suffered through as a child; it can be practically a pleasure.

Don't scurry out of hearing at the first note, only out of sight. Stay unobtrusively near by, so you can toss in a word of praise when the going sounds hard. Don't make the clock a jailer. "You've practiced so well today—I think you can stop a little earlier—" can you imagine what that will do to Junior's spirits, if it happens once in a while?

Teacher Trouble

Maybe your young one doesn't like to practice because he doesn't like his teacher. A successful lawyer I know loves good music but won't go near the piano—the sight of it brings to his mind that old man with spots on his vest and grimy fingernails who breathed steamily down his neck all through the lesson.

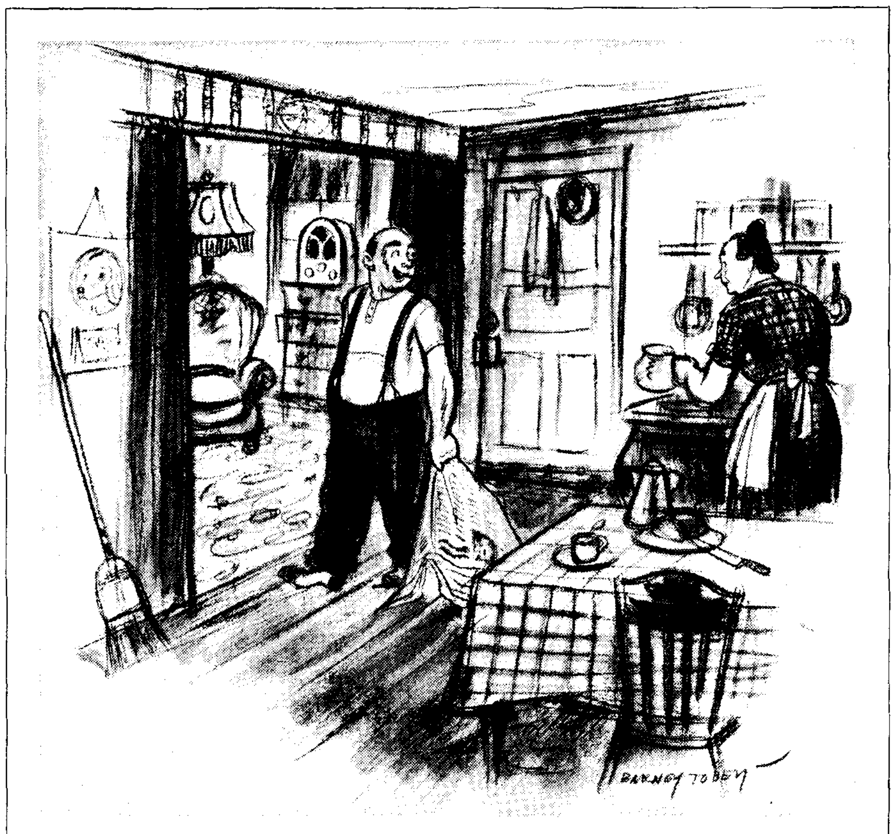
Get your child's other interests to work for you, away from the piano. There's that period of omnivorous reading—offer some of those books that make the boy Mozart, and Schubert as a young man, real human beings without sissy gushing. There's the how-does-it-work stage—the mechanics of musical instruments can be pretty fascinating. And the what-does-it-cost stage—tell him about a Stradivarius violin, just a few slivers of polished wood strung with catgut, and worth thousands of dollars.

But perhaps in spite of your best efforts your youngster still gives a good imitation of a mule. Or plays, but like a mechanical toy you've wound up. When it hits you one day that you're throwing your money away on music lessons, give up—but don't give up hope. A music-loving pair who were quietly eating their hearts out because their eleven-year-old daughter wouldn't practice any more were electrified when, at fifteen, she asked to take lessons again. They figured out why: she heard good music and good talk about it in her home, had friends who played, and incidentally met a woman pianist for whom she felt an instantaneous hero-worship. Meanwhile, many of her childish interests, which had competed with music earlier, had died away. Any one of these developments could have been enough to draw her back to the piano.

For there's hardly a child who hasn't what Paderewski called "a little music in the soul." On the other hand everyone knows that the number of child prodigies who amaze you and me, from Josef Hofmann to Yehudi Menuhin, can be counted on your fingers. And yet parents begin hunting for clues to talent in their children before they are out of their baby buggies.

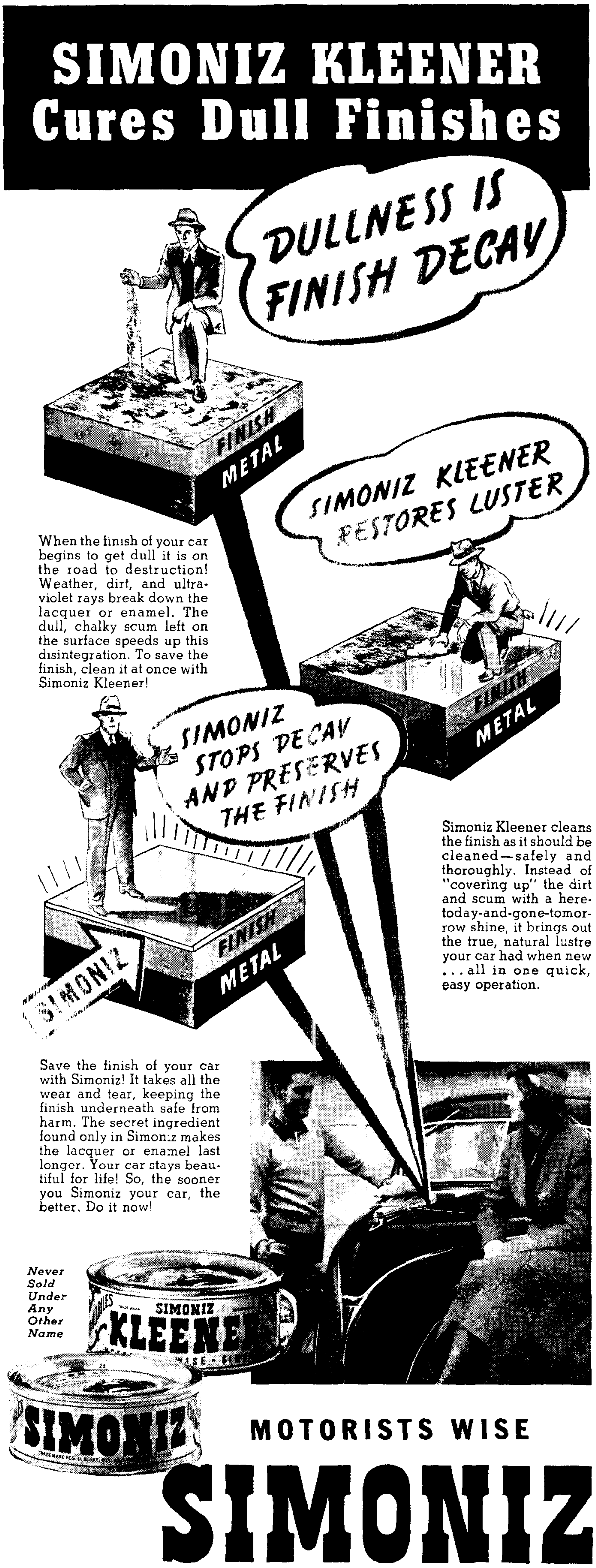
I am a parent, too, and I can say that Sherlock Holmes was a rank amateur compared with most of us. For years I have been listening to boys and girls play the piano while their parents sit by, eyes glued to my face to see if I, too, detect the signs of genius they think they have discovered. And I know what squirmy, squally hours of discipline it took to make those young hands do what adult fingers find hard enough.

There's my own son—he's no Mozart. He was seven when, after months of bribes and bait, of listening to his mechanical thumping on days when he was being good, of trying to answer a child's hardheaded logic—"But, Mother, why *must* I practice when I don't want to be



"I'll be in the library if you want me"

BARNEY TOBEY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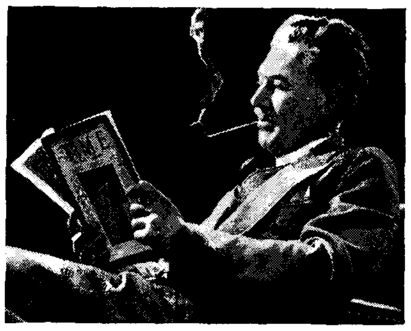

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a pianist?"—I finally gave up the genius-detecting role.

"You win, young man," I confessed to his triumphant back as he climbed off the piano bench for what we both thought was the last time.

So he would never be a wonder child of music, this child of mine. And what of it? Thinking over the many prodigies and would-be prodigies I had known, I was suddenly glad he would not be one of those unhappy children, living an abnormal life, working at a grownup's job when they should be having fun.

The dream of fame and fortune is alluring, but it is no good kidding yourself. If you have a prodigy in the family you'll know it soon enough—genius, like murder, will out. And if you haven't, and what you are doing is forcing an average healthy youngster through that grim business of training to startle the world, you'll achieve only grief, expense and a permanent allergy to music in your child's soul.

My own young rebel and I agreed not to mention music lessons again. Long after the tumult of battle had faded, we went one evening to a concert. I was playing as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Face washing and hair brushing were accomplished with only a little less argument than usual, and in the concert hall he sat down front—I could see him as I played—with a polite version of the show-me look on his face.

The look gradually vanished as the thrilling spectacle unreeled before him—*the great orchestra of a hundred men* wielding their instruments in harmony with the conductor, the hushed audience, the moment when the concerto ended and the pianist made her bow to the people, the conductor, the orchestra.

Backstage Close-Ups

Afterward he marched beside me through the backstage corridors redolent with musical atmosphere, where the musicians, ordinary men after their evening's work was over, chatted as they carefully tucked their instruments away, the delicate flutes, the giant bass viols, the shining copper kettle drums, each in its own curiously shaped case. (Anybody, by the way, can go backstage after a concert.) In the artists' room he shook hands with the conductor—"His hands are *wet!*" my young realist observed in a loud stage whisper—shouldered through the admiring crowds, the flowers, the bustle and excitement. A big evening for a small boy.

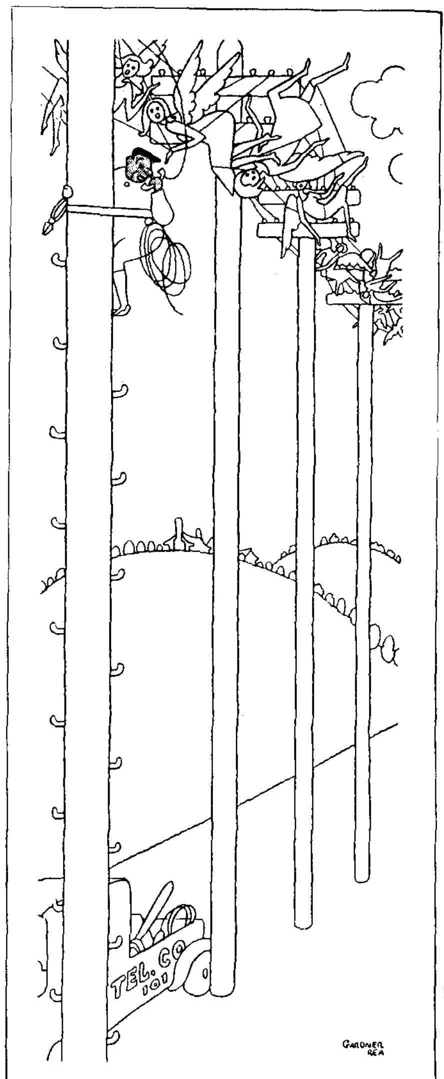
The next concert was his own idea, and we sat together in the audience like everybody else. Then he began coming into my practice room and asking questions while I worked. And one day he announced, without a blush, that he would like to play, too.

Well, you'll say, but you're a musician, with special knowledge and special opportunities.

Not so special. You people in the audience can be as knowing about music as the performer on the platform, and frequently you are. What's more, if you think this new kind of musical learning we've talked about is the exclusive right of children, you're reckoning without the enterprise of modern parents. Half a dozen mothers were sitting at the back of that classroom the day I was there, listening and learning as cheerfully as their young. Bringing Nina and Lennie to music class on Saturday morning is no task with them, because they've taken to studying piano again themselves.

A youngish grandfather I know recently began to take a half-hour off from his business day to go to a music teacher's studio, twice a week for a lesson, the other days to practice. It was a dead secret from friends and family—especially family—until at a gathering of the clan one evening he serenely sat down at the piano and played a favorite old song. After the first gasping astonishment they clustered around, exhumed the tattered songbook they had all known as children, and had themselves a fine sentimental evening.

Numbers of parents who recoiled from the piano or violin in their own childhood have asked why they couldn't start all over again with their children. Well, why not? Those thousands of instruments going into American homes these days—most of them miniature uprights that cost a couple of hundred dollars and take up no more space than the radio cabinet—are bringing as much enjoyment to mothers as to children.



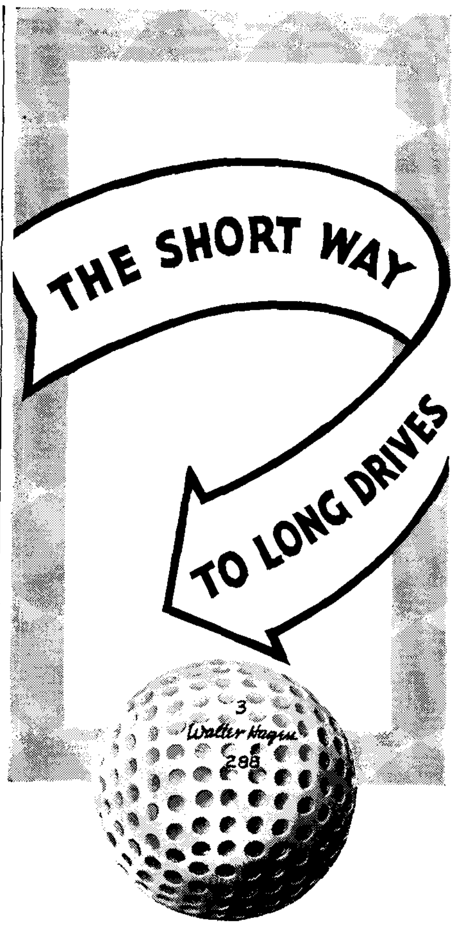
"Hello—airport? Listen, how low was the ceiling last night?"

GARDNER REA

And when this entertaining study embraces the good music that comes over the air, and trips to the concert hall to hear an orchestra or solo artist, the collaborative tinkling and caroling in the home takes on still more meaning. If a normal healthy youngster would rather tune in on gang-busters than a Brahms symphony it's no catastrophe. Parents who really enjoy music can set aside the symphony hour as their time with the radio. They will only need to wait a little before the youngsters join the circle, curious to share something that grownups seem to find so fascinating.

Unless that which should be a pleasure becomes a duty. Overanxious talent scouts that we are, we dump our children headfirst into music, still hoping that it will "take" somehow, that we'll miraculously produce a prodigy in the family.

Be glad, instead, that your child is a normal child like any other, with a faint chance of enjoying the good things of life. The art of introducing him to one of those good things, music, is in keeping the forced note out of the composition. And when we've perfected this simple art, why, we parents have got something there.



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A Change of View

Continued from page 19

fringed brown eyes, blond hair that was shining and perfect, brushed and brushed, at the unexpected warmth, the excitement of her brightly colored mouth.

"Luce!" said a voice, and then as she turned her head, "I beg your pardon. Mrs. Charles Field."

"I haven't changed, Dave," she said. "I still like hamburgers. I'd still like to walk down Broadway in strapped high-heeled cheap shoes with my feet wet."

"Your marriage," said Dave looking at her watchfully, "is good."

"My marriage," she agreed, "is very good."

"Except that you're not in love with the man," said Dave.

THEY looked at each other, so close together in the narrow space that she could see the tiny yellow flecks in his eyes. She steadied herself with her hand against the wall.

"Yes," said Dave. "And you still love me."

"I'm supposed not to be speaking to you," she said.

"Mr. Charles Field," said Dave with bitter envy and dislike, "forty years old—a snob—a toff—a polo player—a mountain climber—just the jealous older husband of the third act!"

"Charles is thirty-eight," she said exactly. "Charles is not jealous, really," she said, dallying with the thought, wondering after last night whether Charles might not be jealous a little. "With Charles it's the form, the surface, a matter of pride. His wife. Caesar's. Above suspicion."

Together—that is, side by side—they leaned, looking out at the river. Then Dave stood back.

"How far do you go?" he asked casually. "To Quebec?"

"We get off at the Park today. For three days of golf," she added, "and for Charles to climb somewhere. You go straight through?"

"Yes," said Dave. "I do—that is . . . Yes."

"Tell Kit I love her," said Luce, "but am prevented from seeing her. Goodby, Dave—"

He held out his hand. When she gave him her hand he stooped and kissed it. Then he laughed. Then he went. "Happy days," he said over his shoulder.

At twelve Charles came for her. "Good morning. Everything packed?" he asked.

"Yes. Good morning," she said. "Where have you been?"

"About." Charles' right eyebrow had gone up. A danger signal. Charles was in one of his moods.

"Here, porter," said Charles. "Everything is ready."

"I saw Dave," she said.

"Not that one, porter," said Charles, pointing to the fitted dressing case. "The maid takes that. Nor the one up there—" indicating the jewel case. "Mrs. Field carries that. Take along everything else." Charles spoke to her without turning his head.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Nothing. He kissed my hand and said goodby."

"Forever?"

"Supposedly."

"Well, that's cleared away," said Charles. "Those people didn't even look clean. Here's the Park. Shall we go?"

"One place," she said dully, "seems to be quite as good as another."

The Park was verdant, smiling and cool, surrounded by mountains.

The lake was a bright young blue and against it were set out fair gardens of blue delphinium as tall as your shoulder. The lodge faced the lake and cottages spread out along the edge of the lake like the sticks of a fan. Sixty cottages, each one a little log house, an entity, a family home. Some of these families had brought dogs with them, some had brought children, but Mrs. Charles Field had brought to her cottage eight trunks, a gold-fitted bag, a jewel case and a personal maid.

"That young man got off the train, madam," said Phoebe cautiously as she ran her mistress a bath.

"What young man?"

"The one you were speaking to this morning on the train," said Phoebe. "Your friend." Phoebe glanced up over her shoulder. Yes, it was important news. Mrs. Field had stopped brushing her hair.

"That can't be, Phoebe," she said quietly. "The young man who spoke to me this morning for a moment in the corridor was going on to Quebec. Whoever you saw must be someone else."

"He came up in the same hotel car as me," said Phoebe. "He said, 'Hello. And how do you like to slave for the idle rich?' And I said—"

"All right, Phoebe," interrupted her mistress. "Thank you for letting me know."

She had her bath. "I'll wear the tweed suit again, Phoebe." When she was dressed and Charles came in she spoke to him of the matter at once. "Dave is here," she said. "He rode up in the hotel car with Phoebe."

After a moment Charles lighted a cigarette. "Good news for you," he said pleasantly.

She looked up at him quickly. "You mean—that I'm to see Dave?"

"Yes," said Charles. "See him by all means. Want a drink?"

"No. I thought," she stumbled, caught her tangled thoughts up, "that was our bargain—no more stage people—and that you'd mind—if I broke over."

"I find," said Charles, "that I don't mind in the least."

"Particularly—him," she insisted.

"He's cheap," said Charles, "and he's shoddy—but if you like him—" Charles waved his hand.

"You actually—don't care at all?" she insisted.

"No," said Charles.

"Last night—when you kissed me like that—something was changed between us, wasn't it?"

"Something surely was," said Charles.

"What—was changed?"

"Why dig into it?"

"I must."

"WELL, you let me go—you were glad when I went. That's—that's a case of whether a man goes completely crazy for a woman—has to have her—or he works through to—freedom from her."

"To freedom from her. To the opposite," she whispered. "To not caring."

"Yes."

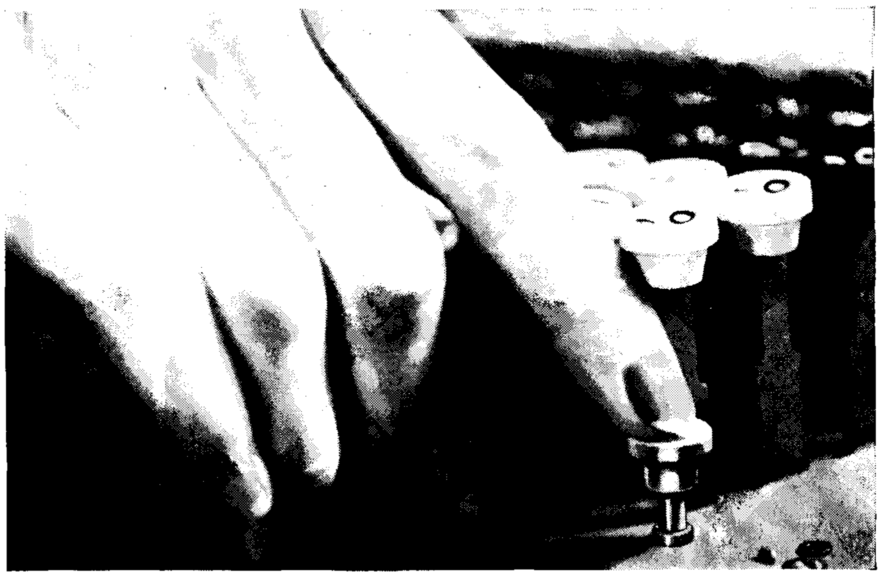
"You did that?"

"Darling, I'm sorry," said Charles. "I've never let you down before, have I? I've always been old Juggins adoring you in the background—twirling my imaginary mustache—acting jealous—glaring—"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, now it's over, that's all," said Charles almost genially and with real relief. "We can toddle forward to something pleasanter for us both—a sort of —release from bondage."

Charles poured himself a drink and presently asked:



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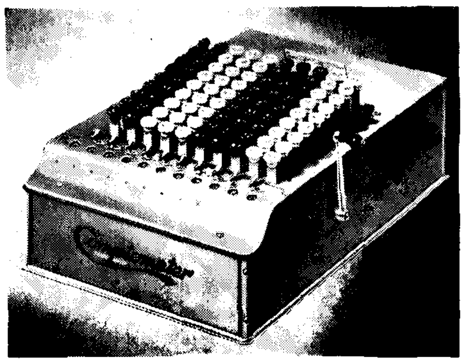

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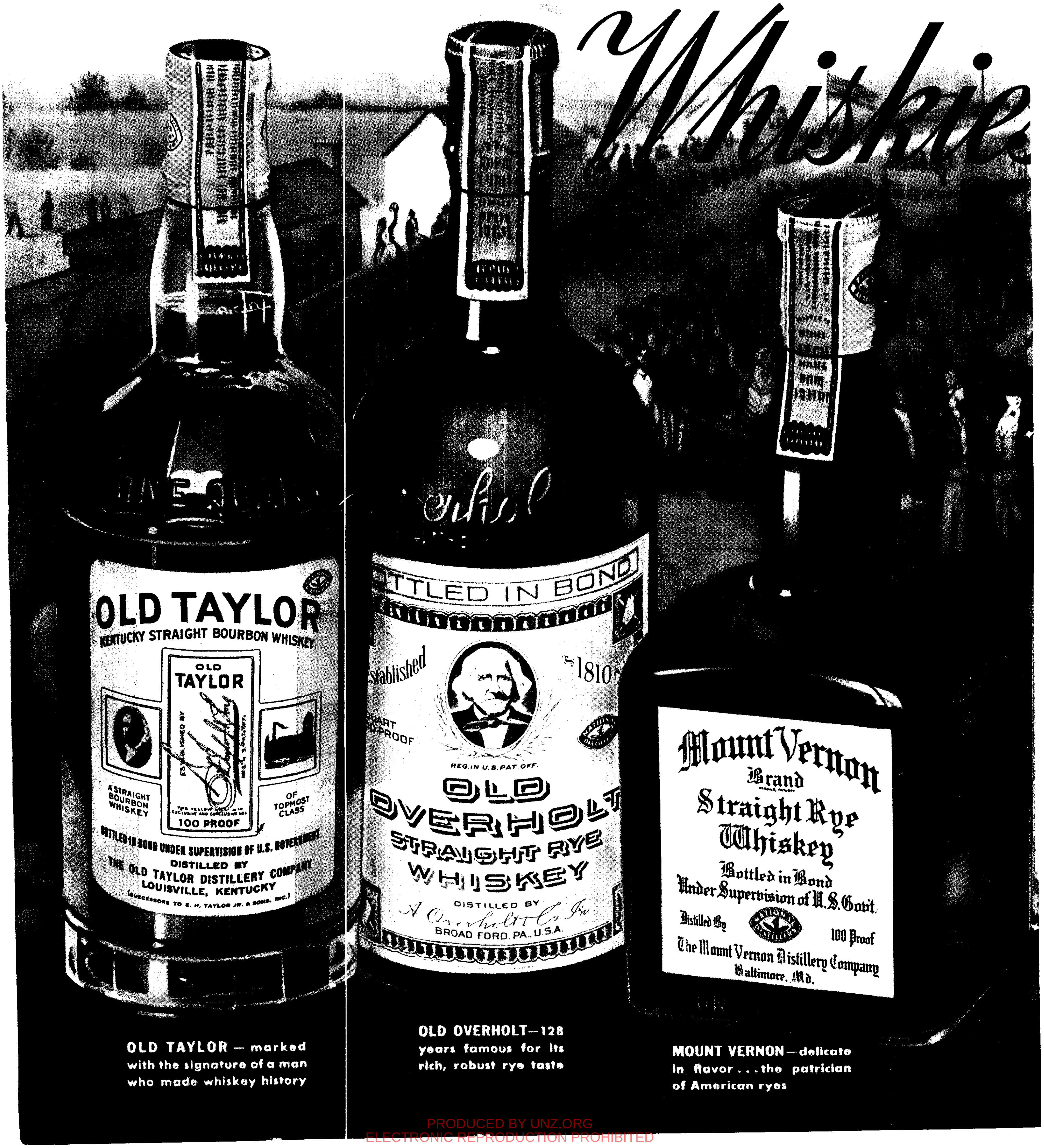
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100 PROOF
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BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

"Er—haven't I seen that tweed before?"

"I wore it in Alaska."

"I rather like it," said Charles. "The cut."

"You mentioned that once before," she said.

"Oh, did I?"

"That's why I wear it," she said.

"Come, come," said Charles. "Yesterday or any time for five years back until today, to hear that would have pleased me very much."

"And now?"

"Delighted," said Charles flatly. And he added, "Of course."

A silence. A clock struck. "Look here," said Charles. "Is that two? I have a golf game on and I haven't lunched. Will you excuse me?"

After Charles had gone the telephone rang beside her.

"Mr. Callan," announced Phoebe.

"Ask him to come to the cottage," said Luce, "and take me for a walk around the lake."

"Mrs. Field wishes you to come to the cottage, Mr. Callan, and take her for a walk,' said Phoebe into the telephone.

"Fine!" shouted Dave. "Tell her I'll be there."

"He's coming," announced Phoebe unnecessarily, as she set down the telephone. "He talks louder than Mr. Field.'

"He's an actor," said Luce. "He knows how to talk."

"Too loud," said Phoebe.

AT THE end of summer there had been rain and in places the trail was soft. On a rustic bench that faced the lake the two sat down for a while to be together.

"Don't look. Don't speak," whispered Luce. "There's a presence here." Dave turned his head. Behind them in the forest lay a doe looking off at the lake, watchful but sleepy, too, soft-eyed, incredible. "All this is a preserve," whispered Luce. "They're not afraid."

"So what do we do?" asked Dave.

"Sit here until dismissed," said Luce.

Reaching out, Dave took her hand and turned it over, examining its fineness, its perfection, the slim, cool strength of it. "With me you wouldn't have to do any rough work either," said Dave. "I'm—headed for the top in pictures."

"You're extremely good-looking, Dave," she said.

"I tell you I'm more," said Dave. "I appeal to women." He hesitated. "Don't I?"

"Certainly you do," she said.

"What"—Dave kissed her palm and looked up at her rather warily—"about you?"

"Oh, me," she said. "I'm married."

Dave laughed out at that. "That makes it more so. Not less. Don't be childish. Don't try to pull anything, Luce."

"Suppose we wait a little," she said, "and let things slide. How long will you be here?"

"As long as you are."

"That's three days," she said. "We'll spend the time together. We'll climb somewhere together."

"Fine," said Dave, "only I'm not much on climbing, Luce. Looking down from high spots, I get dizzy."

"I'll hold your hand," she said.

"Fine," said Dave. "I'll go anywhere for that. Say, have we got to sit on this hard bench forever on account of a deer? This breeze cuts me like a knife."

She turned her head. "No," she said. "The forest is empty."

Charles found her sitting before the fire with her tweed coat thrown over her shoulders when he came back to the cottage. "Six-thirty," he said. "Better get dressed. Still cold?"

"Adjusting to the new setup," she said.

"You'll find no appreciable difference," said Charles. "But I'll hang around less. Tomorrow I'm going up."

"Where?"

"Robson."

"People don't climb Robson," she said.

"I'll have a try," said Charles.

She sat up straight, for an instant gripping the arms of her chair with her hands.

"That trip takes days," she said.

"You'll have longer with what's-his-name," said Charles.

"But I don't quite want that," she said. "Not here. . . . That is—I'm a little concerned to be with him too much. I don't like to be conspicuous. And I might do something foolish."

"Better get dressed now," suggested Charles.

"I'm not dressing," she said, shutting her mouth down hard, biting the inside of her lip.

"Everybody does. I'm dining with Rogers and a group of men. Business. Sorry," said Charles.

"I'm dining with Dave," she said stubbornly with her mouth hard and her eyes waked up, "and I—will—not—dress."

Dave was late and she waited for him beside the fireplace in the great lounge. There was to be a midweek dance and evening gowns passed her, surrounded her. She wore her tweed suit. She dined with Dave at a small table beside the aisle. Roses were placed on their table after she sat down at it. Charles and his party of men stopped by on their way out from dinner. There was laughter. There were compliments for her.

"Hello," said Charles to Dave. "I'm driving up to Lackey's tonight. You and Luce might like to come along with me as far as First Summit."

"Come along for what?" asked Dave.

"The view," said Charles.

Dave laughed out at that but when Charles still stood impassively, looking down at him without amusement, Dave spoke to Luce. "How about it?" he asked. "Do rich people ride miles up a mountain at night to look at a view?"

"Yes," said Luce.

"Okay," said Dave to Charles truculently. "We accept your very kind invitation, Mr. Field, to drive with you up to First Summit. And when we get there what happens?"

"Who knows?" said Charles. Over his shoulder he spoke briefly to Luce. "Ten-thirty," he said. "At the cottage."

AFTER dinner Luce danced with Dave. Once he kissed her hair and once the tip of her ear. Luce looked radiant, dancing with Dave, and glanced about to see if anyone might be looking. All the people sitting on the gilt ballroom chairs looked at her all the time but they did not matter. At ten Dave took her to her cottage. There was thunder on the great mountain and a hurry of air over the lake. Charles was already at the cottage. He had changed. He was packed. "The moon's gone under," said Luce. "Why should Dave and I go? I'd rather not."

"I hear the car," said Charles. "I'll get these things out. Ready, Luce? Wear a fur coat over that. Has Mr.—er—your friend—brought a coat with him?"

Dave had brought no coat. Dave wore evening clothes. Dave hadn't a hat.

"Bring Mr. Callan a polo coat, Phoebe. Ready, Luce?"

"There may be a storm," said Luce.

"Storms!" said Charles scornfully.

Phoebe brought heavy shoes and Luce jammed them on, pulled on a hat and was ready. She and Dave went out to the car.

Charles was to drive. Charles was already in, his equipment and his sleeping bag packed into the luggage compartment. The hotel driver who was to bring Dave and herself down sat beside

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Charles, so she and Dave were to sit together. The hotel car was a high-powered open car with the curtains up. They were off. Dave, wrapped in his polo coat, tucked the rug around them, searched for her hand and found it, snuggled himself down beside her.

But when they began to climb, the road became so rough that Dave couldn't lean his head against her. He had to sit up. Then rain hit them suddenly, thunder rolled, around every curve they met wind. The car lurched, following deep tracks in the mud.

The road wound up and up with the mountain on one side and the valley on the other. "Look down," Luce said deliberately to Dave. "Wait for the next flash of lightning."

Dave leaned across her to look down. He saw the floor of the valley and closed his eyes against it. She watched his face as the lightning came. Dave was sitting with his eyes shut.

"How much more is there of this?" he asked.

"Miles," she said. "Up. And First Summit isn't the top. There's one ridge after another."

"Whew!" said Dave. "I have imagination."

"Don't let it get you," said Luce. She hesitated. Then she said it: "Not like the time of that theater fire."

"Oh, that," said Dave. "I was sick that night. I wasn't myself. That—"

The car slurred. Luce said nothing, digging her nails into her palms.

"Were we the fools to come!" cried out Dave, his voice high. "I tell you we're all going to get killed!"

"We're not going to get killed, are we, Charles?" she called clearly.

"No," said Charles.

Dave was sulky, terribly afraid, and ashamed of being so. It was a hideous drive. In justice Luce admitted that. But it was the occasion given her to remake her life and she had seized it. Once when they met a car Charles had to back down around a curve. Dave screamed out at that and begged her pardon afterward. Dave beat his fists together. . . . "Thanks, Dave," she said once.

Water poured down the road and in between the curtains. The car was in first, now. It shook, hesitated. This was First Summit, a bad grade. "Can we make it, Charles?" she called.

"Yes," said Charles.

They barely made it. "Charles is driving," she said aloud to herself when the car slipped sickeningly back. "Charles—" Then they were up and over. Dim lights ahead. First Summit.

"I didn't think we'd make it, Charles," she said.

"Neither did I," said Charles.

DAVE said nothing at all. When he got out of the car Dave tripped over a rock in the dark, fell forward on his face and lay there.

"He's out like a light," said the hotel driver. "Maybe he's hurt."

Mr. French came out of the big cabin then with a lantern. Charles and Mr. French heaved Dave up between them and carried him in. Great logs flamed on the hearth. Dave was laid on a bed.

"Poor Dave," she said. "Mud all over his beautiful suit."

"Mud all over yours," said Charles bleakly. "And mine."

"You and I can take care of ourselves," she said. "Dave can't. Dave's a victim." She laid her hand on Dave's forehead. "At the theater once there was a fire—"

"I don't care for the details," said Charles. "The man's hurt. His leg's bleeding. Let's get his clothes off."

When Charles saw the gash in Dave's leg he went straight to the telephone and stood there until Central answered.

"Sorry," said Central finally, sweetly. "Service has been temporarily discontinued."

When Charles got the lodge on the telephone he said, "This is Charles Field speaking from First Summit. Send the doctor at once. He can make it. A man has gashed his leg."

While he waited, Charles strode around, lighting cigarettes, stepping them out. Luce stayed in that room.

Finally the doctor arrived and went into the room. Dave screamed twice. Anesthetic. Stitches. Charles watched from the doorway. When it was over, Charles saw his wife lean down and kiss Dave. She had held Dave in her arms and like a child he had clung to her. Then Charles walked right out into the storm. Charles moved his things from the hotel car into Mr. French's old open car, which stood out in the rain, and Mr. French came to help.

"Put this on my bill," said Charles.

"How far you goin'?"

"I don't know. Up."

CHARLES had difficulty getting the engine started. Someone was calling to him from far away. This might be a dream. He was in a car on a mountain road and his wife was running behind the car in the mud, calling, trying to catch up. Warily Charles stopped the car and looked back. She was in beside him, out of breath, crying, too.

They rode on. Much farther up now. Sheets of rain. Mud. When the car bogged down, Charles said, "You'd better go back to Dave."

"I always go with you," she said.

From there they climbed, oblivious of everything except each other. When she slipped he gave her a hand.

"Dave's a coward," she said, her voice rough above tears, her words rough, run together. "In the theater fire he ran away. He could have saved a life. That's why I broke with him then, why I never wanted to see him again. I don't love Dave," she said. "I don't even like him any more—but I'm sorry for him, for anyone like that—and getting between us—you and me—our conflict—my craze for you—he has been hurt again, poor Dave."

"Repeat that," said Charles.

"I can't. I don't ever want to speak of him—again."

"Leave him out," said Charles. "We'll take him up afterward. We'll make it up to him somehow. . . . Repeat about—your craze for me."

"I—have it."

"Since when?"

"I don't know. The other night, perhaps. Really—it's been there always but you—stood me off."

"I had to. . . . Civilized people," said Charles. He stopped. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands.

"Charles!" she cried out. "What's happening? Are you leaving me? When you're not with me I'm not alive. I—notice you—everything about you. I watch. Mimi Browne is in love with you, too. You—"

" 'Too,' " said Charles roughly. "Say—that again."

"Charles, I love you," she said. "Charles, I'm mad about you."

Then everything cleared, was right, was the way it ought to be. She was in Charles' arms, held close against him. She was exactly the right height for Charles, she thought with satisfaction, with a sudden surge of joy. With his arms around her she fitted. Deep peace between them now. Serenity. No words, no necessity for them. Nobody else on this road tonight, nobody venturing up to the camp at Lackey's. Her tweed suit mud to the knees. Silence in the forest except for the drip of the trees. Thunder all rolled away. Gentleness in the forest and, shining high above, a moon. But this moon was not cheap. She had earned it.

REG'LAR FELLERS —by Gene Byrnes

G'WAN! BEAT IT! WHO SAID YOU COULD USE THAT LUMBER? GET OFF THIS PROPERTY!
AW! MR. DUFFY- WE'RE HOLDIN' THIS FORT 'GINST INJUNS!
CONSULTING MRS. DUFFY
DON'T I KNOW MR. DUFFY IS CRANKY! FIRST IT WAS HIS CONSTIPATION, NOW HE TAKES THEM PILLS AN' HE'S MORE CRANKY THAN EVER!
WHY DONTCHA HIDE HIS PILLS AN' GIVE HIM KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY DAY, MY MOM DID IT TO POP!
THAT AFTERNOON
HOW ABOUT GIVIN' US A PACKAGE OF ALL-BRAN TO SEND TO OLD MAN DUFFY? HE NEEDS IT!
ALL RIGHT IF YOU REALLY WANT IT!
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HOW'S TRICKS, MR. DUFFY?
SWELL! SINCE I TOOK UP WITH ALL-BRAN!
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Continued from page 14

card back to the master of ceremonies.

"And that's a winner! Any more winners? Raise your hands!"

But the little girl in red was the only one to bingo. She didn't have to divide the prize. The man handed her a winning coupon and redeemed it with three one-dollar bills as the rest of us, all steamed up, went into game number two for a beautiful berry bowl.

It was going fast tonight. About every ten numbers there would be an explosion of mirth following the funny way in which somebody bingoed. A couple of women at a card table screamed and held on to each other, for one of them had got the first ham. A man—there were five at one table—got up to yell bingo and sat down too hard and went right through the bottom of his folding chair. If several persons bingoed at the same time for a merchandise prize they stepped up to the platform and drew lots; if for a money prize, they shared it. But except for the first regular game, the cash prizes were confined to the specials that cost from ten cents to a quarter apiece.

The last ham came and went and our lady of the diamonds hadn't brought home the bacon. She didn't lose her nerve.

"Well, now," she said, "I'm going to win its equivalent in cash. I've got a kind of headache," she explained. "I guess I haven't been concentrating."

And she bought the Round Robin special for a quarter.

The housewife was imploring, "N-46!"

And the little girl in red kept pointing her pencil and blacking out, licking her lips and pointing her pencil.

The lady of the diamonds looked up at the platform.

"Bingo!" she announced.

The Public Complained

She shook her hand. "My, I got a cramp in my wrist from concentrating. I knew I could pull those numbers out of him." Before the checker got to her, two others called bingo. She had to share the ten dollars. But she had won the price of a ham.

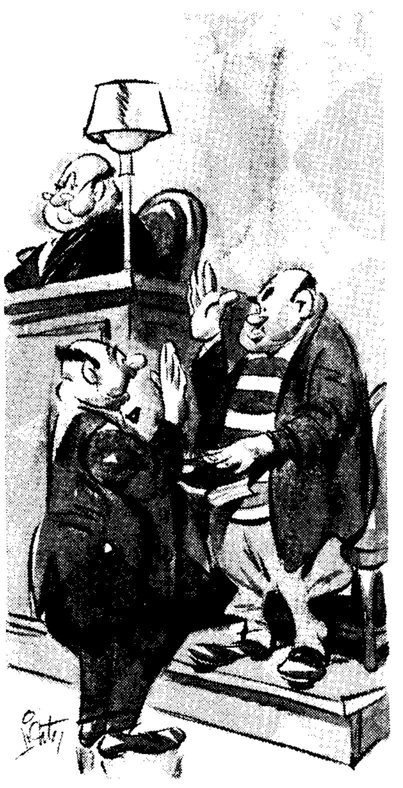
This happened in Newark. It might have happened any evening between eight and eleven practically anywhere in America and even in Canada, where bingo is called housey or hossie or horsey, depending on the pronunciation. From a minor carnival attraction, known these thirty years, bingo has jumped, within the last five, into the position of America's *most popular money* game. More persons play bingo than policy, though not so much cash changes hands. More persons play bingo than bridge, since children don't play bridge and children abound at bingo parties.

It is a gambling game sponsored by churches. The International Reform Federation insists, rightly or wrongly, that practically all churches derive some income from bingo, either played in the parish houses or in the homes of members. It is the only game of chance based on a hundred-million-dollar mercantile industry. Many fraternal clubs pay their bills with bingo. In fact, it is the one enterprise to boom during the recession.

About fifteen years ago, a wave of keno-playing hit the West. In Kansas City, the public parks became keno parlors. Keno is own brother to bingo, but shouldn't be confused with the latter, because keno is a gambling-house game, out of lotto by way of France. In keno, there are ninety numbers and as a rule only three ways to win. A player can buy as many cards as he likes; the number printed in the center of each card is displayed on a board. Whoever kenos gets the kitty—the amount paid for all the cards in play. The house takes a fixed percentage, usually ten.

Before retiring to the casinos, where it lingers on, keno seemed to give an impetus to bingo. Anyhow, Midwestern manufacturers of adult games—the polite name for roulette wheels, dice, poker chips, chuck-a-luck, as well as chess and backgammon—added bingo equipment to their lists around that time.

The trade calls the current version of the game, with hundreds of combinations, group bingo and its start is already lost in legend. Some bingo businessmen say a Boston promoter by the name of B. C. McGuire introduced it there five years ago, when churches and clubs and charities were casting about for a form of entertainment to make ends meet. Others scoff at the idea. It wasn't Mr. McGuire at all but a big-shot Boston gambler and it didn't happen five years ago; it happened ten years ago, before the depression. This man dropped a hundred thousand dollars in trying to popularize bingo but couldn't compete with the stock market. He lost the rest of his money in the crash, only to see the game sweep the state a few years later.



"Do you swear to—boy, this part slays me!—tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you?"

GEORGE LICHTY

The public complained that the games were crooked. The simplest way to fix a bingo game, of course, is to plant stooges whose cards will be read back to agree with the combinations that have been called, and this was done. Operators took charge of bona fide games on a percentage basis, as in Lawrence where the mayor discovered that only $700 out of $32,000 taken in by beano parties in six months had gone to charity. A worse mess developed in Worcester. Here, a church sponsored a half-million-dollar state-wide beano game and claimed it had got no return from the promoters. In Boston there were 350 one-day-a-week games and twenty beano parlors open all day every day till Mayor Mansfield lost patience and closed them all. Boston's games now operate on twenty-four-hour licenses and have to prove they're for a bona fide organization.

Meanwhile, Illinois and Michigan, the two chief Midwestern bingo states, were coping with the craze in their own fashion. As long as the games seemed to be run properly by noncommercial groups, the local police did not interfere. The Michigan legislature even legalized bingo, but former Governor Fitzgerald vetoed the bill. When complaints began to come in, the police found there wasn't much they could do. If they tried to confine licenses to charities, as in Grand Rapids, the professional games moved into garages and barns outside the town limits.

The craze hit Wisconsin churches so hard that Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee forbade bingo. However, fellow pastors intimated that the church ought to pick on something its own size.

In sweeping through Missouri, bingo ran into the opposition of Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. It marched on into the Ozarks, where Springfield has invented another variation. The local radio station runs a game with regular cards, in which you bingo when five consecutive digits form your telephone number. The winner calls the station. The station verifies by means of the phone book. Then the winner sends in his card to have the combination checked up. After which, he collects.

The Lure of Cash

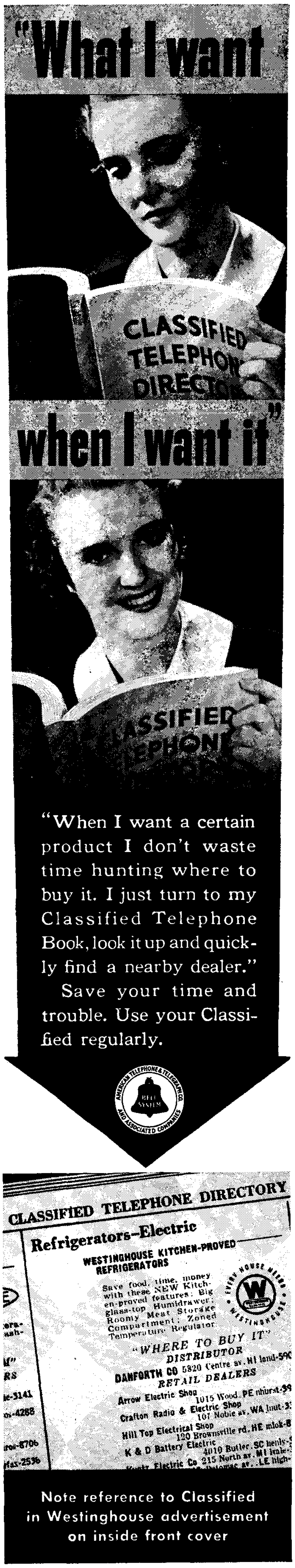
Ohio was one of the first states to ban bingo right and left. But it is still being played there. The trade says, "They get around it some way." A common way of getting around it or trying to get around it in states with laws against gambling but no laws against giveaways is the coupon system. You do not play for prizes. You play for certificates to be redeemed like the once popular soap coupons, in cash or goods. For the sake of the effect on players the money coupons are redeemed at once, but the merchandise winners must wait till the end of the game.

The most absurd scheme of the kind was devised in Los Angeles, which had as bad a case of bingo, under the name of tango, as Boston. The winners took their pay in cigarettes. Then they went next door and sold the cigarettes for the amount of the prizes.

Without the prestige of nonprofit-making institutions behind it, the game would find the legal going much tougher. But unlike other kinds of gambling, bingo also rests on a widespread legitimate business. The cash prizes are the lures; except for the accumulated jack pots, they seldom equal the value of the prizes in goods. When merchants complain that so much money is deflected from regular trade, the bingo supply houses answer that they are merchants, too. And they are selling goods.

Back of the supply house is the manufacturer of adult games. He makes the bingo cages, balls, cards and so on. One of the important firms, in business thirty years, disregarded bingo equipment till two years ago. They thought it was just a current mania. They're mighty glad they changed their minds. Bingo is carrying them through the recession. Last year the firm sold $30,000 worth of cages. Of course, it can't touch their staple number—dice. Still, it's an item.

A conscientious manufacturer will make certain that every card in a bingo pack differs, so that only one can win.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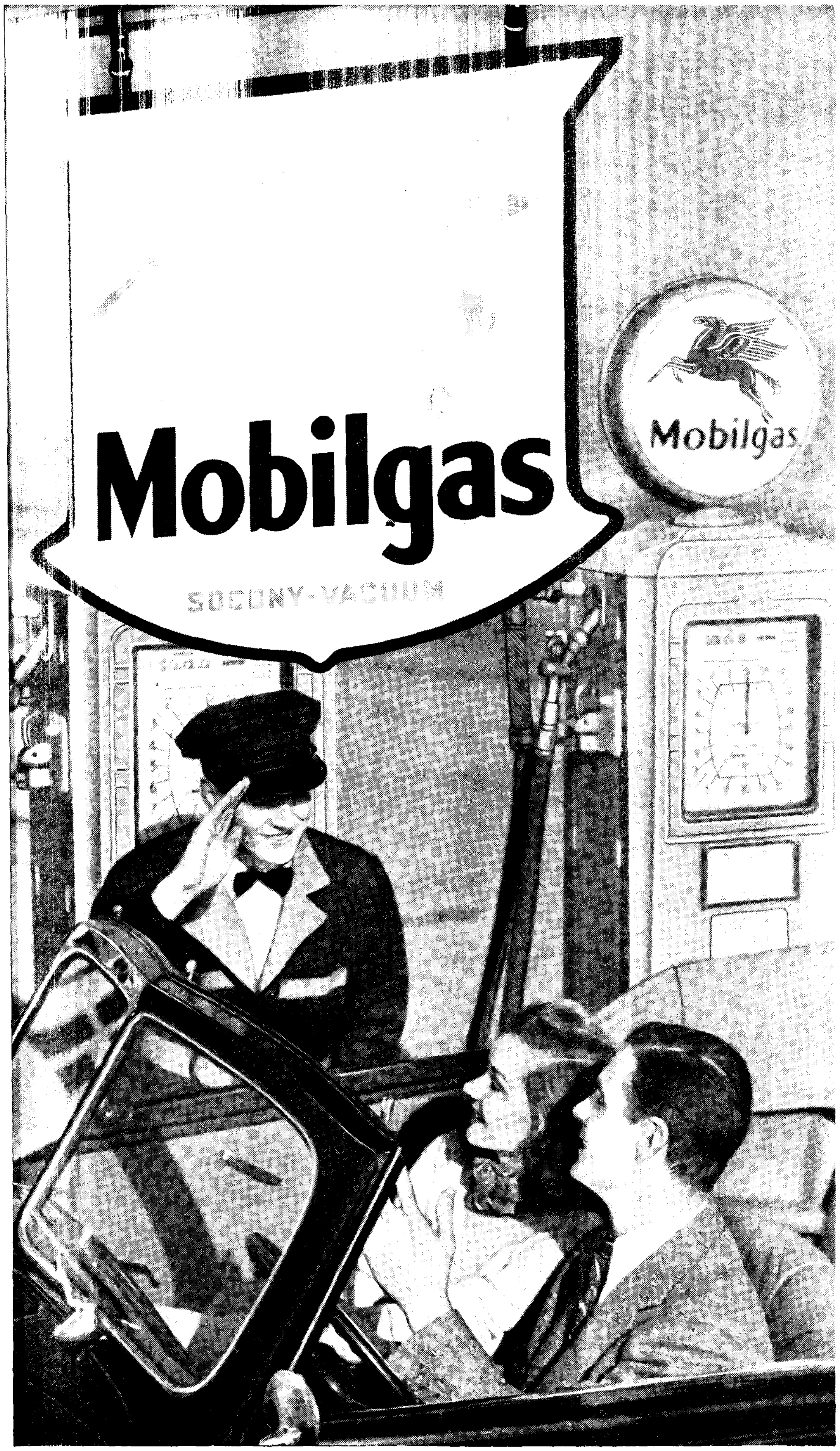

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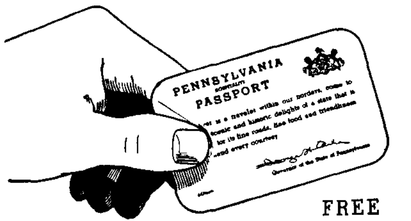

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HARRISBURG, PA.

When this firm took up bingo, it hired an engineer. Out of seventy-five numbers, the first fifteen under B, the second under I and so forth, he managed 1,350 different combinations. This is the firm's most perfect set of cards, but not a seller. Buyers don't care. Since the prizes are fixed, it makes no difference to the house how many persons bingo simultaneously, so buyers will choose cheaper decks of from two to five hundred combinations and duplicate them as often as necessary. Besides, any printer can turn out a series by buying a master set and copying the cards ad infinitum.

The firm is saddened by such practices. Too many duplicates can hold up a game, as there will be a number of persons waiting for the same combinations. On the other hand, many duplicates mean a large potential group of winners, and this isn't really cricket either.

At an old-established supply house, where bingo history goes back twenty-five years, the manager was sure the boom began six years ago. The premises—a floor the width of the block—looked like a bargain basement, only more so. A committee of two men from a church was making the rounds, with much patient belt-hiking, from beautiful berry dish to two-toned quilt. A couple of women were pricing bingo cages. Two clerks wrestled with a line at the counter. A group of salesmen waited in spite of a sign that set the hours for their calls. Truckmen and shipping clerks tumbled over all. It was four o'clock and the manager hadn't yet eaten his lunch.

Had bingo made a difference in sales? That was a trade secret, but he admitted it might have increased his gross by as much as $10,000 a month easily. He knew of three factories that would have closed if not for bingo. Toy factories profit by the game, for it brings orders in the slack season after the holidays. Even the steel industry is affected because, for example, you take chromium ware . . . And dry goods. And silk stockings. And kitchen utensils. And glassware—a tremendous item.

This firm circularizes prospects and will send a man up to start a game in the vicinity. That's as far as it will go. The manager didn't approve of professional operators. Ninety-nine per cent of his customers were volunteer committees who came in person to choose the presents or ordered them from catalogues.

But You Can't Advertise It

Most games run once a week and close in summer when the beaches and resorts take over. The small club game I described has to have three hundred players in order to earn money. Admission is thirty-five cents for thirty-five games—a standard price. There are eight specials. The house reckons that the average player spends a dollar altogether, and since the master of ceremonies is the only hired help it is able to net $100 weekly through the season.

The church parties draw the real crowds, in spite of the fact that they usually offer chairs and lapboards instead of the comforts of the clubhouses. But the prizes! One well-known church has a regular cash prize of $100, besides a kitty that often reaches $300. Two thousand persons jam the classrooms of the parish school on game nights. For the past two seasons, the church has never netted less than $500 and often tops $1,000.

Except for the unusually handsome presents, the game doesn't cost much to run. You can buy a bingo cage for from five to twenty-five dollars, though a swanky electric one will cost a hundred. The lapboards are about a nickel apiece and last till they turn into relics, covered with sage advice from past players: "Not a lucky card." "A fool and his money are soon parted."

The church had a little trouble at first with a clergyman. He muttered about gambling. So he was invited to see for himself what good clean fun bingo affords. He approved far too highly. Not only did he bring his brood to carry away some of the handsome presents but he started a competing game across the street.

No national religious group has outlawed bingo, though individual ministers have been its severest critics. It is safe from government crime-crushers because there is no federal law against gambling. Churches and noncommercial institutions need not pay taxes on the profits of bingo, so the Internal Revenue Bureau skips it. The Post Office alone is bingo-conscious. To the Post Office, bingo is a game of chance for prizes, and if you think that they don't mean it, just try to advertise a bingo party in any publication that goes through the mails.

Screen Test

Picture houses give church and charity the only real competition. Half the country's eighteen thousand movie theaters depend on giveaway schemes to fill the house anyway and bingo is the latest, under the forms and names of Screeno, Lucky, Whirl-Win, Bango. Lots of fans systematically make the rounds of the different nights in their neighborhoods and nearly everybody knows somebody who has won something.

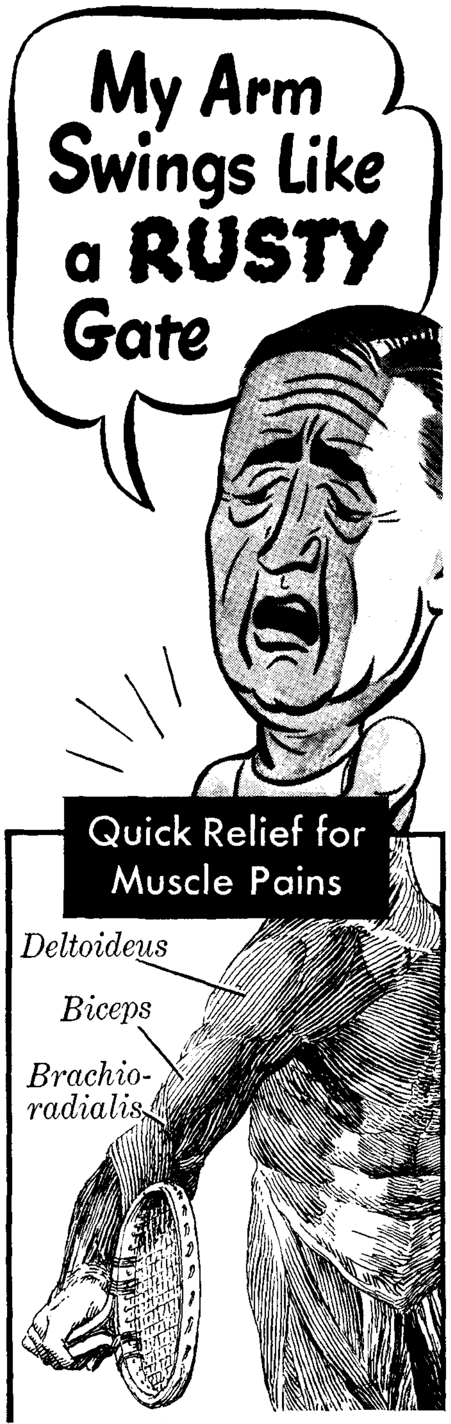
Screeno is the most aggressive of the lot. A Mr. Frank Brady picked it up in Seattle under circumstances not known, as Mr. Brady is now touring the world on the proceeds. He planned the game for the Chicago Fair. Something happened and it landed at the Texas Centennial instead.

Meanwhile, the device—a slide with a dial of a hundred numbers and a pointer, to be thrown on the screen, the pointer spun by squeezing a rubber bulb—had been incorporated, patented, copyrighted and registered. Screeno is as legal as the courts can make it. Borrowing a thought from Bank Night, the game calls for no obligation on the part of a player. Numbers have to be relayed outside. In theory, anyone can go into a theater lobby, or into the lobbies of the only two night clubs where it is now an attraction, demand a card, play and win without spending a cent. In practice, the management has no trouble with free players, on account of the Caspar Milquetoast in us all.

The chief point in the theater game is to provide for many winners in a fraction of the time of a regular bingo party. Screeno, for one, has this all figured out. Among a thousand players with their two-hundred card pack, there ought to be five winners in first Screeno. The game is continuous; you count the numbers you have marked off from Screeno to Screeno. On the second trial, therefore, about twelve persons should win and so on, in increasing quantities. First Screeno takes three or four minutes.

Of course, prizes depend on the theater. Screeno's backers figure that at least $25 per theater per week is split up. As for the annual amount given away by all exhibitors in all schemes of the kind, the figure would run into more millions than Paramount netted last year.

Being showmen, they have no illusions about public fancy. They give Screeno and its ilk two more years. But the bingo trade insists that bingo is here to stay.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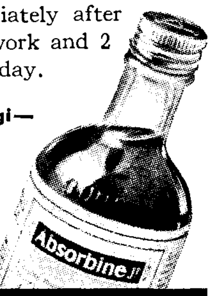


ABSORBINE JR.

Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 15

enamel-black shadow across the land. Low in the west, a new moon showed the palest and thinnest of arcs and the southern wind began to strengthen. This morning a thick crust of ice had formed on her water bucket. First snow wasn't far away.

All this while she faced the east and waited, as she had done so many times, for Owen Merritt's light to break the black. This night, she told herself, it would not show. After all that had happened Merritt would keep to the hills, avoiding certain trouble from Skull. So when the light did suddenly throw its clear small flash off the heights she was both puzzled and a little bit alarmed. He was too smart a man to walk into a trap. Thinking of this and of what Starr Bidwell had told her, she went to the adjoining lean-to barn, saddled her horse and started for his place. She had not gone far when the light faded. Well across the flat stretch she began to hear the sound of firing. It grew stronger as she approached and kept bursting through the stillness until she reached the bottom of the long grade. At this point it petered out and, going up the grade and halting within a few hundred feet of the house, she heard them inside the place tearing it to pieces, crashing into anything that would break. Part of the crew roamed the yard. They were calling across the dark and once she recognized Dutcher's voice—there could be no mistake about that heavy tone—boom out: "Mr. Isberg, where are you?" Another man in the barn shouted. "He ain't here, that's a bet."

A MAN stepped from the house, drifting toward her. Nan remained thoroughly still until, quite a while later, he swung away. Dutcher said: "Get those horses, Tuck, and come on."

Isberg's voice was quite clear, quite insistent: "Look around once more. He may be hiding out. Look every place."

This went on for a good quarter hour longer. Somebody struck a match—and quickly killed it when Dutcher roared: "You damn' fool, don't do that! Mr. Isberg, he's in the brush by now."

Isberg said, "All right." The reluctance and the steel-cold tone of his words was something that went through Nan Melotte and made her afraid. They were collecting, they were talking. Dutcher spoke again and the creek rustled to their passage and in a little while all sound of them died in the timber. Nan slid from the saddle and went toward the house with soft steps. Within twenty yards of the place she dropped to the ground.

It was as she suspected—Dutcher had left a man behind; for presently he grew weary of his watch and came to life, dragging his boots across the porch. He reached his horse, murmuring at the bottom of his breath, and rode once around the yard, passing quite close to Nan. She heard him grumble, "Oh, well." In a moment he crossed the water and galloped into the hills. Risen, but paused, Nan thought: He must be hurt. If he hadn't been he wouldn't have quit firing. So he's here somewhere. But not in the house, because they've searched it. And not in the barn.

She called, "Owen," listening to the faint, oncoming sounds of the night. The crickets were chirping again and the wind, colder and colder, brushed through the near-by pines and added volume to the sound of the waterfalls in back of the house. She said again, "Owen," in a stronger tone and rose and walked directly toward the barn. "Owen."

She circled the barn, crossed the yard and stopped at the house's back doorway. She murmured, "Owen," and heard the echo through the empty rooms. Her feeling now was tight and fearful and increasingly desperate. She walked through the house. On the porch she called his name again, going to the edge of the creek and following it to the rear of the house. She repeated: "Owen—where are you?"

She heard him as from a great distance. He said: "Over here," but his voice was so dim that it didn't help.

"Where—Owen? Where?"

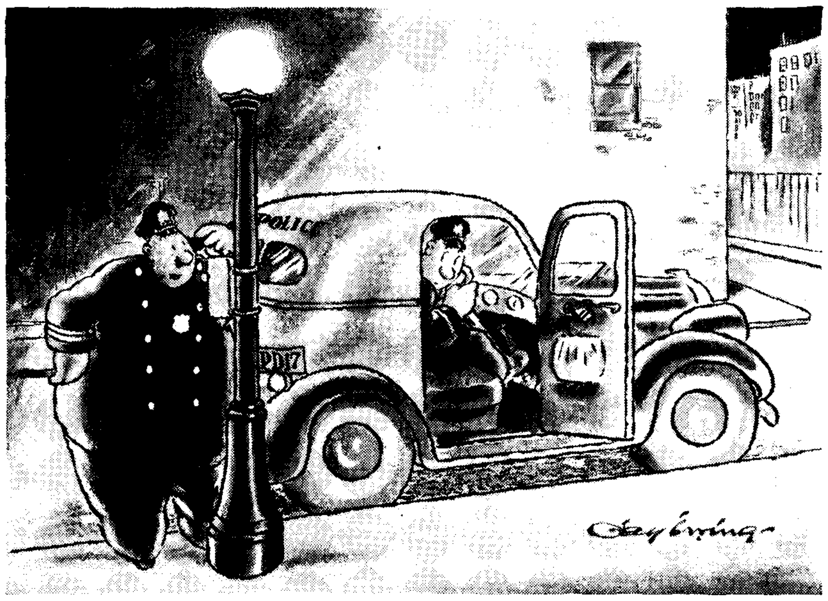
"Here," he called. She knew he was hurt. His tone was thin and faded—and might be anywhere. He seemed to realize it for he said: "Behind the falls."

The rush of water dimmed the tone. She ran through the spray, circling the curtain of water, and got to the edge of the basin. It was like a steady heavy rain here, wetting her immediately. She bent down and touched his shoulders.

"Owen, can you walk?"

"Try," he said. "I'm a little weak. Left leg's no good. Get around on that side."

She felt him make the effort; he kept grinding his boots against the gravel. His muscles stirred and he got one leg



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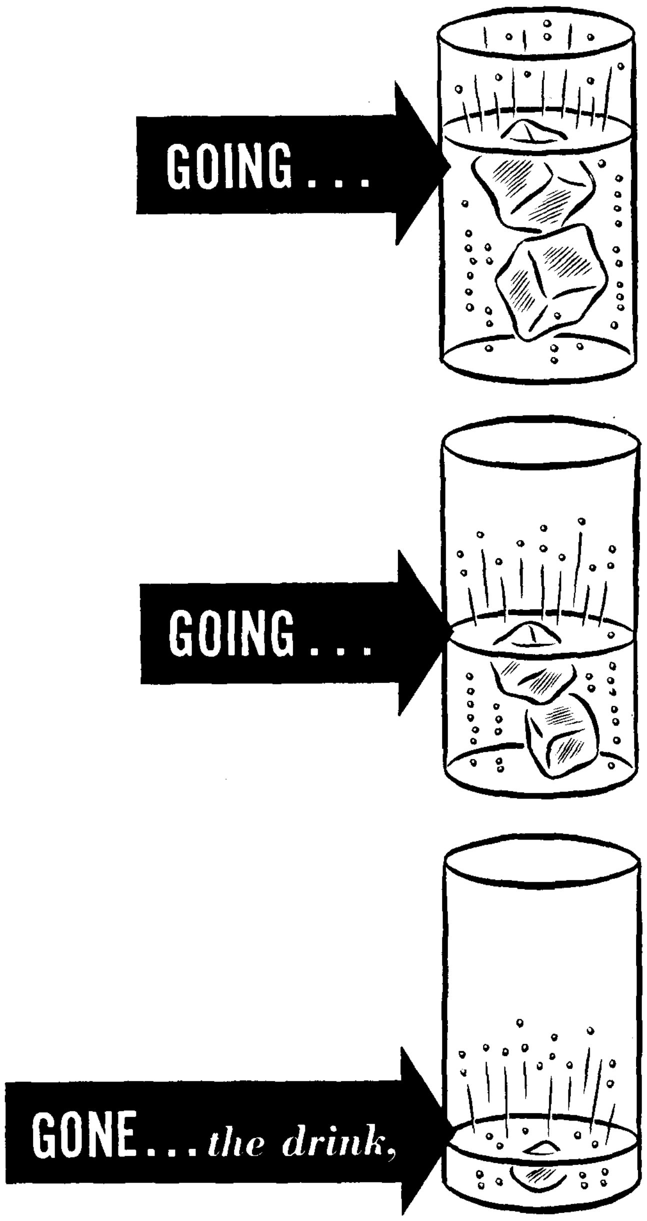

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beneath him. She steadied herself beneath his left arm. "All right, Owen. You've got to get up."

He was up, bearing harder and harder against her. He made a try on his right leg and stepped out of the water. His breathing was quick and shallow and his voice got rough. "Let me down, Nan. I can crawl better." He fell on his knees, taking her with him. His elbow struck her across the chest. She held back the cry it brought up. He said, between the in-and-out rush of his wind: "They took my horses."

She ran across the yard and led back her pony. He had pulled himself a little farther away from the water. He was on his knees and his arms reached out for her. "Left side," he called and, braced by her shoulder, he rose again. She turned the pony around so that he could grasp the horn; and helped him lift his left leg into the stirrup. He said, quick and small, "A boost now." Nan shoved against his hips. For a moment all his weight was against her and she thought he would fall. Then he dropped his stomach over the saddle and lay there a minute. When he was rested he got his legs in the stirrups and straightened. Nan caught hold of the cantle and climbed behind Merritt, feeling his body shift. She put both arms around his waist. "Can you stay on?"

"Sure," he breathed.

They went down the slope at a slow walk and reached the valley floor, plodding toward the light she had left burning.

When they reached the cabin, she supported him through the doorway, over to the corner bed. He dropped on it with a long groan of relief.

His eyes were coal black against the pallor of his face. Pain and chill shook him and a dull stain widened on the upper part of his left trouser leg. Water dripped from his clothes. He put the back of a hand across his eyes, shielding them against the light. She went over immediately and carried the lamp to another position; and turned to find him faintly smiling.

She was a straight shape in the room. She stood momentarily still. But she knew what had to be done and turned and pulled down the shades on the two windows and went to him. Seated on the edge of the bed she slipped her arm beneath his wet shoulders and pulled him up. "Your clothes," she said, stripping back his coat. He moved around a little to help her but the increasing slowness of his muscles made her afraid. She threw the coat on the floor and unbuttoned his shirt and undershirt, working quickly, almost ungently. She got off his boots and socks and threw a blanket over him, and stood up a moment. He had dropped full length on the bed again and for a little while she held his glance, her lips pulled together. "Owen," she said, "it's all right," and reached beneath the blanket and stripped off the rest of his clothes. The pallor of his cheeks was constant. Water glittered through his black hair and ran along his forehead like sweat. He held his lips straight.

"Good girl."

SHE was moving faster than before, her fear more and more real. She went to a trunk and pulled out a sheet, ripping it in long sections; and got a knife from the kitchen and slashed the mattress at the foot of the bed, removing a piece of batting. Pushing the blanket aside she saw the torn, chewed hole halfway between hip and knee. The bullet had struck at a shallow angle, smashing through the soft flesh and coming out near the knee. Blood soaked into the batting the moment she put it on; and this loss of blood and the shock of the cold water had deadened him. She added more batting and wrapped the strips of sheeting around it, and tucked the dry edge of the blanket beneath him. She laid all the quilts she had over him, and waited a moment. His muscles were easing a little; he was getting warm and the drawn expression around his lips began to dissolve. She said, "Why did you go back, Owen?"

But she didn't wait for his answer. She took the wet clothes into the kitchen, freshened the fire and filled the coffeepot. Waiting for the water to boil, she wrung out the clothes and hung them across a chair's back, as near to the heat as she could put them. When the coffee was ready she took him a cup of it, black and laced with whisky from a bottle long carried on her shelf.

"You work fast in a pinch, Nan."

SHE thought, with a terrible relief, "He's going to be all right." Her hand, pressed against the middle of his back, felt an increasing warmth. When he had finished the coffee she let him sink down and returned to the kitchen. All this while she had been thinking of what was to come. Now, slowly heating his clothes over the top of the stove, she made up her mind. Skull was a hard enemy and Isberg would never stop now until he had found Merritt. The fact that he had himself led his men to Christmas Creek told her how much he wanted Merritt; otherwise he would have left Dutcher in charge. In the morning they would spread out and sooner or later somebody would come to this cabin. Skull's riders, or Clagg, or some other man from the Broken Buttes. All these people were quick-eyed and inquisitive and a man hunt would set them wild. She knew the Piute thoroughly.

The springs of the bed groaned. Nan went into the living room to find Owen shifting his shoulders back and forth. The coffee had warmed him and his nerves were alive again, building up the pain in his leg. She sat on the edge of the bed and slid her hand beneath his neck, as though she wished to lead some of that trouble out of him into herself. Her face showed her wish and her eyes showed it. She bent toward him, murmuring: "Is it so bad, Owen? If you can think of anything I could do—"

He murmured: "It'll go."

She said in a long, deep whisper: "I wish I could take it from you."

He looked at her with a distinct surprise. "Why?" But she didn't answer and he didn't repeat the question. Her shoulders dropped and turned round as she bent toward him and her lips were warm and faintly parted. She was a dark girl, hard to know. She didn't give herself away and she didn't talk much. But he saw something wise and grave and wondering in her eyes and he got to thinking—when the pulsing waves of pain let him alone—that it was strange he knew so little of her. Her hand was smooth and pleasant behind his neck; her nearness steadied him. There was a very real depth to Nan Melotte. It was a stillness, a fortitude. He could not get the word he wanted, he could not get close to the meaning. It was as if she held qualities strong and deep that she could not, or would not, show. When she looked at him now he caught the faint shine of it in her eyes, its steady, changeless reflection. It made him say:

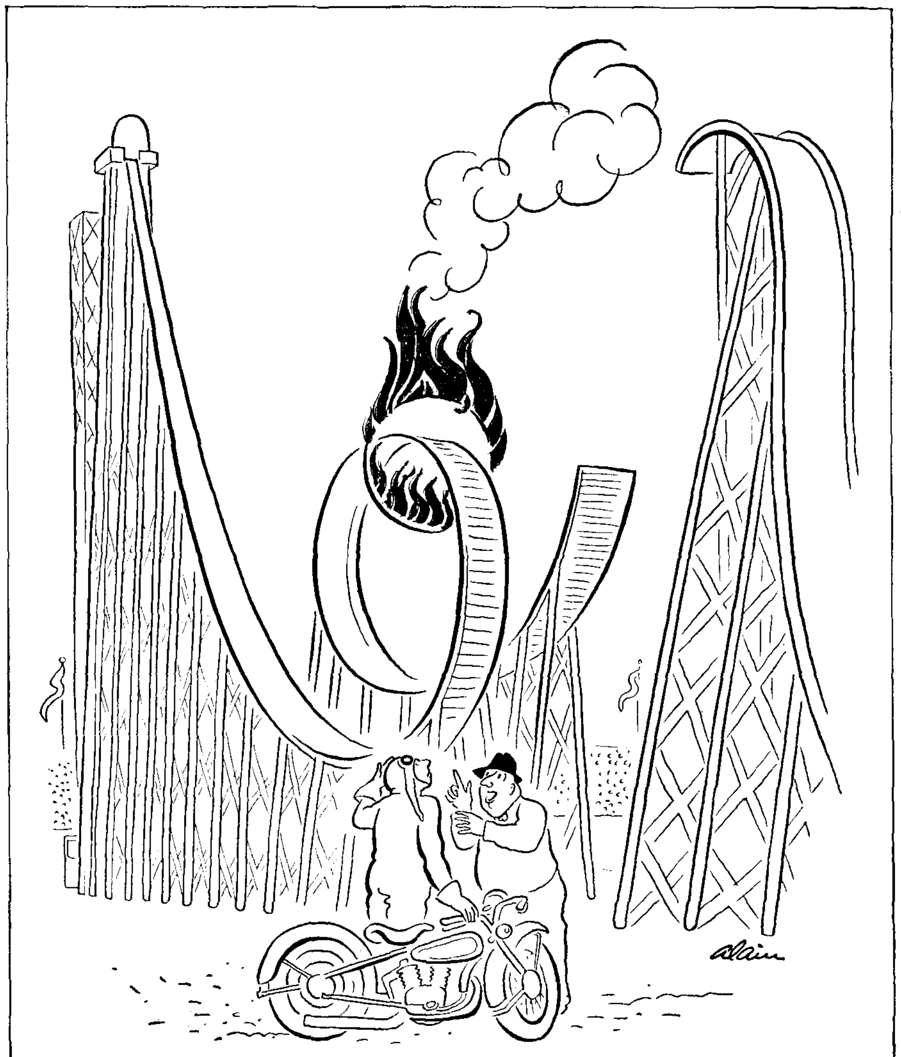
"I remember your people. That was ten years ago. They had a ranch near Corral Flat."

She nodded. "We left the country. They were both killed in a runaway at Linkville. I grew up with relatives. And came back here to teach."

Everything lay in the few slow words. She had a bluntness, sometimes, like a man's bluntness. Well, she had lived alone and asked nothing of anybody; and here she was now, silently holding him, with her lips near and soft.

"Owen," she murmured, "why did you come back to your place tonight? You knew you'd have trouble."

The whisky dissolved a little of his



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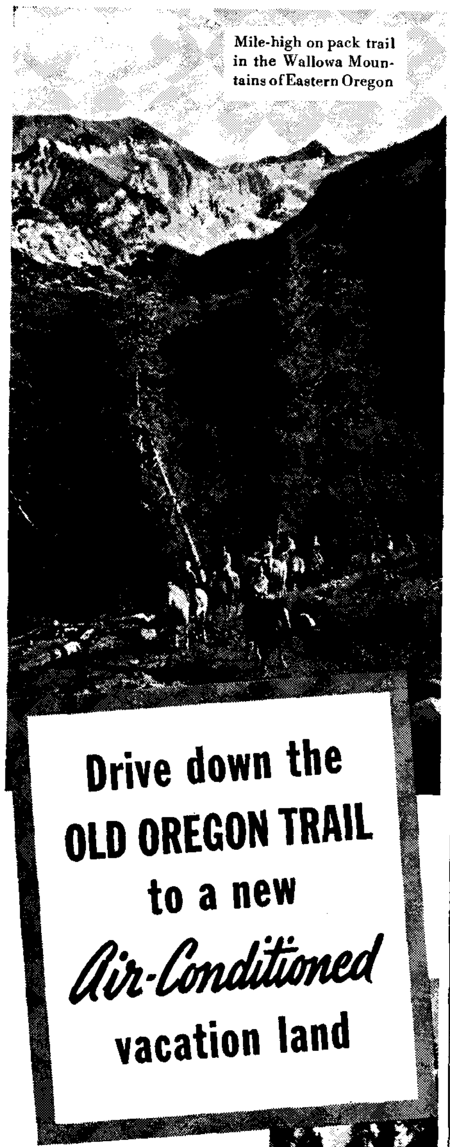
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pain; it cushioned the steady pound in his leg. He was drowsy and his eyes were closed. He said: "A man can't run all the time, Nan. I got to thinking about that. Have to fight sooner or later."

Her voice was nearer, gentler. "You like to laugh, Owen. But I haven't seen you laugh for a long time." He thought that was all. But long later her voice, almost humble, added: "If you want me to do it, I'll find a way of getting Sally here."

He said, "I wasn't thinking of her," and opened his eyes. She drew her hand from his neck. It rested lightly on his chest and then the light in her eyes quickened into brilliance, as though coming through tears. She ran her palm across his head, and afterward he heard her say in the same gentle, uncertain way: "Sleep a little, Owen."

He was asleep soon after. She watched him a moment and rose and turned down the lamp to a vague glow. In the distance was a fugitive sound that turned and stilled her until it ran into the desert's long silence. Back in the kitchen she added wood to the stove, rearranged Merritt's clothes on the chair and packed all the food she could find into a flour sack. She slipped from the house and took the waiting pony around to the lean-to barn. The people of the district had loaned her a buggy, which, because she preferred the saddle, she had not used. Now she unsaddled the pony, harnessed it and hitched it to the buggy and returned to the house. She made three or four trips to the buggy, packing in the sack of food and a few of her own clothes. She laid out Merritt's gun and belt and her own Winchester on the room table, tore up another sheet, and returned to the kitchen. This was around ten o'clock.

At midnight, with Merritt's clothes thoroughly dry, she stood over his bed, watching his face show a faint disturbance in sleep. Then she said, "Owen," and drew him from the fitful nap.

He was wide-awake, immediately expecting trouble. He tried to rise, and then quit trying. He said: "Somebody coming?"

"No. But we've got to go. I hitched my pony to the buggy. We can get pretty far up in the Broken Buttes before daylight. You can't stay here."

He said: "Puts you in a bad position."

She turned it aside with a shrug of her shoulders. "Is it wrong, Owen?"

"Your life is yours, Nan. Don't get mixed up in mine. Give me the buggy and I'll hit out for the Fremont."

She moved around him and he caught again that hint of resoluteness that seemed to guide all her ways. She put his clothes on the bed and turned into the kitchen and stood there listening to the quick, hard labor of his breathing; and suddenly she turned back into the room and finished his dressing for him. She said: "You see?"

HE SAT on the edge of the bed, hard hit and half exhausted, while she stripped the blankets from the bed and put them in the buggy. She buckled his gun belt around him and turned her shoulder under his arm, and so he got to the buggy. They had a few minutes' trouble but he drew himself in largely with his arms and afterward Nan took a quilt from the house and covered him with it. After she had extinguished the house light and brought out the Winchester, she stood a moment in the chilly blackness of the night, thinking carefully of what she might have overlooked. She made another trip to the barn for the ax —and one more trip to the house for a butcher knife. Then she got in beside Merritt and turned the horse toward Stage Coach Pass. They went through the pass, into the border of East Desert, riding steadily south in the direction of Winnemucca. The moon's thin crescent hung oddly in the low sky, against which the shoulder of the Broken Butte country showed its black, continuous lump. There was no talk until, long after, she said: "Owen—is it pretty bad?"

"No," he said. "No."

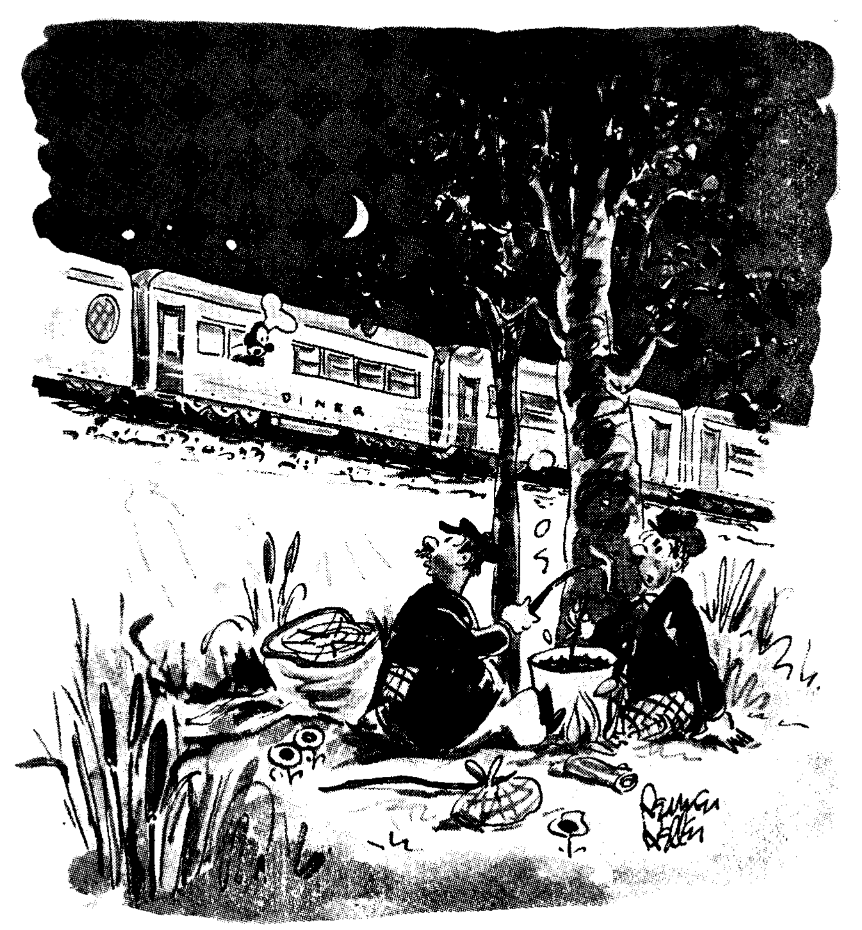
Following down the stage road, they came to the rocky course of a river's ancient bed and rattled over it for three or four miles. At two o'clock that morning Nan turned into the heavy shadows of the Buttes and went up a canyon, rising with it toward the sky. At three-thirty light began to break through the east and they were lost in a world of bald ridges, rising and falling from gulch to gulch. The deeper they went the poorer became the trail. At daylight they had dropped into a deep gorge whose straight-sided walls rose a hundred feet from a shallow flowing creek. Nan Melotte found a tortuous grade down to the creek and followed it until a rocky shoulder barred further progress with the buggy. A round tunnel led back from the creek fifteen feet or more, bored out of the sandstone in ages past by a violent eddy of the creek. Nan drove into it, threw out the blankets and made a bed on the hard floor. Owen Merritt slid from the seat, bracing his one good leg on the hub. His arms shook a little when he hung to the side of the buggy. Nan put her shoulder against him and felt his weight sag. He went to his knees, reached the blankets and rolled over once. "All right," he said in a dragging voice, "here's home."

THE ride had taken all strength from him. He lay thoroughly still with his face turned to the tunnel's ceiling and his eyes round-wide. She left him and unharnessed the horse and tied it to a boulder. Morning's light dropped into the canyon. Between these narrow walls the sound of the creek was restless and chuckling and loud. Nan watched the high-up rims a moment, then moved into the tunnel, crept beneath the quilt covering Merritt and lay listening to his disturbed breathing. She put her hand on his shoulder. She murmured: "It's all right, Owen."

When Skull splashed over Christmas Creek and opened fire on Merritt's house, Hugh Clagg was swinging through the higher hills with Tempe Killeen and Pete Mariels. Meanwhile he had dispatched Ray Neal and Starr Bidwell to a lower corner of Skull's range. Later that night the five men came together and, with both Skull and Merritt beef traveling before them, fell out of the Bunchgrass Hills into East Desert, crossed the stage road and entered the Broken Buttes country. Here and there, in one or another of the hidden hollows they came by, lights sparkled from isolated cabins and sometimes they were near enough to these places to rouse a dog. But this was a well-used trail for Clagg. He knew the people along the way very well and had complete immunity. In the Broken Buttes nobody asked questions and nobody talked; and when any of these people wanted beef they knew where to get it.

FAR back in the wilder part of the Buttes he made camp, well pleased with himself. Three more nights of travel would see the beef sold to a cattleman over on the edge of the Black Rock Desert in Nevada, no questions asked. Next morning Clagg left Tempe Killeen in charge of the camp and drifted back toward the Piute. At the Bidwell cabin he picked up the news of the fight from Sally's father. Near the long grade into the desert he passed one of the Cordray boys. There was, the boy said, no school and no teacher. When he reached Nan Melotte's house, Hugh Clagg knocked once and went in. He saw the ripped-up bed and the stains of blood near-by, the empty kitchen shelves and, in the lean-to shed, he noticed the absence of the horse and buggy. He knew then what had happened.

He stood in the middle of the front room, a cigarette puckered between his lips and his eyes half closed. There was in Hugh Clagg a hatred of Owen Merritt as permanent as the color of his hair, a hatred that produced the strong desire to break or humble Merritt, to ruin him, to remove that sensation the big man always created, which was like a



"Don't forget! You gentlemen owes me a cup of flour an' two eggs"

REAMER KELLER

One snapshot is only part of the story—*get it all*

"They're inseparable—I don't know how she ever got along without that puppy . . .

"If a puppy thrives on love, this one is going to be a Newfoundland . . .

"When his little old wobbly legs are too slow, he hitchhikes a ride . . .

"'I *do* love Ranger,' she said at this point—in case anyone was in doubt!"

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Instead of posing and fixing, follow someone around—your youngster, for instance—and snap about as fast as you can wind the film. Get her interested in something so she'll forget about you. Every snapshot will give you a different expression, a change of position—will be unposed and natural as life itself.

Try making yourself a snapshot story this way—it gets great results.

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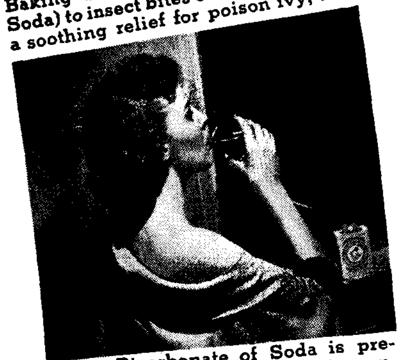
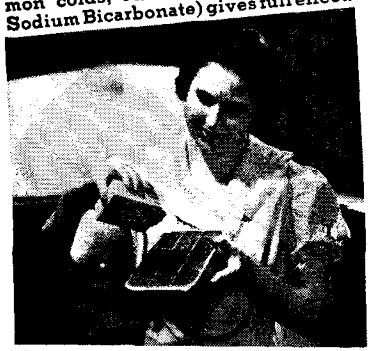
To ease pain, apply a paste of our Baking Soda (pure Bicarbonate of Soda) to insect bites or bee stings; it's a soothing relief for poison ivy, too.



When Bicarbonate of Soda is prescribed for indigestion, acidosis, common colds, our Baking Soda (pure Sodium Bicarbonate) gives full effect.



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sudden shadow falling on him, on Clagg. Clagg couldn't help it. And now, knowing why Nan had gone, he also realized that this girl had never at any moment thought of him in any favorable light. Careless and indifferent as Clagg seemed to be, he had, nevertheless, his moments of great desire for the good things of life, and he had a slowly growing knowledge that these good things would never come. He saw his own destiny pretty clearly; he hated himself for his weakness, and hated all others whose lives were better balanced.

What turned him at once uncontrollable was the knowledge that Owen Merritt could, without lifting a hand, draw Nan Melotte into the hills with him while he, Hugh Clagg, roused in her nothing but fear. He wasn't a fool; he had seen fear in her eyes. And then he realized why Will Isberg had at last turned Skull loose. Isberg had everything except his own wife. The shadow of Merritt was on Isberg too, turning Isberg crazy.

He moved around the rooms and his leg struck the small table in the front room and knocked it over; and the sound of that crash suddenly ripped the thin covering off his restraint and he went wild. He tipped over the bed, kicking the framework to pieces with his boots. He tore the shades from the windows, knocked out the glass panes with the butt of his gun, took the little row of books standing on a corner shelf between his hands and ripped them apart. He trotted into the kitchen and batted the stovepipe down with one swing of his fist and swept all the dishes he could find to the floor, grinding them beneath his heels. He wrenched the shelves from the wall; he seized a wooden log and beat in the cast-iron sides of the stove.

TEN minutes later, breathing from the bottom of his chest and drenched by the sweat of his unreasoning labors, he walked from a house as thoroughly ruined as he could make it, swung up to his horse and trotted west on the flats. He followed the tracks of Nan Melotte's buggy as far as Stage Coach Pass and there halted, bringing his knowledge of the country into play. Maybe they had gone toward Winnemucca, maybe into the east side of the Broken Buttes, or maybe straight over East Desert and out of the country. A little searching would soon enough tell, but instead of keeping on the trail he curved past Merritt's house and hit the climbing trail to Corral Flat. He passed the ranch house near enough to see what Skull had done to it, and a thoroughly unsentimental grin showed on his face. "Isberg and me." Isberg's frame of mind, which he so thoroughly understood right now, appealed to the latent malice in him.

Near Lankershim's meadow a Skull rider stopped him.

"What the hell you doin' here again?"

"Isberg up yonder?"

"Yeah."

Clagg brushed by the Skull man. A mile short of Corral Flat he was stopped another time. He heard men talking in the deeper timber and turned that way. Dutcher and two riders were just then coming in from some sort of a scout, their ponies looking pretty tired. Isberg sat on a log, small and stiff and showing Hugh Clagg no favorable regard. It made Clagg smile, for he remembered again what ate so bitterly at the Skull owner's pride.

Dutcher said brusquely, "What the hell you grinnin' at?"

"Nice day, ain't it?" suggested Clagg, and turned on Isberg. "Which way you looking for friend Merritt?"

Dutcher kept breaking into this talk. "Kind of curious about the man?"

"I can look too. Maybe we can split this up and save some time. Or didn't you care about time?"

Isberg stared at Clagg. "What you want with him? Why?"

Clagg's smile was a quick, thin cut across his face. "A woman," he said.

Dutcher walked nearer. Isberg stood up from the log. He said, "What's that?" in a rising tone.

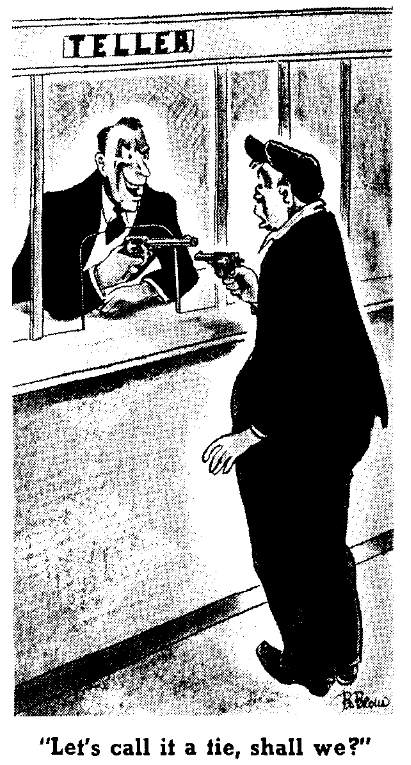
"A woman's with him."

"Where'd you find that out?"

Clagg looked around at the Skull crew, not sparing his insolence. "You didn't know that yet? You got a hell of a poor crew, Isberg."

Dutcher said, his voice more overbearing: "He was hit and he wouldn't get far. He's around these hills somewhere."

Clagg said: "All right, you keep lookin' this way and I'll look my way." One moment he had been willing to talk, the next moment he suddenly felt affronted by the austere dislike of Isberg's glance. He had come here to tell them about the buggy tracks. Now he changed his mind, impelled by that contradictory side of him that so powerfully governed his life. "You do it your way," he added, shortly. "I never waste my time on damn' fools."



"Let's call it a tie, shall we?"

BO BROWN

"Wait," broke out Isberg. "What woman?"

Everybody knew what was in Isberg's mind. Hugh Clagg, watching the Skull owner's face, realized that Isberg knew everybody understood what was on his mind. It was a kind of torture that could not remain altogether hidden. Clagg's unstable temper balanced on the thin edge of safety and of rashness—and chose the latter, risky as it was.

"Not the lady you're thinkin' about, Isberg."

He thought for a moment that Isberg meant to draw on him. The man's cheeks were seized by a pale killing impulse; he threw his chin quite high, he swayed forward, and for a long run of time nobody stirred. Then Isberg said, scarcely opening his lips: "Go on, Clagg."

Clagg trotted away.

ON BOURKE PRINE'S little ranch at the base of the Bunchgrass Hills halfway between town and Merritt's place, Prine and Pay Lankershim and Cultus Charley held a war meeting the same afternoon. Pay and Bourke had scouted the hills most of the night, out of range of the trouble that had taken place on Merritt's ranch. Going down there near daylight they had at last read the story in the wreckage. Now they were here, gloomy and disturbed. Cultus Charley had drifted in for a meal; and was inclined to move along now. But Bourke stayed him.

"You're a damn' poor excuse of an Indian, Charley, but maybe I can use you."

"Well," said Pay, "if he's alive he's in these hills somewhere. He wouldn't leave the country. Not now."

"Isberg will be on his trail," said Bourke. "And maybe we just better find a spot somewhere and watch what Skull does. Charley, how good are your eyes, for trackin'?"

"My father good."

"What's your father got to do with you?"

"I almost as good."

"Then you get on that trail and find him."

"Sure. You got a drink?"

"You find where he's hidin' and I'll buy you a gallon."

Cultus Charley considered this a good while. He said, "All right," and rose and left the ranch.

ISBERG left Skull's home quarters on Monday and did not return until Thursday. Those intervening three days were as bad as any Sally Isberg could recall. Dutcher rode in once to take part of the crew back to the hills but he didn't come near her and after he left she noticed that one man always made it a point to remain in the yard near the house, as though on guard. On Wednesday, hard hit by the uncertainty and the loneliness of her position, she saddled up and started for The Wells. One of the crew jumped on a horse and overtook her at the foot of the rim grade. He was blunt enough with his orders. "Mr. Isberg wants you to stay by the ranch." Looking at him, she thought she saw some of Dutcher's insolent knowledge mirrored in this man's eyes. She turned back without arguing.

The silence of the house closed around her. At night she heard riders coming in and going away again, but if there was news it never reached her. Alone in the big living room, she thought of Owen Merritt, knowing that some definite break had occurred to cause all this upset on Skull; knowing that Isberg would never be riding these hills so consistently unless it was because of Merritt. She remembered, at these times, Owen's long slow smile as it had been in the past and she remembered, because she could not help it, the things he had said to her in the darkness of the hotel stairway. Those words came back; they all came back.

And then, because a need for honesty compelled her to it, she analyzed her own actions, her own thoughts. Had she been disloyal to Will Isberg? Her situation here became more and more hopeless. Was it retribution for anything she had done, or had failed to do? She went back over the whole thing carefully, needing to know the answer. She had been frank with Isberg in the beginning and he had known before marriage what her feelings were. She had been careful to tell him that love was not a part of the bargain. He had, she recalled, listened to that explanation very quietly, and had said: "Very well, Sally. Many marriages have started off with less honesty than this one will. I shall do my part and I know you will do yours."

She had tried to live up to her obligations. She had tried to make up, by other things, for the affection they both knew was lacking. Then, there was only one thing left—which was her visit to Owen Merritt. She knew now that this had been a mistake. And yet she had gone, not to betray Isberg, but to avoid a fight.

This was what she kept remembering those long, long three days of silence

SOUTH
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WEST
NORTH
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NATIONAL SPARK PLUG CHANGE WEEK

MAY 2nd to 8th

GO PLACES this Spring, the most enjoyable motoring season, with an engine that's as full of youthful vitality as the spirit of the season itself.

Replace those mileage-worn, winter-weary spark plugs which time and strenuous service have robbed of efficiency, with new Champions. You will experience a surge of new power, faster acceleration and better, smoother performance which Champions bring to every engine.

Champion Spark Plug Change Week has become the accepted period for bringing cars up to peak performance by millions of the nation's motorists. Regularly at this time or every 10,000 miles, they have their Champion dealer check their spark plugs. When new spark plugs are necessary, from an economy and efficiency standpoint, they demand Champions because they appreciate the sustained better performance and the gas-saving economy that Champions alone provide.

See your car dealer, garage man, or service station man this week and have him check and clean your spark plugs. If you need new ones, insist on Champions because you can depend on them.

MORE POWER
MORE SPEED
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The Sign of Dependable Service

WITH NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

and doubt. Now she understood what Owen Merritt had meant in saying that one day she would discover her mind was one thing and her heart another. To realize it was to feel how tragic the situation had become. Now, with Isberg turned against her, suspicious of her actions and doubting her loyalty and tormented by her past friendship for Merritt, she saw her hard choice turned to nothing.

He came home Thursday night after dusk, grimed by dust and ragged from want of sleep. When he entered the house he went past her without speaking. Always a man careful of personal appearance, he shaved and changed his clothes, and came down to a late supper in the dining room. She had already eaten, but she followed him, closing both the kitchen and living-room doors. He looked at her with an unmistakable irritation. "Can't you let a man alone when he's hungry?"

She said, gently, "All right, Will," and returned to the living room, waiting there. When he came out he started for the yard again, ignoring her. This time she knew they had to have it out. "Wait," she said. "There's no use putting this off. There won't be any better time."

He was at the doorway. He stopped there, thinking about it, and presently turned with a shrug of his shoulders. "No," he said, "I guess not. But what can I say, or you say, that hasn't been said?"

"I don't want this marriage to fail, Will."

HE HAD a sharp, swift way of catching up her words. "I suppose it is a matter of pride with you, Sally. You don't want the Piute to know you couldn't stick on Skull."

She repeated: "I don't want to be a failure. I made a bargain. I want to keep it. You have been treating me badly, Will. I have asked for nothing and I haven't expected anything. We both knew how we felt. There hasn't been any change in that. There's no reason for us to give up. I made my promise to you and I didn't come here with the idea of running away when the first quarrel came up. I won't run! I'll keep my part of the bargain. I always intended to do that. But you've got to be fair with me."

"Fair?" he said, his tone skeptical and unbelieving.

"Have I done anything wrong?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Do you think I misled you in anything I said before we were married?"

"No," he said. "I got just what I expected."

He had a small, humorless smile at the edge of his lips. He watched her with a consistent irony in his eyes, as though he enjoyed the scene. But she knew better. He was a man with a deep-set temper; whose pride, quick to feel affront, nourished those affronts far down in the brooding places of his memory. She could not bring them to the surface and dissolve them by reason or argument. She could not make him speak out. It caused her to say, with a growing desperation:

"Will, what have I done?"

He was smooth and unyielding. "Nothing. Nothing at all. Are you through, Sally? We're getting nowhere."

Then, because she knew of no other way to shatter that apparent indifference, she spoke of the one thing she knew was dangerous. "I know. You can't forget I once went with Owen."

That took the smile from his lips, instantly and completely. His eyes were gray and hot—and showed the edge of misery. "When you speak his name your voice goes soft. It gives you away, Sally."

"Will—"

He interrupted, aroused at last. "Wait a minute. You want to know what the trouble is. I think you know, but I'll just give you my side of it. I have had very little experience with women, Sally. I knew you were in love with Owen at the time I married you. You didn't say so, but it was pretty plain. I had the idea that it would pass. You see—I didn't know. But I can thank you for a good deal of education in that regard in the last few days. You'll never change in a thousand years. Maybe that's the way all women are, or maybe it is just the way you are. I don't know, and life is too damned short to find out, but anyhow as long as you're both alive it will be you and Owen. It won't be you and me, Sally."

"You are wrong, Will. Owen's out of it. There isn't anything between us now."

His smile came back, cheerless and bitter. "So far you haven't lied to me. Don't begin."

SHE went away from him as far as the corner of the room, and turned, still desperately intent. "I wish you'd try to forget that. Whatever happened then is behind me. I came here with all that put away. I told you, the first night, in this house, that I'd do what you wished to be done. That is what I want to do. If I've got to make myself over to suit you, I will. Tell me what kind of a wife you want."

It came out so headlong—this rush of eager, hard-pressed words. She stood straight, with her shoulders square and a strong color on her cheeks; and with her hands risen and doubled, though she didn't realize it. Keyed to this emotional pitch, Sally Isberg showed him a kind of iron resolution rare to see in a woman; and showed him too, at that moment, something like actual beauty. He saw it and had his moment of awareness and was tremendously stirred. Afterward his memory went back into its deep place and revived the smoldering animosity there.

HE SAID in his disturbed voice: "You'd be willing to do anything to protect Owen Merritt. You'd promise anything. You're that kind of a woman and God knows the man who has your heart has a wonderful thing. You'd go to hell for him."

She flung her words at him in a low, husky intensity: "Will—Will! Don't let's quarrel! I don't want to fail! I won't let our lives be ruined like this."

He stood by the center table, one hand resting on it. His head was down and for a moment Sally thought she had reached into him and got hold of his sane impulses. When he looked up, she knew she had failed. The faint and crooked line of a smile was back on his lips. She wasn't fooled by the easy way he spoke or by the indifference covering him again.

He said: "Last night we went down to Merritt's house. He got away from us, but we'll keep on looking. I think we hit him. This morning Hugh Clagg dropped in to tell me Merritt had gone into the hills with a woman. I asked him what woman. Do you know what he said? He said: 'Not the woman you're thinking about, Isberg.' It is quite a joke, isn't it? Everybody on the Piute can laugh about that except me."

He watched her with his everlastingly alert eyes. She showed him her old composure, but he thought she listened to him with a greater care. He thought he had roused her. He added: "You wouldn't know what woman did go away with him, would you?"

Her lips scarcely moved: "No."

"It will be interesting—finding out." He moved to the door.

Her voice came after him, quite tired: "Will—what do you want me to do?"

He turned again, shaking his head. "It is not so hopeless, yet. There may be a change. Could you keep on loving a man when he was dead, Sally?"

He went from the room with that last phrase hanging to the stillness, so final and so clear. She understood at last that he would never rest until he had found Owen and had killed him. His pride had that consuming, incessant reach. She walked around the room almost aimlessly, too tired at the moment to feel much, drained dry by what she had been through. From her position by the window she saw him turn toward the hills. A Skull man walked over the yard and squatted in the late sunshine before the house. She went to the rear of the room and sat down, hands folded in her lap. There was, she realized, nothing more to say. She had said it all to him, without effect; and so her marriage, which she secretly admitted was a mistake, had come to this miserable ending—with no hope for betterment one way or the other.

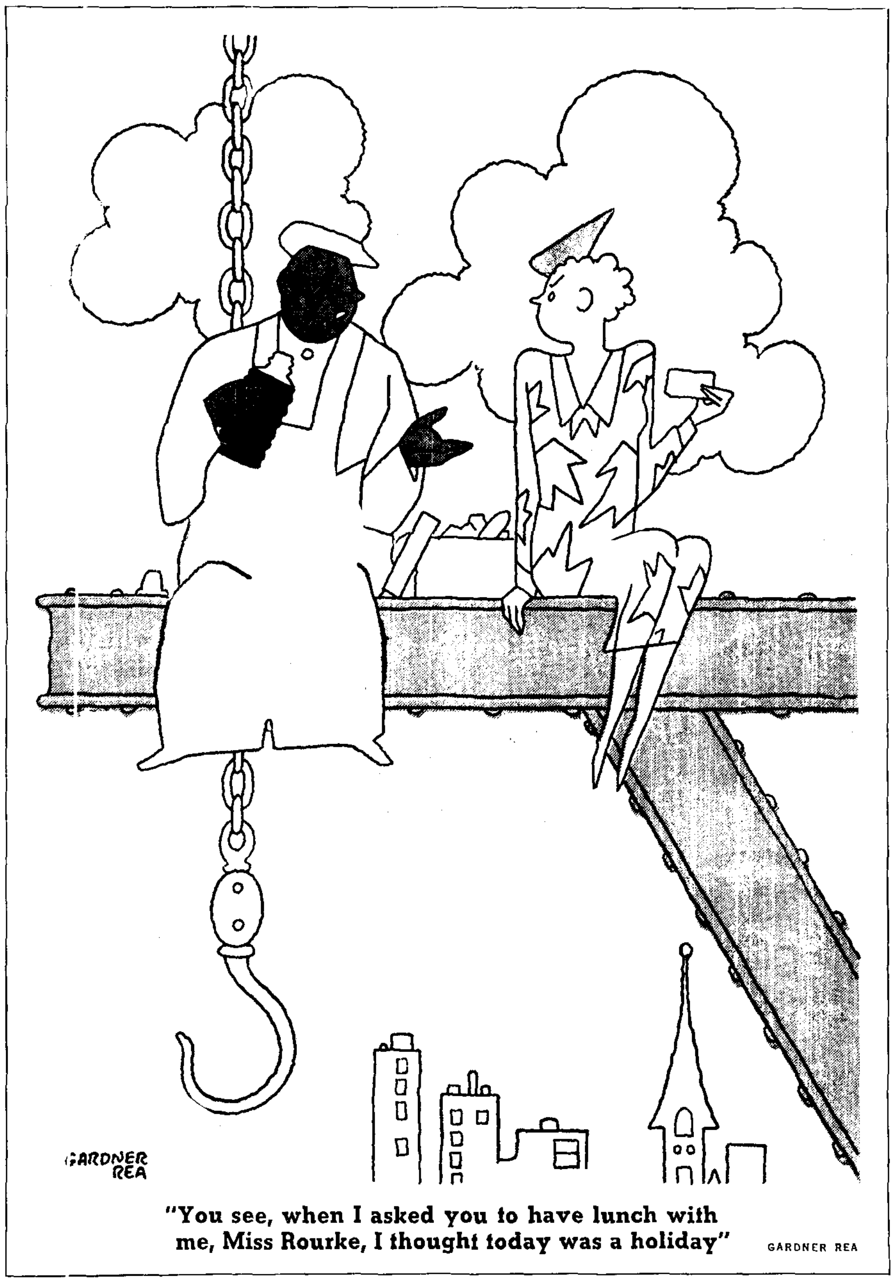
She could not remain in the chair. Once more turning from wall to wall, she remembered what Isberg had said about the other woman. It would be Nan Melotte, she thought, and felt an instant resentment. Well, she had surrendered many things in marriage. Most important of all, she had surrendered any claim to Owen Merritt's heart. He could do as he pleased. This she told herself, and still she could not check that feeling of anger. How could he put aside so soon—or how could he ever put aside—all that had once held them together? How could he look into another woman's eyes and touch another woman's face? If he had been hit by a bullet in the fight, where was he now?

NOW, at this very moment, what was he saying to Nan Melotte—and what was she doing for him? This thought was hardest. This thought told her at last how great a mistake her own pride had caused her to commit. Somewhere in the hills Nan Melotte was where she, Sally, ought to be. Hard-caught in her thoughts, she built up the picture. Of Owen's long lips turned in smiling and his voice, so indolently musical, reaching out to please the girl. There was a scar near his left temple and the skin at the base of his neck had an extra ruddiness from the sun; and sometimes when he was stirred he could, by the very power of his personality, make any woman in the world come to him. Any woman. Nan Melotte.

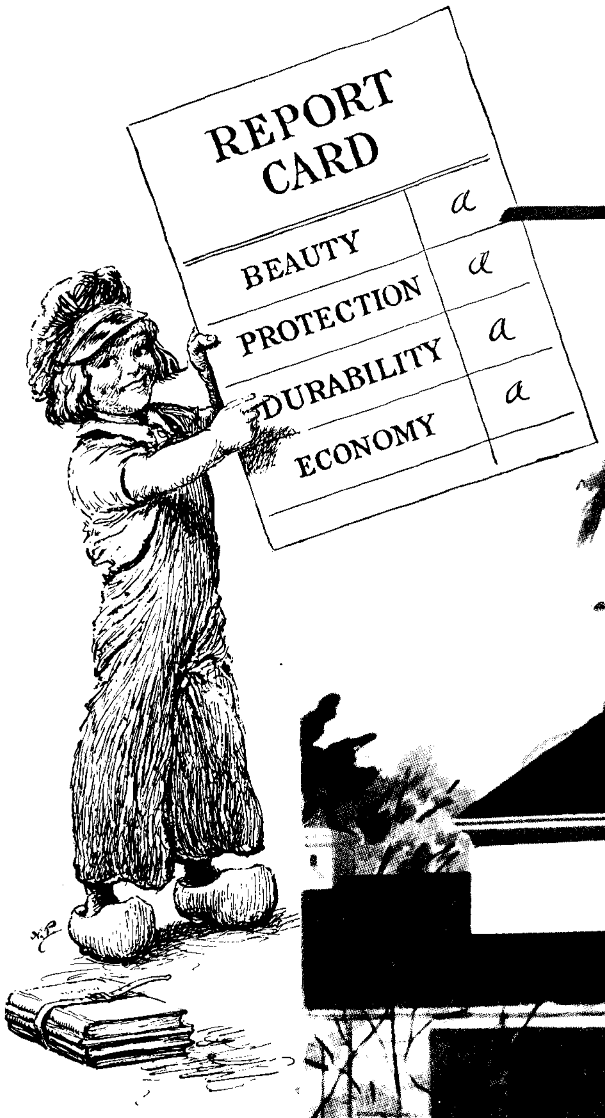
Isberg had gone and light faded out of the sky and a cold wind began to blow. The supper triangle rang; men's voices came from the mess hall adjoining. She rose and shut the door and went back to her chair. She could not run. She had made her bargain. No matter how hard the circumstances, here was her place.

That night, with full darkness covering Skull, a pale glow began to rise from the haystacks in the lower meadows, turning swiftly into great wedge-shaped masses of flames pouring crimson toward the sky. The Skull crew rushed out there; but Pay Lankershim, retreating from the fires, reached the valley's high rim and turned to laugh at what he had done; and galloped on toward Bourke Prine's ranch.

(To be continued next week)



"You see, when I asked you to have lunch with me, Miss Rourke, I thought today was a holiday" GARDNER REA



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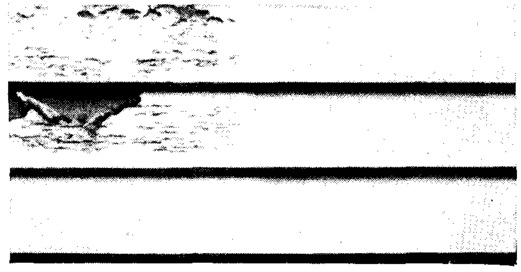
Dutch Boy Side


Double House Shows Up "Cheap" Paint

Here's what happened when the owner of one side of a double house used "cheap" paint and the owner of the other, Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job cost $16 less in the beginning. Now this owner must pay out $160—for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting.

"Right at the head of his class"—that's where you always find the Dutch Boy. This sturdy little fellow gets nothing but good reports—from architects, painting contractors and home-owners.

BEAUTY—There's nothing better than a Dutch Boy *beauty treatment.* "Can this be my old house!" you'll say to yourself, when you see its four walls fairly gleaming with bright new color.

PROTECTION—Dutch Boy protection is *proven protection.* On millions of American homes, this dependable paint has proved its ability to resist all kinds of weather with real Dutch stubbornness.

DURABILITY—Don't forget that paints vary greatly in the amount of service they give. Photograph on the right shows an interesting contrast between Dutch Boy and "cheap" paint. The latter has badly cracked and scaled. This means that in repainting, the owner will be stuck with two costly extras. (1) Burning and scraping off the "leftovers" of cheap paint. (2) Putting on an extra coat of paint—a new priming coat.

ECONOMY—Dutch Boy does not crack and scale. Instead it wears down slowly by gradual chalking. This leaves a smooth, unbroken surface—an ideal foundation for new paint. So with Dutch Boy, you not only get longer life but also a lower bill when you finally do decide to repaint.

That's why the painting contractor who is interested in giving you generous value uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. It is mixed to meet the special requirements of your job and tinted to the exact color you ask for. No one knows paint like a painter.

* * * *

The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan is available if you prefer to pay for your painting in monthly installments. Check coupon for complete information. But even if you are not interested in this plan, send in the coupon anyway—for a free copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In". Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and painter. Mail coupon to nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

The HOUSE WE LIVE IN

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 304 (*See list of branches above*)
Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.
☐ Include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

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"I want to wire these to Grandma, too"

It's fun to wire flowers

DON'T FORGET MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 8TH

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, INTERNATIONAL

FLOWERS-BY-WIRE
ANYWHERE ANY TIME

Look for this emblem when you buy flowers. It is the emblem of a better florist.

Capital Story

Continued from page 21

wasn't thinking; there was nothing to think about. He had the money: was he going to keep it? He was waiting like a soldier for the order. Whichever way it went, he would snap into it.

In the wall above the gate was a large glass panel. It was suddenly illuminated, showing a legend typed in great letters:

MR. ALMUS WABLE PLEASE COME TO THE STATIONMASTER'S OFFICE

Somebody had been watching him! Almus laughed, astonished; dropped back into want, but relieved. He had been watching a strange Almus, a wise Almus who could solve the problem of no-job-no-jack in a jiffy. And he had almost been given the chance. Or had he? Almus didn't know.

He got up and went to the stationmaster's office.

A GIRL, a brown-eyed blonde in a handsome sealskin coat, was seated in the stationmaster's office.

When she has one, nothing pets a girl's figure like a sleek fur coat, and this girl had one; like this, like that. She wasn't happy in it just now. There was sick worry in the great brown eyes fixed on Almus, and pleading. She wasn't made like him. He was rubber, and when he was bounced, he bounced.

"Miss Varian—" began the clerk behind the desk.

"Quite so," said Almus. "I found this pocketbook."

"You may leave it here," said the clerk.

"Oh, no," said Almus independently; "I'll leave a description, and my name and address. If the owner doesn't show up—findings, keepings! That's the law, and you look it up. It was dropped by a guy running for the 1:10 for New York. Got a pencil and paper? Brown pocketbook . . . No name . . . Nothing in it but —twenty, forty, sixty—holy smokings. . . . Three hundred; in twenties!"

" 'Almus Wable, the Caristo Club,' " read the clerk, uncertain. People usually turned finds in. Washingtonians, for a fact, are meek to people behind official desks. Having no vote makes them meek. What can they do?

"Mr. Wable!"

"Ye-e-es?" Almus turned to the girl. His voice was sweet, he meant it to be sweet, but it came out sweeter than he meant. "Ahem, ar-rh— Yes, madam?"

"MY NAME is Betty Varian. I saw you in the embassy this morning."

"Oh, yes."

They had left the stationmaster's office, and were on a bench in the waiting room.

"I heard your name in the embassy, Mr. Wable. And then I saw you here a while ago, and I wondered if I could talk to you a minute. It seemed pretty fresh to go up and talk to you, and I know that fellow in the stationmaster's office a little, and I asked him to call you."

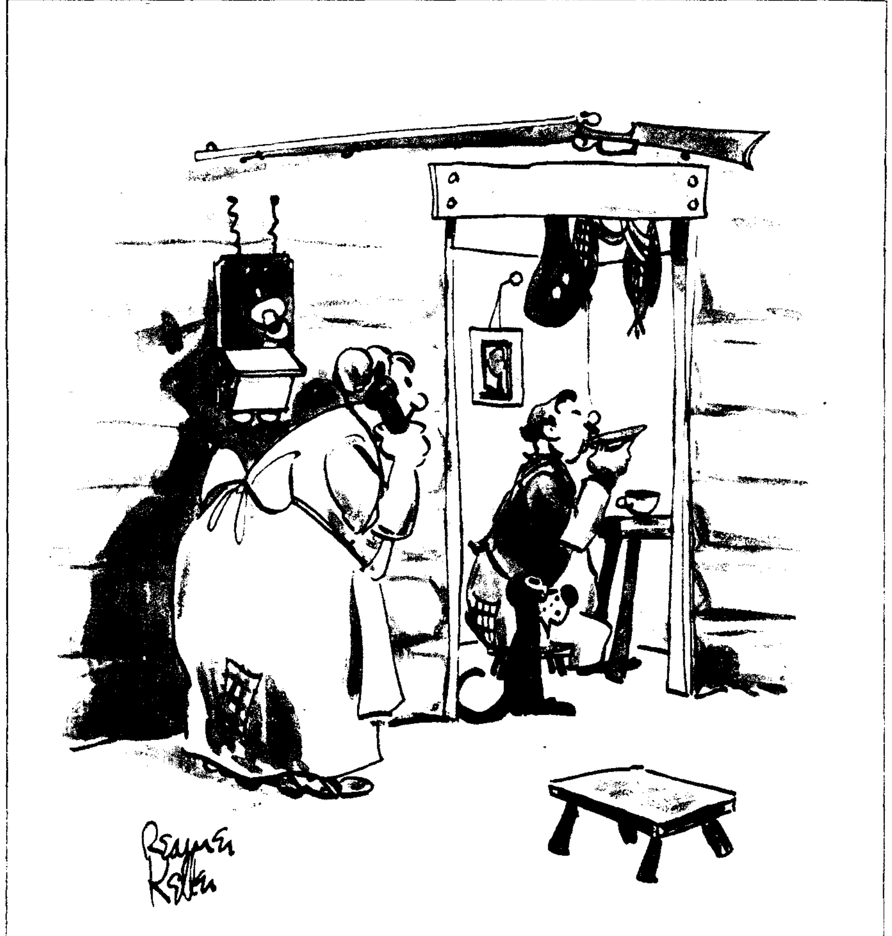
"Oh, then it wasn't about the pocketbook?"

"No, Mr. Wable. I didn't know about the pocketbook. It was about the embassy. Do you mind? I read in the paper this morning, Mr. Wable, that the embassy's coat-room girl had been arrested for stealing; and I went there to see about the place. I've got to get something! I was in agriculture, and I was separated a month ago; and I've got to get something. Mr. Wable, wouldn't you please speak to the embassy for me? I know I've a cheek to ask you."

"Sure I would, Miss Varian. But what good would it do you?"

"It would, Mr. Wable. You're such friends with them."

Almus was embarrassed for a mo-



"Did you borrow $40,000 from the Acme Loan Corporation, Kenesaw, or have they the wrong number?"

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ment. Then he laughed, and spoke to her with the comradeship of the separated and unabsorbed.

"Listen, Betty. I don't know anybody there. I was asked this morning—yes, I was asked to go out! I just walked in. And turned around. I was crashing! I wanted to eat. Eat, understand? If you have a raw potato in your pocket—you and I, Betty. I'm separated myself."

"Oh."

He looked at her, smiled; frowned.

"How bad off are you, Betty? Not really on the nut? You don't look like it."

"This coat?" She looked complacent, conceding that no girl is badly off who is in a fine fur coat. "It's a friend's that's gone to Florida on her vacation. She lent me it. But I've been asked for my room."

"Friend of mine went to Florida, too, Betty," said Almus, "and he'd lend me his coat if he had one; but that's why he went to Florida! And look at me. I got all wrinkled in the rain yesterday, going around the offices without a coat. How can I take you to the party in this suit?"

"Party?"

"At the Wilflower Hotel this afternoon at 3:30. Somebody's little girl is getting presented to society. Let's go. We'll dance, and eat, and eat, and eat—I always stutter over that word."

"But, Almus, I haven't been asked."

"Betty, never paint a devil on the wall, my old grandma used to say. Nobody will probably ever raise the point, if you don't advertise it. Besides, I'm asking you, and one's enough. People can bring a friend. . . . I hope they have a ham. Ah, a big baked ham! Well, if you'd rather not, I can bring you something out. Got a bathing cap? But look at this suit."

"Let me press it for you, Almus."

"Would you? Where do you live?"

"The 1500 block of 21st Street."

"Right back of me, Betty! Let's go up there, and I'll run in home and switch into my pants and sweater that's good enough to wait around the corner in, and you take this suit and press it, and I'll take it home and put it on, and you be thinking if you don't want to come to the party."

He rose, catching her hand.

"Like to run you up home in my car, but it's in the shop. In Detroit. How about walking?"

SIDLING by the tall and ragged shrubbery that lined the path, Almus reached the front door of the Caristo Club. He opened it, glided in like a thief, and shut it softly.

He was alone. Betty Varian was awaiting him in the foyer of a near-by movie house. Almus would slip in home, shoot up, make a lightning change, and shoot around to her with the suit for pressing.

But Almus halted just inside the door. Mrs. Podhunter was talking to someone in the parlor, which commanded the foot of the stairs.

"I only have the most genteel and distinguished people in my home," Mrs. Podhunter said. "Particularly about the rent; I wouldn't take a guest that would be any trouble. I'm not accustomed to it; Mr. Podhunter was a drum major. It is only that I got something in my eye over on Rhode Island Avenue, or gold couldn't buy me. My price is three thousand dollars and I would make good terms for the right party."

A man's voice answered.

"Three thousand dollars I couldn't do, Mrs. Podhunter, even on terms; though you got a nice house and a nice lease. But there are plenty other guest homes for sale in Washington. Well, I will see can I get my customer up a little. Now about my commission."

"Your commission you can have the minute your customer puts down her money," said Mrs. Podhunter, "but my price is take it or leave it. I wouldn't sell for twice over, only I got something in my eye over on Rhode Island Avenue and I got to give an answer. You better act quick. Look out this window at the swell neighborhood, all the embassies."

Almus stole to the doorway and peeped. Mrs. Podhunter and her companion were admiring the embassies. Almus gained the stairs. Up; and a second flight, and he was on his own floor.

There was the skylight room. He caught the doorknob, twisted, pulled, thought of pyramids of delicate sandwiches in heart shapes and triangles; and of great shrimp-colored, ivory-colored, crackling brown ham . . .

The door came open a bit, then stopped with a sinister clanking. Almus looked down and saw the padlock that Mrs. Podhunter had snapped on.

PHEW, he had no home!

Well, there were the missions down by Pennsylvania Avenue. And there was the Union Station. And Rock Creek Park, if a person didn't mind the way all the animals in the zoo hollered all together every little while all night.

But he had three hundred dollars in his pocket!

Yes, he had; and they had his name and address, too. Let him spend a dollar of it and he'd get lodgings in a police station. And then he'd never land a job; he'd be on the bum.

Oh, heck, it was only half past two. Time yet. Why paint a devil on the wall? Forget it, and take Betty to the Wilflower party. Cheer the youngster up; she was out of a job and didn't have her room rent.

Or should he go down and try to wring Mrs. Podhunter's heart? . . . Wring her neck. There was a girl who would do well for Rock Creek Park. She belonged in that beautiful new air-conditioned house over there, with the tropical plants and the big swimming pool. Only the other alligators wouldn't stand for her.

Shrugging, Almus returned downstairs.

There was Mrs. Podhunter now. She was letting the gentleman out. She was standing on the front steps. . . . It was Almus' chance; he could slip by her, and down to the basement, and out that way.

Or, say—how would it be to give her a look at the jack? He could say it wasn't his, but it would still get him credit. If she didn't think he stole it, and call a cop. That woman had a bad mind. Almus had seen her piecing together scraps of letters; and listening outside of doors; and smelling empty bottles. Smart as a wolf. . . . Never mind! Give her a look at the money.

He hurried down to the main floor, and into the telephone booth there. It was a dial phone, and needed a nickel, which Almus didn't have; but he took off the receiver.

Mrs. Podhunter was coming in.

"Yes, Miss Varian," called Almus, "I have your three hundred dollars safe in my pocket! What would you think of investing it in a good guest home, Miss Varian? Since you are looking around for some business to go into right away. . . . Ah, you are in favor! Well, I will look around and see if any guest homes are for sale. . . . See you later, Miss Varian."

He hung up.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Podhunter!"

His landlady was standing blockily by the booth. Her eyes of pale emerald held him in a hostile stare as he stepped forth.

"Have you three hundred dollars in your pocket, Mr. Wable?"

"Why, yes, I have." He took out the wallet and spread the sheaf of twenties.

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Do you know why it tastes so refreshing? That air-tight package keeps the flavor fresh and delicious as the day it was made! Now don't be selfish—I'll have a stick of Beeman's too!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

"It's not my money exactly, Mrs. Podhunter."

"You're telling me, Mr. Wable," said Mrs. Podhunter. "It belongs to that fool of a woman you were just talking to. You got her money, Mr. Wable, and she's got my sympathy. The sooner she gets it out of your hands the better. She wants to buy the lease of a guest home? Well, if she don't get guests that nail their trunk to the floor. . . . I got a good mind to call a policeman."

"Nailed to the floor, Mrs. Podhunter? My trunk? Well, now, I nailed one of the ribs back last week, and maybe the nails—but what I wanted more to talk to you about, Mrs. Podhunter, was the Caristo Club. Did you ever think of selling your lease here, Mrs. Podhunter?"

"I was reading in the newspaper, Mr. Wable," said Mrs. Podhunter, "where a guest in a guest home went to Lorton Prison for only putting a radiator in his trunk. He didn't nail it to the floor. But she called a policeman. . . . I might, Mr. Wable. I might sell my lease and furniture for three thousand. Three hundred down and a hundred and fifty a month."

"Slick! I'll tell Miss Varian. Now about my commission."

"Commission? You got a broker's license, Mr. Wable?"

"Well, no, Mrs. Podhunter. I don't know much about leases and commissions, but—"

ALMUS caught his breath, suddenly seeing a dazzling possibility.

"Mrs. Podhunter! Supposing I bring Miss Varian here, and she signs up whatever papers you want: would you give me for a commission whatever cash she pays you down? All the cash she pays you down?"

"All?" repeated Mrs. Podhunter resentfully.

"All," said Almus resolutely. "I wouldn't be so hard, Mrs. Podhunter, only I have a reason."

Mrs. Podhunter gazed at him reflectively. She was a veteran, who had bought and sold many guest homes.

"Brokers," she said sourly, "always grab the cash. Anyway, you got that poor woman's cash in your pocket already, and only she can get it off you. Yes, Mr. Wable, I will give you the cash she puts up, so long as she is a responsible person, and if I like her looks. Bring her."

"Rub your eyes, Mrs. Podhunter—she is coming!" cried Almus.

He hurried to the street door.

"BUT I thought we were going to a party, Almus," protested Betty Varian, walking rapidly beside him. "I don't understand."

"Do I?" countered Almus. "It was just an idea. I was oiling the alligator, with talking about getting somebody to buy her lease, and all I thought was she might take the padlock off my door for another night or two. Instead of which, she wants to sell you the lease."

"But what will I buy it with, Almus? If I can't pay my room rent, can I rent a whole house? It's crazy!"

"We got money, Betty. We got three hundred dollars!"

"Almus, you spend a dollar of that money you found and you'll get arrested. Don't you dare spend a penny."

"Listen, Betty, will you? You are going to buy the lease of the Caristo Club with this three hundred dollars. That is what you pay Mrs. Podhunter down, and then you pay a hundred and fifty a month. Well, you give Mrs. Podhunter the money, and she gives it back to me, see? You got the Caristo Club, I got the three hundred—"

"Now I know it's crazy! I won't—"

"Here, Betty—hold my arm and we'll go faster."

"But what will I say to her?"

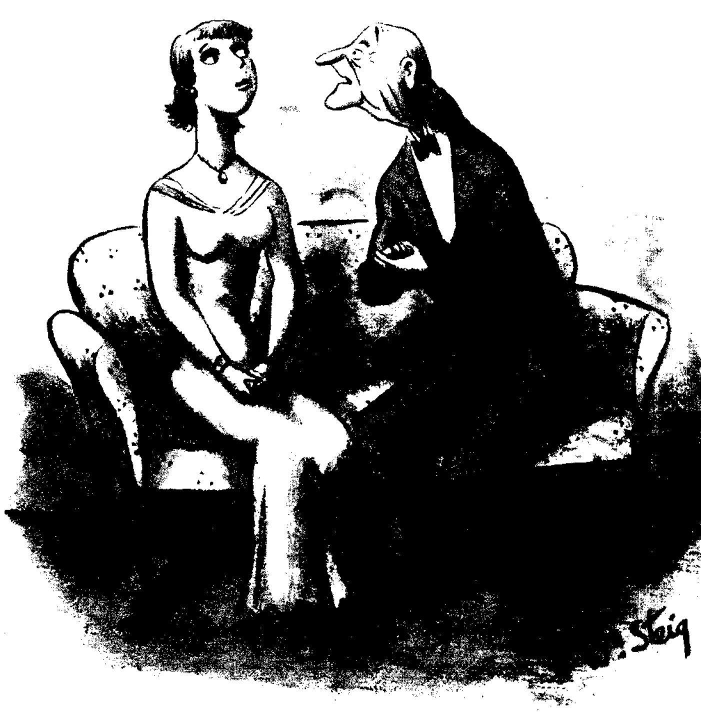
"Say yes! Keep saying yes. . . . No, say nothing. Sign on the line. Let me do all the talking. I mean, let the alligator. She will. . . . There's the Caristo Club, Betty."

"Oh, Almus—such a big house? I'm not going in. I won't."

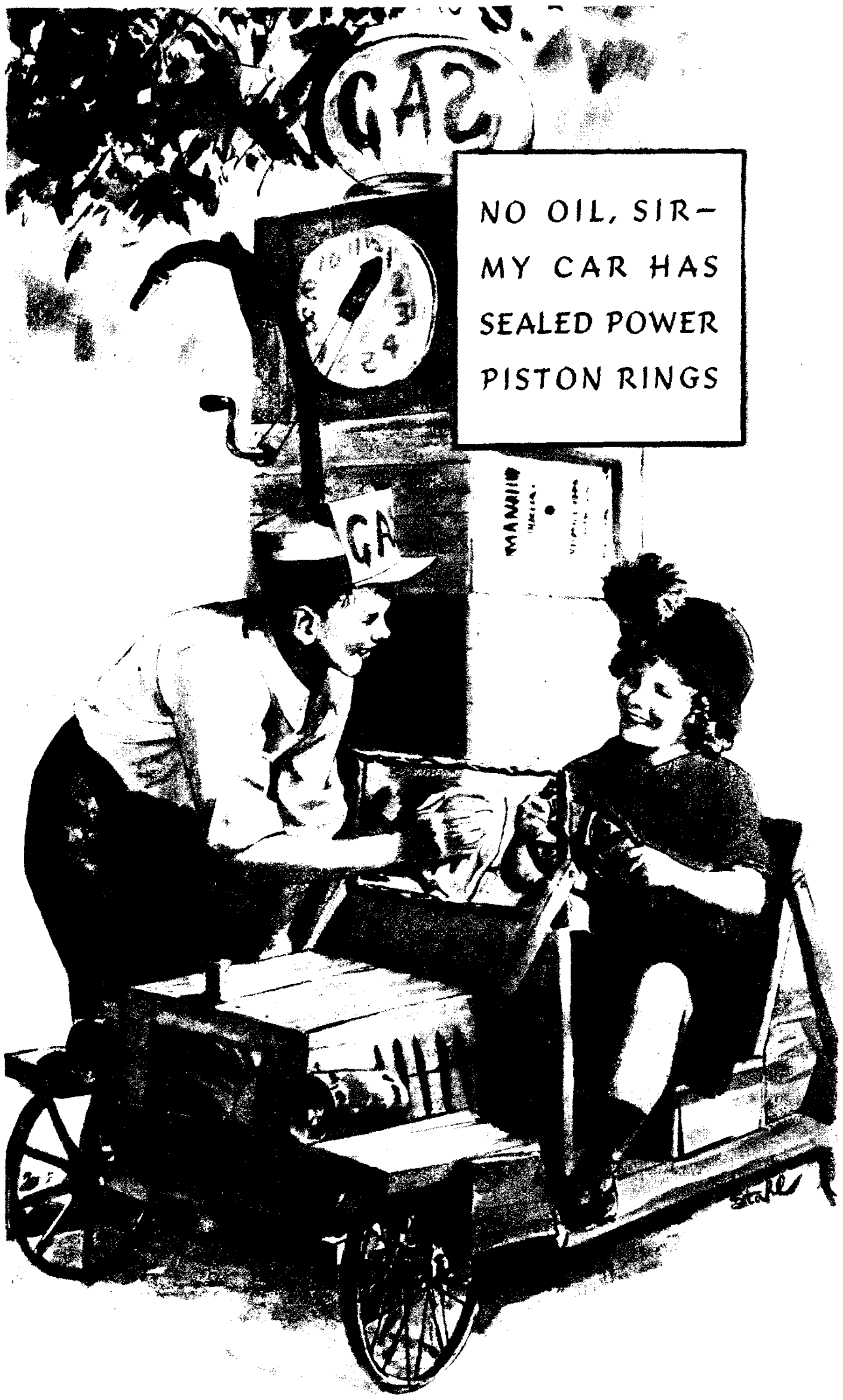
"Betty, the alligator is piping us through the curtain. . . . That's right; look disgusted, and make me drag you in. Get nasty. Kick me, if you want. It will make a good impression on Mrs. Podhunter when she sees you are not anxious to come in."

Mrs. Podhunter opened the door.

"Come right in, my dear!" she called, with a muscular smile. "The outside does need a little touching up, doesn't it? But you'll love the house inside. . . .



"I love you, Madeline—that's all that matters" WILLIAM STEIG



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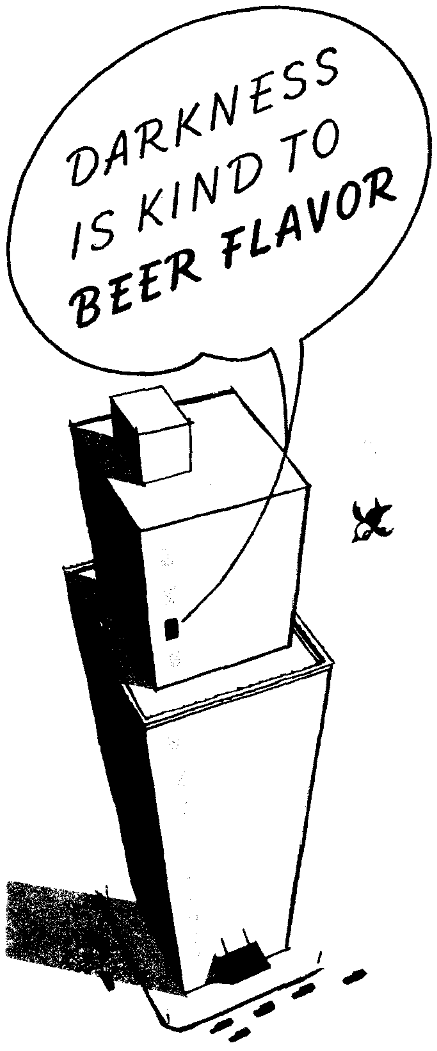
DARKNESS IS KIND TO BEER FLAVOR

● **A FACT:** Beer is sensitive to light. In as little as 12 minutes of sunlight, the delicate hop flavor of good beer may be largely lost.

"Take off your coat, dear. My, what a beautiful coat! I'll show you the upstairs first, and then we'll go through the whole house and I'll explain everything. . . . Go ahead up, dear."

Mrs. Podhunter shucked Betty out of the borrowed coat, caught her arm and marched her to the stairs. Steered, pushed, Betty started up, with Mrs. Podhunter close behind.

Almus moved to follow.

"Mr. Almus Wable?"

The tone was official. Two men had come from the parlor.

"That's me," said Almus, wondering what now.

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. Wable," said one of the men, introducing himself. "You're wanted at once down at the Department of Justice."

"Aha!" It was Mrs. Podhunter, halting on the stairs. "So that's what you wanted to see him for, mister. I always thought so. You got the right man, Officer."

"Right away?" asked Almus of the F. B. I. man.

"Right away, Mr. Wable. Let's go, if you please."

"Pardon me," said Betty, turning to go down to Almus.

Mrs. Podhunter blocked Betty's descent, catching the stair rail.

"You stay here, my dear. We can do business without him. What a mercy the law caught him in time! He would put you in his trunk next. First he got your money— Officer, he's got three hundred dollars in his pocket! Take it off him!"

"We'll do that, down at the department," promised the F. B. I. man.

"Stay here, Miss Varian," called Almus. "I'll be back!"

"You might," scoffed Mrs. Podhunter. "But when? That's it, young man."

Almus and the gentlemen from the Department of Justice went out to a car waiting at the curb.

DESPITE Mrs. Podhunter's hopeful hint that he might be gone for a long, long time, Almus was back in an hour. He didn't return in triumph, certainly. He ascended the worn steps of the Caristo Club slowly; thoughtful, perplexed.

Mrs. Podhunter and Betty Varian were in the parlor, at a loose-jointed, old roll-top desk, with papers and pen and ink pot.

"He escaped!" ejaculated Mrs. Podhunter, beholding Almus.

"What did they want you for?" cried Betty, rising.

Mrs. Podhunter caught Betty's arm, holding her.

"Let me speak to him, my dear. He is a fugitive from justice. Where is the money, young man? Give it to her. It's not yours. I've fixed you."

Almus sat down. He shrugged, and spread his hands. He opened his mouth and caressed his hanging jaw.

"Down at the bureau, Mrs. Podhunter. They took it off me, and are keeping it down there. Well, Mrs. Podhunter, I guess we can't buy your lease, as we haven't got any money."

"As you haven't got any money, you mean, Mr. Wable," said Mrs. Podhunter. "No, and you won't get any from me. Miss Varian and I made our deal without you. Miss Varian is buying my lease at a price of three thousand dollars. She is paying it one hundred and fifty dollars a month. But for the first month—nothing! And that's what you get for your commission."

"Nothing, Mrs. Podhunter?" echoed Almus, sitting up.

"My dear," said Mrs. Podhunter, ignoring him, "go down there and get your money. It's yours. And don't be so dumb next time. Don't hand your money over to the first deceitful young man that comes around you. It's a mercy they took it off him or you'd never see it again."

"But, Mrs. Podhunter," insisted Almus, "you are not getting any cash down."

"No cash down, Mr. Wable," said Mrs. Podhunter, smiling craftily. "It is what I would get if I took money from her and paid it to you for a commission. This way I put it on the last month, and Miss Varian will pay it to me, and you get nothing. You might be able to bamboozle this inexperienced girl, Mr. Wable, but I am too many for you."

She turned her broad back to him.

"My dear," she said, "I've showed you all about the house, and now I got to warn you. The furniture ain't yours till you pay me off; if you sell a bit of it you'll get arrested. If you collect any back rent and don't turn it over to me, you'll get arrested.

"There are your papers, Miss Varian. I wouldn't do it, only I got another guest home in my eye over on Rhode Island Avenue and I got to give a quick answer. And I see you are responsible and honest, only a little dumb. I will be here next month for my first hundred and fifty; and see you got it ready. The keys are hanging in the pantry. I will send for my trunk. There is a baked ham for dinner for them that eats."

"Ah-h," sighed Almus.

MRS. PODHUNTER, passing him on her way up to pack, halted and leveled a finger at him. He blenched, as from a leveled gun.

"As for you, young man," she snapped, "sue me! You're no broker. You got no license. You can't make me pay you a commission. Sue me!"

They listened to her going up the stairs.

"She made me," whispered Betty. "So bossy—I couldn't say a word! She just —oh—Almus."

She put out her hands.

"Betty!" He put out his arms.

"You eat!" squeaked Almus in her ear, holding her tightly. "You sleep! Maybe you even make money!"

"Yes, what about that money?" she murmured to his shoulder.

"The money I found? It was queer!"

"Queer? Oh—counterfeit?"

"Counterfeit. How dumb I was. A guy throwing a roll in a trash barrel and jumping a train, and two guys coming lamming after him. . . . They took him off the train at Baltimore.

"They got my name from the stationmaster. What they wanted with me was to get the money and identify the guy. Well, I did; and then they wanted me to stay in Washington for a witness. I told them to put me in prison too, or get me a job! Well, the chief called up the personnel director of commerce, and, Betty, tomorrow morning—"

"Almus, you're hurting me! You're so strong!"

"Does this hurt?"

"No . . . it's nice. But, Almus, don't kiss me again. We mustn't. We only met each other today! Please let me go."

He released her. Into his eyes had come a great longing. His head went up, and his nostrils expanded.

"Betty," he said huskily, "there's something I've been wanting ever since you first laid eyes on me this morning. Wanting it more and more every minute all day, and I can't live much longer without it. Betty—"

"Oh, Almus." Her brown eyes were sweet and shy. "It can't be so awfully serious with you. Only one day? Let's wait. Let's wait another week or so, and then, if you feel the same—"

"Wait a week!" he exclaimed in alarm. "Oh, I see what you mean. Yes, you bet your life. But what I wanted to speak to you more about right now is—don't I smell ham? Didn't the alligator say there was a ham?"

IT'S DARK INSIDE A BEER CAN
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AND SO GOOD!
You get the true flavor of good beer when you pour the cool, golden brew from a can.

LIGHT'S OUT

FLAVOR'S IN

CANCO

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

Pilgrims' Progress

Continued from page 13

Alaska, thus, has a farmable area of about 65,000,000 acres with a population now of only 60,000, including Indians and Eskimos. Finland has a cultivated area of less than 6,000,000 acres; and a population of more than three and a half millions. Yet Finland's people are decent and sturdy, enjoy an unusual per capita use of the most progressive features of science and economics, and Finland manages to be one of the few solvent nations; the only European country to pay fully its foreign debt obligations. Alaska, being infinitely richer in natural resources, intelligent and persistent colonization should endow its future and increase the sum total of our national prosperity and security.

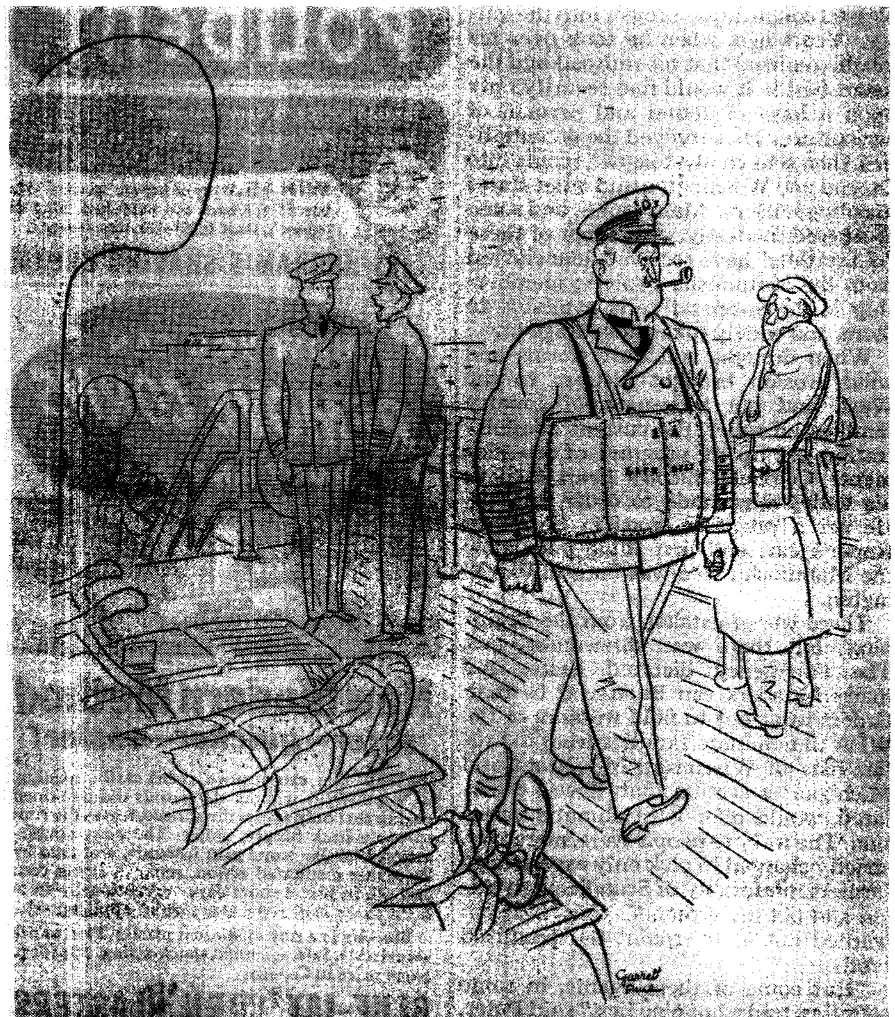
"My folks came from Finland," says Peter, "and I bet they would say this is swell, better than the old country. A lot of the folks here is Finns, and most of the others is Swedes or Norwegians. All from North Europe, anyhow. You see, I guess the fellers in Washington did figure this thing all out pretty well."

Mightier Than the Plow

The most important ability of these Scandinavian-Americans from the north Middle West, however, to safeguard the general plan of colonization of Alaska, lies in their economic traditions; they have farming in their blood. For Alaska has been, essentially, a mining and fishing civilization, with fur and lumber tagging along. These are fields of quick huge profits today; and there is no thought for tomorrow.

Since the purchase, Alaska has been exploited, looted and wrung by rich speculators and by adventurers. These are industries that pay good wages, bring high costs of living on their margins, and do not have the will nor the incentive nor the inherent structures to support large populations at their sources or to confer local benefits. Both fisheries and mines attract, even transport, hordes of transient workers for their brief season—men who have no civic interests in Alaska. Both are represented only seasonally by managers and superintendents; and for the greater part of the year, merely by watchmen. Here are all the curses of absentee landlordism; and it has bred an inferiority complex into resident Alaskans. Young people grow up to feel they are nobody unless they have been "outside"—the great shibboleth word of Alaska, which indicates hectic social competition and a state of mind that recently drew a scathing editorial in "The Farthest North Collegian," the official newspaper of the University of Alaska. Except for certain professional men and government employees, only the drones stay on in Alaska the year through.

There have been farmers in the territory heretofore. Many of them, however, are men who failed as miners and went off to scratch the ground just enough to make a living for themselves. In the old days grubstakers used to raise potatoes in the sod roofs of their hovels. Few independent Alaskan farmers can find local markets, for the mines and the fisheries not only import men, they fetch up all their needed food and make Alaska a tin-can civilization. Nor can the farmers ship produce to the United States; partly because of the terrific freight rates, and partly because you can't raise things in a $6-a-day labor market, such as Alaska, and send it to a $2-a-day labor market, such as the Pacific Northwest. So it is difficult to get energetic men to remain on the soil; moreover, there is a gamble involved in mining that gets into the blood.



"The captain himself is to blame for the low morale on this boat"

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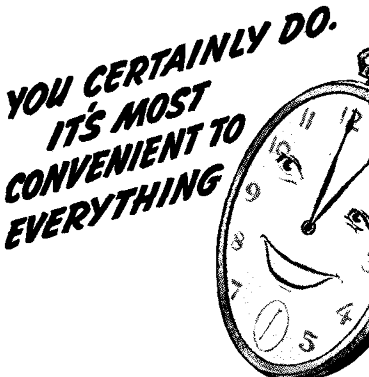
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Nearly every professional man I talked with in Alaska—dentists, aviators, railroaders—either has a stake in a large property, or a "field partner" (a prospector whom he finances), or entire ownership of a small quartz mine. I met one farmer from Oregon, a skilled and experienced countryman, who had a good home on a farm that, together with incidental work under the auspices of the university, guaranteed him a living for himself and his family and $1,600 cash profit each year. But he chucked this to go to work at $6 a day for five months on a gold dredge. In the winter, the miners who don't or can't return outside hole up in the back rooms of saloons and play an endless card game until the spring thaw. It's the old lure of the chance that you might strike a big pot overnight; something cabbages and beans will never do for you.

I asked Peter whether he thought any of the Matanuska colonists might succumb to the fever that has made the tin pan a mightier weapon than the plow in Alaska.

"Mebbe," said Peter, "although once a feller signs the various agreements with the government and the co-operative—and nearly everybody has signed now—it won't be a light matter for him to pull stakes again. Me, well, look at this soil. The government agents tell me that in some places around here it is 18 feet deep. This looks like a sure thing to me. This is my kind of pay dirt, and I ain't goin' off after rainbows."

If present and future colonists hold true with Peter, Alaska may have in its nearly 100,000 square miles of still undeveloped arable land a resource that one day will overshadow her traditional activities, supplement them, and give them a sounder relationship both to Alaskan and to national values.

The Kuskokwim is one of the great rivers of Alaska; it drains the territory southwest. The Yukon is one of the greatest rivers of the earth: roughly, it bisects Alaska, piercing the Arctic Circle at one point. Both rivers flow into Bering Sea; and both have in their valleys millions of untrod acres, now a mat of spruce and birch, that could be made available for grazing and some crops.

Colonel Ohlson's Pet

The grassy inlands off the southwest coast line—including Kodiak, home of the giant bears—offer ideal livestock ranges. Lack of transportation facilities, the greatest handicap to Alaska's progress, make organized settlement of all these districts unlikely for generations to come. The airplane and the dog sledge are the only carriers that have ever been seen in those valleys; the mail boats visit major points along the island chain once each month, and ranchers must provide themselves with small boats for journeying from their homes to the nearest scheduled dock. These seas can be rough and wild; and in stormy weather you'd better stay home and take a chance on getting provisions and mail next month.

Tanana Valley, north of the Alaskan Range, has nearly five million tillable acres, of which few have been turned; however, it is one of Alaska's business farm belts. There is an experiment station at the university; grain, potatoes, berries and some truck are grown—with lilacs, certain roses, and a few hardy old favorites like Cotoneasters possible if you want to make your place homey. In Tanana your crops grow above permanent frost; eight to eighteen inches of the surface thawing, depending upon the length and temperature of the summer. Dry spells are frequent, but of little moment; for the plants get moisture by capillary attraction from the ice beneath.

In the opinion of experts, the Kenai Peninsula—which runs along Cook Inlet from a point near Anchorage, southwest into the Gulf of Alaska—has the best land and the best climate in Alaska; the latter more temperate than that of New England. Large numbers of settlers and homesteaders are going to Kenai now, but there can be no boom until highways and transportation are provided.

The Matanuska Valley, north of Anchorage—brightest and cleanest and most get-along-minded town in Alaska—and dabsmack on the Alaskan Railroad, is, therefore, the favored zone at present. Its town is Palmer, about 150 miles from the chief Alaskan port, Seward. Matanuska, like Kenai, is south of the Alaskan Range—the Rocky Mountains of Alaska—and outside the area of permanent frost. If you want to find Matanuska in your atlas look between parallels of latitude 61 and 62 north; and meridians of longitude 149 and 150 west.

Colonel Otto Frederick Ohlson has known where Matanuska is, and many other things about it, for a long time.

Colonel Ohlson is general manager of the Alaska Railroad, which is owned by the government. It has cost about $75,000,000 to date, and was finished in the Harding Administration. Colonel Ohlson is a demon card player, and a demoniacal driver of the automobile, equipped with special wheels, that he uses for traveling on the railway. It is his job to hold down the annual operation deficits of the road; part of his method for accomplishing this is to charge freight rates that cause howls that can be heard as far away as Washington.

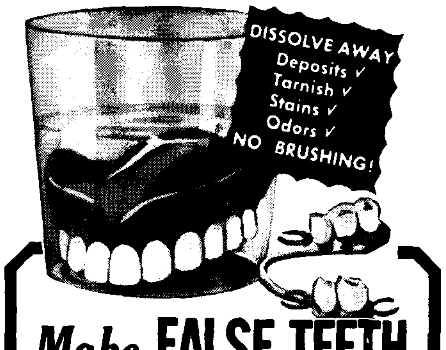
The Matanuska Project is Colonel Ohlson's pet; he is president of the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, and parent body. But he is a tough pappy; and the colonists kick bitterly over the cost of having things shipped up from the States.

Colonel Ohlson is generally acknowledged to be the originator of the movement that eventually brought a federally blessed colonization project into the valley. Years ago, when he took over his job, he realized that his railroad and the towns beside it would find security only upon a base of sound and permanent agriculture. He surveyed the potentialities, then sent candy-tongued scouts into Oregon and Washington and other states to entice settlers. Many came; and some prospered modestly. A number of these "old settlers" have received financial aid from the Matanuska Project; membership in its co-operative is available to them, and widely taken advantage of.

When drought and dust storms and wind erosion brought distress to the West, and put thousands of country families on relief, the current administration got up its program of resettlement. Colonel Ohlson's heart leaped; his valley was made to order for this. He set a pregnant word in Secretary Roper's ear, and first thing you know the Matanuska idea was born in Washington.

There were mistakes from the beginning; but there was shrewdness, too. The emergency dictated haste, and many blunders can be traced to that. Orders went out to field workers of the WPA to nominate families from the relief lists of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan; a section that, it was calculated, would offer least climatic variation. The welfare people were, moreover, strictly charged to pick only experienced farmers, preferably of Scandinavian origin and not more than 40 years old, and warned not to overpaint the promised land.

"But some of them agents, in some counties, told whopping lies," said Peter. "They said moose came to the back doors begging to be shot, you had to shoo



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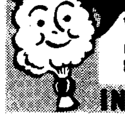

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the rabbits and quail out of your bed, and just drop a line out the kitchen window once to catch enough salmon for a year. Us farm men took it all with a grain of salt, but the way we felt, after what we had been through, we figured any land where it rained would be good land. But they picked a lot of guys who didn't know an 8-8-4 mixture from a pie recipe—plasterers, steamfitters, streetcar motormen, and some plain loafers."

You will find in Matanuska that officials will discuss the mistakes as candidly and readily as the colonists. Men, for example, like Dr. H. M. Colvin, general counsel in Washington for the WPA, or Leo B. Jacobs and Stewart Campbell, general manager and administrative assistant respectively of the project. Wisdom dictated this policy; for some of the pioneers departed from the popular general conception of Scandinavian inarticulateness, and no sooner did the jams begin than they took pens in hand.

A Capital in the Making

Plus the loose selections, there were two other primary errors: one in not having tools and implements available for the colonists when they reached the valley, another in permitting unrestrained, almost reckless, building up of debt loads by some. The latter has been the project's sorest problem; any solution apparently would set a premium on brashness, and penalize thrift.

"Some trouble, I guess, has been on account of what they call this here government red tape," said Peter. "Like the wheat thing. Last year we planted spring wheat to use for chicken feed, only when it came up it turned out to be red Russian winter wheat, and that ain't for poultry feed. The seed was sent up from a central buyin' place in the States. That system has given us lots of headaches. We see things like clothes or tools, say, in a mail-order catalogue for a dollar, but we may have to pay three dollars for the very same thing in the colony store. I kin tell you some more mistakes, too. But I figure that's water over the dam, and as we get on our feet the government won't have so many chances to make mistakes for us. If there are going to be any more, we kin have the fun of making them ourselves."

You will have a visual surprise when you come to Matanuska Colony, in the storied territory of sourdough and musher; of the hairy men of Rex Beach and Jack London and the bitter trail of '98 over Chilkoot Pass and up to Dawson. You alight, from train or bus, at Palmer and immediately you perceive the American institution of a community divided by railroad tracks into sheep and goats; quality folks and the unanointed.

On the one side is the noncolony Palmer, the original little frontier post that mushroomed with the coming of government largess to the valley. Here is a single rank of nondescript buildings, gaudy to shabby, facing the tracks and looking over them to the mannered community.

Palmer is the Washington, the Albany, the Sacramento, the Austin and Baton Rouge of Matanuska Valley. The main administrative buildings have a sour-cream tint and are grouped in a loose quadrangle around a park; you can see that one day this is going to be an impressive and beautiful capital. There is a large school, which has been turned over to the territorial government and is open to all children of the valley. It runs through grade and high school, and is unusually well staffed and equipped—as good, in these respects, as the best in the States—for a high class of teacher was attracted by the novelty of the project. This is likewise true of the hospital, also in the group.

Facing Their New World

There is a dormitory where you can live and eat Matanuska products during your visit. Eventually this will be an inn when more homes for nurses and teachers and other workers are ready. There is an office building and a general store called "Trading Post" by the more romantic pioneers. Scattered beyond the quadrangle are co-operative buildings, blacksmith and machine shops, garage, a big hatchery and whatever buildings you would expect in an up-to-date budget farm colony.

The school is, of course, the center of social activities, with clubrooms of various natures, and with a huge auditorium in which movies, dances, the emotings of the drama societies, receptions to visiting firemen, mass political meetings,

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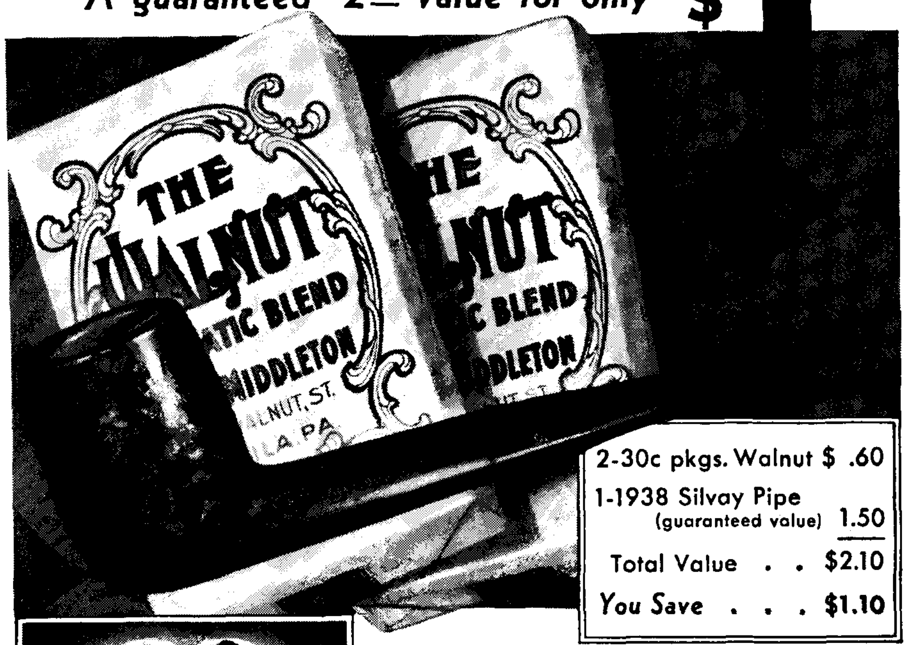

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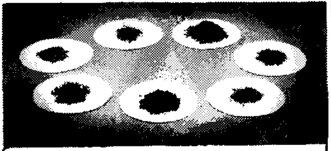

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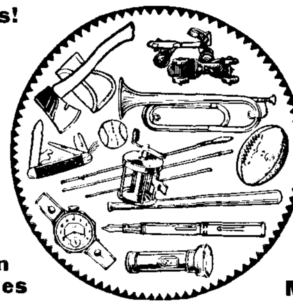

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boxing matches and such goings on are housed.

"I think we got it better than the nicest small towns back in Minnesota," said Peter. "Only if it makes you want to come up here, remember they got more than fifteen thousand applications now in Washington."

The colony is scattered over more than 10,000 acres in the Matanuska Valley, and by no means exhausts its potential farm land. Within the colony boundaries there are only 150 miles of newly built roads, so that each tract is accessible, by highway, from Palmer. A road of any kind is like a fine, cool well in the Sahara. The colonists gad about on horseback a great deal, and a row of Dobbins hitched to the fence alongside the taxi stand gives a frontier touch to the handsome modern community. Many colonists have small cars, though, and farm electric-light plants. You remember these families were all on relief and you wonder; the soldiers' bonus, paid since Matanuska was founded, is the answer to such luxuries.

The latest census of the colony shows 170 families. The pioneers, arriving in two contingents in the summer of 1935, consisted of 201 families; and that many tracts were originally surveyed. They lived in tents while the houses were being constructed that summer and fall, and 75 families quit. Only 173 houses were finished, therefore; of these, two burned down and one is on a plot where a well has not been found. The project heads therefore decided to hold the colony to 170 families. Twenty families, of the number of replacements needed to attain this strength, were hand-picked from a waiting list of about 3,000 in the States, by Stewart Campbell, a government expert from Matanuska. The others were selected from a number who, at their own cost, actually went to Alaska to "crash" the colony.

Brothers Under the Skin

The houses in which these modern pioneers face their new world vary in size according to family requirements: they were built from specially designed plans, which differ enough both in exterior and interior treatment and materials to lend variety and to give play to individuality. They are paneled, insulated, warm; advantage has been taken of the latest architectural knowledge to get comfortable, inexpensive homes. Framed by wood lots of spruce and birch, set against a backdrop of snowy Alpine ridges, this is indeed a picture-book farming community.

The people who live in these houses—well, Nelson and Septka, Johnson and Laako, Anderson, Stebbins, Wagner, Erickson; the same as the Nelsons, Johnsons, Wagners, and Ericksons of Pennsylvania, or Florida, or Nevada, or Rhode Island. With that little extra something in the heart that comes from hands that know the joy of primitive grips; of feet alive to the rhythm of new furrows, the first cuts in a virgin earth.

"It's working out here like every place where you git a thousand people together," said Peter. "Some man is better than other man. Some never done working. There's that Mrs. Novak: she has a family, but she finds time to drive a taxicab, work in the store—anything to make a little for getting on the feet. Then when we come up here first there was that girl who opened a beauty shop to curl the ladies' hair while her mother and father worked on their tract. Some of us is self-supporting already. That means, don't have to git no more help from the government, but raise enough, or earn enough by working outside your own tract, to pay for your own livin'. Joe Puhl and Virgil Eckert were the first two to declare their independence, back in July, 1936, only a year after they got here. There's been more than a dozen other families since. Pretty good, hey, for people who started from the poorhouse, like you could say, only three years ago!"

If Matanuska is a part, however remote, of the national defense plan, if it is only the beginning of a farsighted scheme to husband resources, it is cheap; for it has cost, altogether, scarcely more than the price of a modern destroyer. Purely on relief grounds, it is not easy to justify.

Total federal grants, with respect to the Matanuska Project, fall just short of $5,000,000. Of this, three fifths has been expended on roads, public improvements, facilities and buildings, and similar phases. Old settlers in the valley borrowed some $26,000 from the project. About $1,300,000 has been loaned, or is available for lending, to the colonists and secured by mortgages on their farms and chattels. This is the money that will be repaid by the colonists to the government over a 30-year period. In their home districts it was costing the government about $500 a year to maintain each of those families in relief, and there was scant hope of their getting off the rolls.

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"So! You're trying to forget me!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

To Keep Out Speculators

Under the original terms, the government paid transportation for each colonist, his family, and 2,000 pounds of household goods from the home town to Matanuska Valley. This was not charged against him, but every subsequent advantage, save community facilities at Palmer, was counted into the sum he would have to repay. He received 40 acres of land, of which the government undertook to clear 15 acres. He received materials and help to build his dwelling; and could draw livestock, equipment, and farm machinery in line with his personal desires and requirements. In addition, the government promised subsistence, food and clothing to each family until it should be able to provide for itself.

There were two sad features here. The government's system of bulk purchasing and shipping made commodities higher—even at cost price—and caused much grumbling as the indebtedness piled up. Moreover, there was little check on each colonist's drawing of livestock and other equipment, and some reached for the moon. It was a pat laboratory adventure in character—thrifty people lived thriftily; wasteful people lived prodigally. Some pioneers ran their debts as high as $16,000; an insane burden for a 40-acre farm in a remote land of dubious markets, and one that never could be repaid. It was soon plain that a readjustment would have to be made, an equalization of indebtedness, if the government were to get anything. Now the first really grave crisis in the history of the colony arose: families who had managed well, and kept their debt low, found they were in prospect of having it hiked up to bring down the average of the spendthrifts. Eventually a debt commission was established. This called in each colonist and his wife for a review of their situation and a joint decision as to the lumped amount they should repay.

When peace has been restored to each such conference, three papers are signed: a satisfaction agreement, a realty sales contract, and a chattel mortgage. The average settlement comes to about $5,000, which the colonist promises to repay fully through amortization over a period of 30 years, with interest at three per cent per annum. You never can sell your farm without permission from the government; even when you own it free and clear! A stipulation designed to keep out speculators.

The colonists have formed the Matanuska Valley Farmers Co-operating Association to prepare and market their products. Membership is available to old settlers, as well as pioneers. The project had an income of $200,000 last year; and for the first six months paid its members a 3½ per cent dividend. "Matanuska Maid" dairy products are being proudly displayed in Anchorage windows.

Colonel Ohlson writes up dreams of a million-dollar market along his railroad for Matanuska products, and has figures to give them substance. He sees the colonists eventually making incomes of more than $4,000 each, which is more than four times the average farmer's income in the States. Certainly the canneries and the mines, which now fetch up all their provender to a land where fresh vegetables have been almost unknown, will afford a market when the Matanuska output is consistent and dependable; the steamship officials told me they hope to be able to take aboard fresh Matanuska things at Seward, instead of filling their larders in Seattle for the round trip.

"You kin figure it this way," says Peter. "Me and the other fellers ain't goin' to git rich off 40 acres, although I guess we'll be able to buy more land some day because this is a big valley. Good farmers will make a livin' here okay. And I guess you won't see a more beautiful place no matter where you go. Of course scenery doesn't help your crops none, but it doesn't hurt your life none, either, when other things is good, too. And this is a swell climate, and you got all the things a feller wants when he ain't workin'. You got moose, if you look hard enough; and black bear; and plenty of smaller game. And you got trout and salmon; last year Mayta put up 12 dozen cans of salmon, along with all the other things."

Light in the Distance

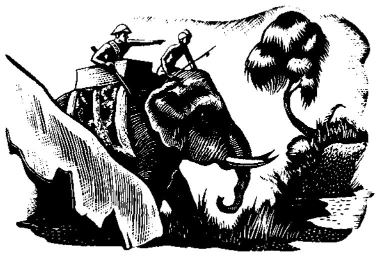
You have seen Matanuska, then, and it is your impression these farmers live, not luxuriously, but a little better than average farmers in the States. Government aid in financing and building a fine model community is partly responsible for this; climate has more to do with it. But this seems true—the government will get back much of the money it has put into Matanuska. Meanwhile, it has taken a group of good Americans who were pauperized through no fault of their own and given them self-respect. It has made an important, if unwitting, step in national defense. It has turned the searchlight of American public interest, and of scientific investigation, upon a virgin agricultural land that, in expert opinion, can support in health, comfort and modest prosperity a population of 18,000,000.

When you come away from Matanuska, you will be filled with statistics and theories; with views of mistakes and gains; with claims and charges. You may have no better idea of the wisdom or soundness of the experiment than you had when first you came: I didn't. But gradually those matters fade into a larger, clearer picture of a band of lost, frightened people who came out of a swamp of hopelessness and were set on a firm road. It may lead through uncertain years, but in the distance there is light. And then you have the largest and clearest picture of all. . . .

We stood in a clearing where yesterday there had been old trees and primeval shadows and the matting and tangle of the years. "This is fine dirt, Mister!" said Peter. It was moist and dark and glowing with rich and secret hints of fertility; in it lay distilled the gifts of time and weather, of sky and bracken and wilderness creatures—the bounty of the centuries waiting in a fortunate land. Mayta, his wife, came near and stared with us at the fisted earth. She was tall and slim and young, and their baby was in a sling upon her back. "I seen two farms blow away from me in the States," said Peter. "This one ain't goin' to blow away!"

WHETHER YOU HAVE IT AFTER

CLIMBING MOUNTAINS IN THE ALPS



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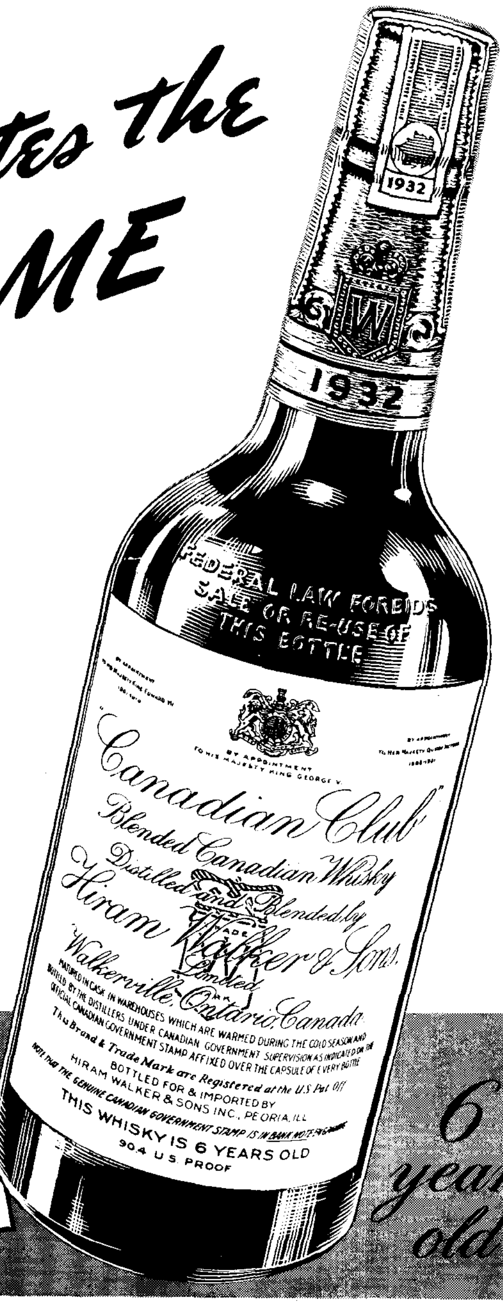

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FREEZONE

No Time for Love

Continued from page 22

we need something new. He's afraid the public's getting fed up on the same old Galahad routine."

Maxine nodded thoughtfully. She perched herself on the arm of Larry's chair. "And—?"

Sam and Larry looked at each other.

"We want to know what to do," Sam said simply.

"That's right," Larry agreed. He slipped his arm around her. "Miss me, honey?"

She kissed him absently. A faint frown was creasing her smooth brow. Maxine had always been the brains of their organization. Only her constant tutoring had enabled Sam and Larry to escape spending the rest of their natural lives in college. She was the self-made, dark secret in Larry Mason's life. A crooner with a wife and son was a box-office liability, Maxine said.

Sam chuckled softly while they waited for her to speak. This was the one thing the smart guys had never been able to figure out. Larry Mason's career had always been guided by remote control from this little Connecticut farmhouse.

"Where's the little fellow?" Larry asked restlessly.

"In the nursery." Maxine looked at him for a minute. "Why don't you run upstairs and play with him?" she suggested.

Larry nodded eagerly, glad to escape anything faintly resembling a business conference. Maxine smiled after him as he went up the stairs two at a time.

"How about it?" Sam asked.

She lit a cigarette before answering him. Then: "Maybe Berg's right. I know Mello Mild's been falling off. Did you see the last report? We dropped to fifth."

"As if Berg would let me forget it!"

"What's the girl like?"

"She's all right. Her name's Lucille Devins. She's a society girl—a big blue-eyed blonde, and a trifle slow on the uptake."

"What does she get out of it, Sam?"

"Her? She gets a spot on the program. She's got a pretty fair commercial voice. Kind of torchy."

Maxine was beginning to understand the setup now. "I see. Larry Mason escorts her in public. She goes on the Larry Mason hour." The blue eyes suddenly crinkled. "I can just see the stories!" She giggled. "*Has Larry Mason Found True Love at Last?*"

Sam was relieved. "That's it. Berg wants to play them up as the sweethearts of the air waves. You know, get a personal note in the program."

Maxine shrugged her slim shoulders. "What can we lose?" she asked reasonably. "Larry's got an option coming up and he hasn't finished paying for the last annuity yet. We'd better go along with the sponsor."

"Okay," said Sam. "I'll tell Berg that Larry's thought it over and we'll play ball with him."

LARRY stared gloomily across the table at the luscious Lucille Devins and wondered gloomily how many more months he would have to keep this up. Not even Mello Mild's steadily rising sales and listeners' interest for the past two months were worth this. There were dark circles under his eyes and his feet throbbed. His careful, health-building routine had been shattered into bits since he had been nominated as one half of Larry and Lucille, the Sweethearts of the Air.

He shuddered as he listened to the blaring raucousness of the swing crew. It was about time for another drunk to wander up and demand that Mr. Mason really let down his hair and give out with a hot number. He glanced morosely about the room, at the crowded tables, the congested bar. Where, he wondered, did all these people get the money to throw away in night clubs?

Lucille was enjoying it. She enjoyed everything, he thought bitterly. She was simply lousy with animal spirits. She helloed to debutante friends, proudly introduced Larry to sleek young ladies from all the best schools. Mr. Mason was particularly annoyed with the banjo-eyed stare that, from time to time, rested on his own sober countenance. Sam, however, said she wasn't really banjo-eyed; she was simply nearsighted and ought to see an oculist.

A photographer elbowed his way up to their table.

"How about some of that we're-friends-just-friends stuff?" he asked amiably.

Lucille obligingly cuddled against her escort. Larry slid on his prop smile as Sam drew back out of camera range. The bulb flashed.

"Thanks, folks," said the man, wandering away.

"That's the fourth one tonight!" Lucille exclaimed rapturously. "Isn't it just too exciting?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mason. "Yes, it sure is."

THE dress rehearsal had just ended and Lucille was going back to her dressing room for one last peek at her make-up when Mr. Berg came bustling into the studio. He was obviously in the throes of another brain child. The agency man who accompanied him shook his head behind Mr. Berg's back. Sam and Larry exchanged apprehensive glances.

"Boys, I really got something! Something that's never been done on the air!"

Mr. Berg stared dramatically at the little group. He accepted the stark silence as a just tribute.

"Listen to this, will you? Every Saturday afternoon for three months now my little Joey goes to the same theater. Now, why, I ask you?"

"Maybe bank night?" Sam suggested.

"At a matinee? I'm laughing!" He did better than laugh, he beamed at them all. "They run serials, see? And every week it ends with a guy hanging over a cliff or something! So Joey has to go back next Saturday and see how it all comes out, y'understand. Do the crocodiles get the guy or not? Joey has to know."

Larry looked doubtful. "They were running that serial when I was a kid."

"No, no!" Berg said impatiently. "What's important is that Joey goes back every week. Now I figured out how we can do the same thing on the air! Each week the audience can't wait to see if Lucille gives in!"

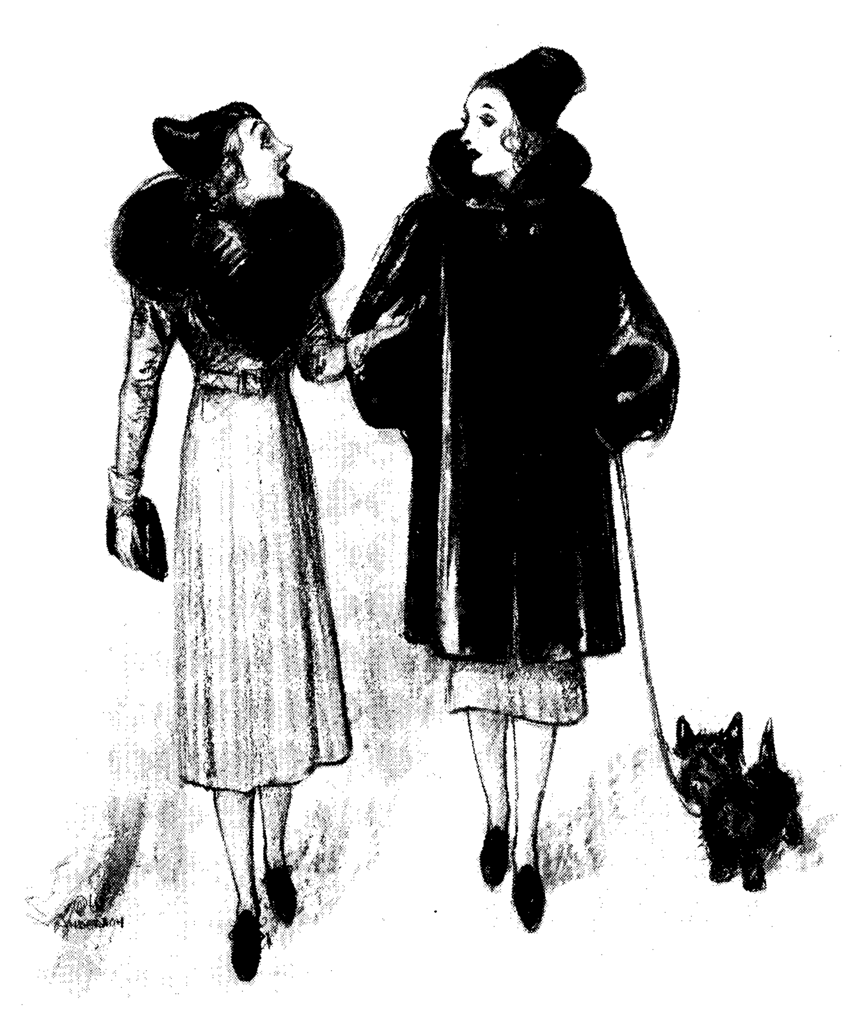
"Listen here!" Larry shouted. "If you think—"

Mr. Berg was pained. "Let me finish, I ask you!"

He peered cautiously behind him, peeked out through the curtains at the audience that was already filing into the studio. Time was growing short.

"We'll go into the monitor room," Mr. Berg decided. "This is too good to let it get out among snoopers. This very day we commence it!"

He started for the glass-enclosed room. The account man and the dubious Larry and Sam followed him. The staff and guest artists exchanged shrugs.



"I intended to follow your advice and be cold and aloof, but he's never in when I call"

C. W. ANDERSON

Some of the musicians climbed up on their chairs so that they could peer into the monitor room. In five minutes those chairs were at a premium. The greatest pantomime since Chaplin's heyday was being played behind glass.

Mr. Berg's violent, enthusiastic gestures were rivaled only by the rising alarm displayed by the others. At one point there were several small bets, hastily covered, whether Larry or his sponsor would be the first to break a blood vessel. Even the diplomatic agency man acted as if he had come in contact with a congenital maniac.

It was soon evident that Sam and Larry were waging a desperate, losing battle. Only three minutes remained before the air would be cleared for the Mello Mild Hour when Mr. Berg triumphantly threw open the door and ushered the others out.

Larry was chalk-faced. "You can't do this!" he cried wildly. "I won't stand for it!"

"That's right," Sam said. "We won't stand for it! We have to have time to go down to Connecticut and think this over!"

Mr. Berg halted in his tracks. "You're telling the sponsor what he can do?" he asked coldly. "Remember, Collins, to me Larry Mason is just another guy I give checks to!"

Sam wilted. "Well—" he began feebly when the little man again cut him short.

"I tell you it don't miss! Everybody tunes in next week—every week—to see how it comes out!"

Larry turned wanly away for his last-minute throat spray as the script men hastily conferred with the orchestra leader. When Larry returned, the musicians were already on the stand, the "silence" light was glowing and the writers had finished their revisions of his script.

That broadcast marked an all-time low in the remarkable career of Larry Mason. Never had he given such a slipshod performance.

He blew up while interviewing the guest stars. They promptly returned the compliment. His voice cracked on the high notes and croaked on the low ones. He wandered aimlessly about the stage while the comedy team was before the mike. Even Lucille eventually decided that he must be upset about something. In their closing duet Larry committed an unpardonable error, finishing one note behind and in an entirely different key. As the orchestra hit the reprise he was seized with violent tremors that were noticeable even to the audience.

THE music was a faint diminuendo, sliding graciously into a melodic fadeout as Larry and Lucille stepped before the microphone for their theme song. Larry's eyes were blurred and his face became a violent crimson as he stared at his script.

"Lucille," he read miserably, "there's something—something—I've been wanting to ask you. Could you—would you—marry me?"

Lucille's startled gaze went to her own script, then came back to his scarlet countenance.

"Larry!" she exclaimed dazedly. "Why—I—" The Santa Claus look was back in her eyes again. "Of course I will!"

Mr. Mason grabbed her script. "Look," he cried wildly, fumbling through the pages. He was still looking for her place when the engineer, rising to the crisis, cut them off the air with more than twenty seconds to go.

Berg was almost in hysterics as he stormed up to the bemused Miss Devins. "You're killing me!" he shrieked. "Why do you have to say yes? Is it that you can't read? For thirteen weeks—until the next option—you were to stall him and keep the listeners wild with worry!"

Lucille stared at him for a moment. "Nobody told me," she said absently. Then her placid gaze rested fondly on Larry. "I just *knew* he was going to ask me," she added shyly. "It was cute, too, Larry's finally asking me over the air so everybody would know it."

No one paid any attention to her. Sam had at last located the fade-out in her script. "Look at this!" he bellowed. "Those script men never revised her book!"

They crowded around him. Mr. Berg was wringing his hands. "Now what are we going to do?" he wailed.

"I," Larry said simply, "am going home and die."

LARRY almost fell from his rowing machine when Maxine stalked into his apartment the next morning. Never before had she ventured near his bachelor quarters. He took one look at her grim little face and, gulping, started to free himself from the body-building apparatus. She turned her cheek to his kiss.

"Aw, baby," he protested, "how did I know it would turn out this way?"

She sniffed. "If you had anything between those handsome ears of yours—"

"Don't be that way, Maxine."

"I suppose you'd rather commit bigamy!"

"Now, now," he said hastily, "it's going to be all right. Sam's over talking to her now."

"Isn't that just lovely? By the time that scheming woman gets through with poor Sam—"

She looked up just in time to see that poor Sam was standing in the doorway.

"She's not a scheming woman," he said wearily. "She's just a little dumb around the edges."

Larry clutched his lapels. "Did you tell her about my temper?" he demanded eagerly. "Did you tell her I had a bad stomach? Did you tell her I'd make a lousy husband?"

"Yeah, I told her."

"Well? Don't stand there like an idiot!"

Sam avoided his beseeching gaze. "She said she don't care," he admitted reluctantly. "She said her father was hard to get along with, too, so she was used to it."

Larry groaned. "Why didn't you explain that it was just a publicity gag?"

"How could I? There were a lot of reporters there talking to Lucille and her father. She was telling them all about how she first met you and what you said and what she was wearing. The old man was eating it up. He"—Sam struggled with the words—"he wants to give a dinner for you, Larry. Just a family affair, he said."

"How lovely!" Maxine said acidly. "But I suppose it's my fault—I should never have let Larry out of my sight."

Sam was in a death struggle with an idea. "Look," he said slowly, "if Larry just called her up and told her he doesn't love her, she wouldn't want to marry him then! She'd be the one to break it off. That would do it."

Larry was already on his way to the telephone when Maxine grabbed him.

"Not so fast, darling! You do that and you'll find yourself in a lovely breach of promise suit—with seven million witnesses for the plaintiff! Then how would our Galahad look to his public?"

"Gosh," said Larry, "I never thought of that!"

IN ANOTHER week only Maxine was still unwilling to concede their defeat. Larry talked listlessly of making a clean breast of it all. Sam, wan and haggard from constant thinking, became more and more morose.

Maxine was white-lipped as she

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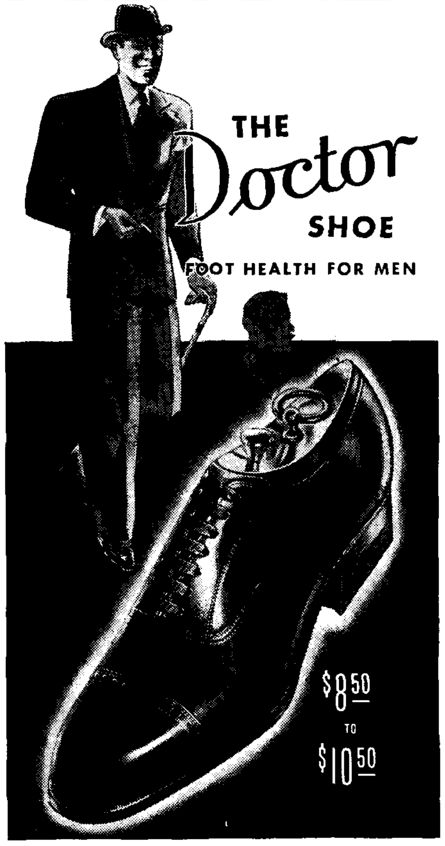

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stared at the morning papers. According to Miss Devins' latest press release, the wedding was less than a week away. Maxine muttered a very unladylike word as she read.

"Lucille wants to come over here sometime this week," Sam said unhappily. "She's thinking about redecorating the apartment after they're married."

Muttering, Larry stalked off to his bedroom.

Maxine sank down on the arm of the divan. She glanced at Sam. "So Lucille wants to come over and see the apartment?" she asked conversationally.

Sam was suddenly uneasy. Maxine never made small talk.

PROMPTLY at eleven-thirty the next morning Sam escorted Lucille into the apartment. She was entranced with the view and the spaciousness of Larry's quarters. Sam glanced nervously around the room, looked again at his watch.

Lucille turned to him, her large blue eyes suddenly clouded. She didn't like the furniture at all.

"Do you suppose Larry would like it all done over in white?" she fretted. "I simply adore white. Especially for nurseries. I think babies look too cute in white rooms with white furniture."

Sam sighed with relief as Larry made a sudden appearance in the doorway. Mr. Mason, attired in a faded dressing gown that did little to conceal his sadly rumpled pajamas, gasped and strode dramatically into the room.

"Lucille!" he exclaimed. "I—I didn't expect you so soon."

"Oh, that's all right." She looked at him pensively. "Do you know something, Larry? I just happened to think—you've never even kissed me!"

Mr. Mason shrank back. "Now, now," he said hastily, "I was just—" He looked despairingly behind him.

Maxine, wrapped in the most devastating negligee that Fifth Avenue could provide, swept into the room. She halted abruptly, a pretty figure of confusion on seeing Lucille. The long eyelashes (Maxine had had a dreadful time finding just the right length and shade) were lowered in dismay.

Lucille stared at her.

"Larry, darling," Maxine gasped, "why didn't you tell me you were expecting an early caller?"

Larry hung his head. "I'm sorry, honey," he said, "but this"—he pointed dramatically at Lucille—"this is the woman I am to wed!"

Maxine let out a little scream. She flung her arms around his neck. "Darling!" she whimpered. "Tell me that you don't mean it! You can't give me up now!"

"Oh!" Lucille whispered. "Oh!" She sank down on the divan and looked dully at Sam. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Sam poured himself a hasty hooker of brandy and gulped it down. As an afterthought, he extended the glass toward Lucille. She shook her head. Her eyes were glassy with thought.

"This is simply awful," she said. Nobody denied it. "And after I'd sent out all the invitations, too!"

"I'm sorry," Larry said eagerly, "but I guess I'm just not worthy of the love of a good woman, Lucille!"

Maxine nodded encouragingly.

"There's only one honorable thing left for me to do," he went on courageously. "I must give you up!"

Lucille stared at him. "What for?"

"What for?" he screamed. "Can't you believe your own eyes?"

"Oh," said Lucille. "Because of her?"

She sighed and rose to her feet. "I guess I can forgive you, Larry," she said slowly. "I know how it is with you artists." She looked for a full moment at the speechless young lady in the negligee. "Of course," she added simply, "you'll have to give her up now that we're getting married, Larry."

She walked out of the room.

Maxine gasped. "Did you hear her?" she demanded. "Did you hear her? She has absolutely no morals!"

IT WAS almost five o'clock and Sam had not yet returned from summoning the reporters. Lucille had barely left the apartment before Maxine agreed that further delay was useless. All Larry could do now was to make a clean breast of things and throw himself upon his public's mercy—if any. Sam had immediately been dispatched to editorial offices to announce that Larry Mason would have a very important statement to give to the press that very afternoon. Reporters were already thronged in the hallway.

Maxine was weary of waiting for Sam's return. "Let's get it over with," she said irritably. "I'm tired of being Public Secret Number One!"

"We have to have Sam here," Larry reminded her grimly. "He was our only witness. He can prove that we were married."

Larry's private phone rang nervously. Maxine jerked the receiver from the hook.

"Well?" she demanded. She listened a moment. "Where?" she asked.

Her face was suddenly pained. She thrust the receiver at her husband. "It's the problem boy. The operator says he's calling from Connecticut."

"Hello, Sam? What are you doing down there?"

Sam's voice was strained and thin over the wire. He ignored Larry's question. "Have you talked to the papers yet?" he demanded shrilly. "If you haven't—hold it! Lucille's decided not to marry you! She says it wouldn't be fair to the baby."

Larry collapsed on the bed. "Say it again," he pleaded weakly. Maxine was staring at him. "She's given me up!" Larry said hoarsely. His wife sagged down beside him.

"I said," Sam repeated patiently, "that after she saw Junior she decided she couldn't marry you. She says you have to do the right thing by Maxine."

"What's that?" Larry bellowed.

"I knew she was crazy about babies so I thought it might be smart to have her see Junior. She couldn't get over how much he looks like you. She says you owe it to him to give him a name."

"Didn't you tell her we were married?"

"Why should I?" Sam asked reasonably. "When I saw how she felt about Junior and everything, I sort of asked her to marry me. We're just leaving the preacher's now."

"Sam!" Larry choked. "You didn't need to have done that for me, pal!"

SAM'S voice grew huffy. "Who said anything about you?" he demanded. "Anybody could tell I always liked her. She felt the same way about me too, I guess. It's just that I never got around to speaking to her about it."

There was a sudden flurry at the other end of the line. "I'll be seeing you," Sam said suddenly. "Lucille says we have to hurry if we want to make the boat for Bermuda."

The receiver was suddenly dead.

Larry whooped, sprang up from the bed, gave Maxine one wild kiss and shoved her into the closet. "Stay there until I talk to the reporters," he cried, dashing from the room.

When the press streamed into the living room, Larry Mason was standing there alone in the twilight, staring down at the melancholy vista of East River. He turned slowly, tragically, to face the reporters.

"Fellows," he began bravely, "I have been jilted—"

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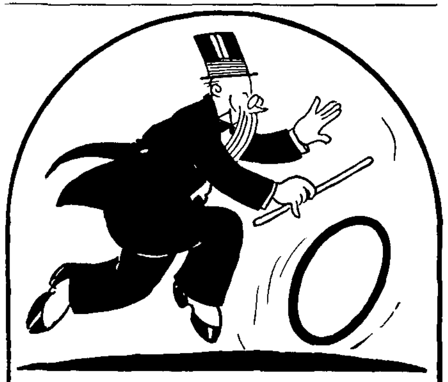

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The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 10

"Going to the opera?"

"Yes."

"And to the ball later?"

"Yes."

He smiled down at her. Steven Hendrie, tall, dark, with his temples faintly gray, was a distinguished-looking man in his late thirties. And he actually was distinguished, for he was a composer of note in spite of the semi-invalidism that had dogged him for years. His big, time-mellowed piano was in a sunny corner of the wing on the first floor that had been built for his workroom.

Crystal's brother—or stepbrother, was it?—and Brule's patient, Steven, was a fixture in the Hatterick household. He had never married though his engagement to Alicia Pelham was a long-standing affair. Crystal probably had liked having him there, especially when he became famous. And after Crystal's death he had stayed on with them, for it was his home as much as it was Brule's, since Crystal had willed it to them jointly. He bore his share of the expenses so he was in no way a pensioner on Brule's bounty. Rue liked him, for he'd been from the first her friend. She never knew exactly how much he knew of her curious relationship with Brule, but she thought he guessed a great deal, for he was extremely sensitive. And, especially lately, he had befriended her in many small ways. Steven, indeed, made her life bearable. And Steven could always manage Madge.

"You are very splendid," he said. "Schiaparelli?"

"Yes. My first." Rue looked down at the expertly suave lines of her gown.

It was then that quite suddenly Steven's eyes sobered. He touched the dress lightly with his strong, musician's fingers. And he said rather gently: "Little Cinderella. I wonder—does the glass slipper ever pinch your little foot?"

Cinderella. It was an apt analogy of course, so far as it went.

She was mistress of that house and all its luxury and beauty. In the hall below, a maid waited with a dark sable wrap of incredible softness to place around Rue's shoulders.

A year ago, thought Rue with a strange little clutch at her heart, she had scrambled for a place on the crowded elevated; had clung to a swaying strap, had fought her way through crowded streets. Curiously, there was a touch of sadness in the thought. She ought to be happy. Married to the chief of staff; the fashionable young Mrs. Hatterick—jewels, gowns with the labels of famous dressmakers, furs—everything a girl could want.

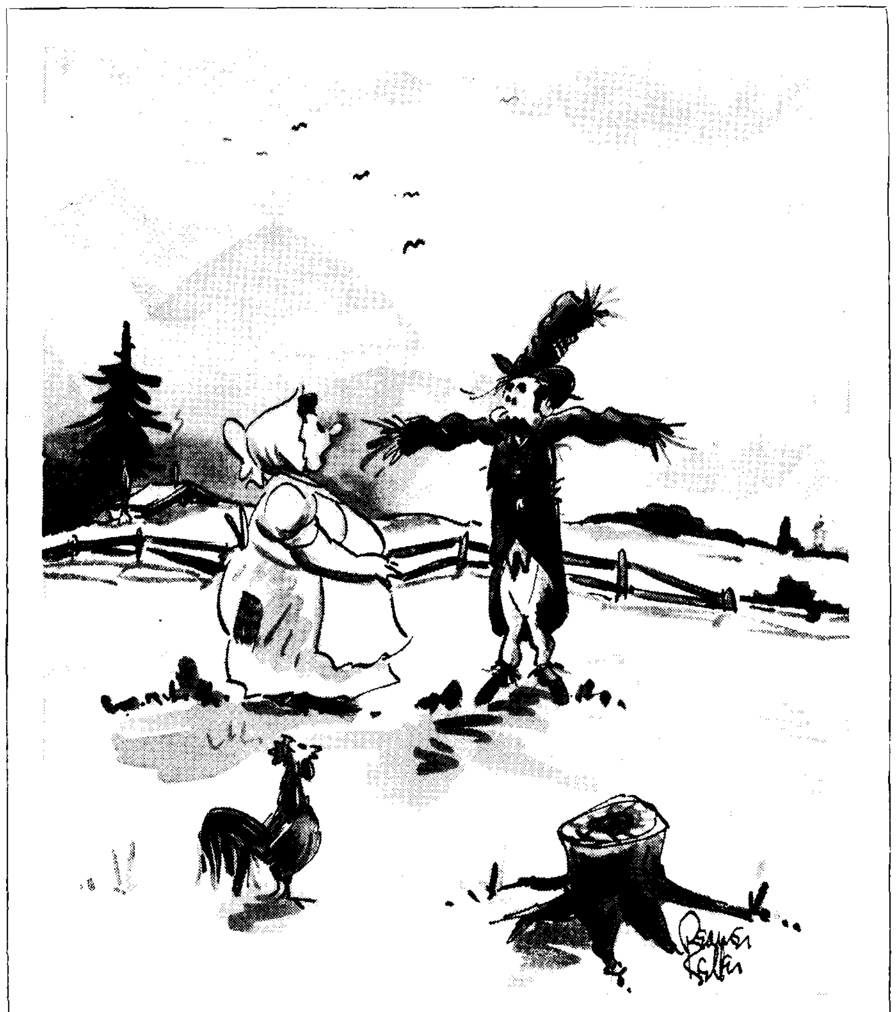
STEVEN was waiting, looking into her eyes without, now, the faintest glimmer of a smile. It was as if he really wanted to know something that Rue could not tell him. As if he waited for an answer and the answer was one that Rue could not give.

"No," she said, avoiding his eyes. "It doesn't pinch. Is Madge downstairs, do you know?"

It was a rebuff. Steven's eyes deepened a little. He said coolly: "You would never tell if it did. Yes, Madge is still downstairs, I think. Do you want to see her?"

"I thought I'd show her my dress. But—I'm not sure Brule has come yet."

"He hasn't." Steven looked at his watch. "I'm afraid you're going to be very late. I expect he was detained with a patient. Don't mind being late; it will only give Brule a chance to show you off



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in all your glory. And I must say you'll do him credit. It's your first public appearance, isn't it?"

"I—yes."

"Don't worry. You're very beautiful. Here's Madge now."

She came up the stairway, eyes lowered and pretending to be unconscious of Rue and Steven standing at the top of the steps. She was a living, feminine reproduction of Brule; lithe and compact and trim with ruddy cheeks and wide, ruthless jaws, masked only a little by the youthful roundness of her face. Her thick hair was cut long and fell on her shoulders in a dark mane; her mouth was straight and a little sulky; even her square small hands were suggestive of strength.

She said nothing. Steven spoke, bridging the gap between Rue and Madge as he had done so often in the past two months.

"Isn't she lovely, Madge?"

MADGE stopped. She wore a simple silk dinner gown with a little-girl white collar; she looked demure, if sullen; but then she lifted thick long eyelashes and gave Rue an altogether unchildish look.

"It is a beautiful gown," she said coolly, and added with studied rudeness, "My father chose it, didn't he, Rue?"

"I chose it," said Rue. "But I hope Brule likes it."

"It must be nice," said Madge, "to have so much money to spend. You never had it before, did you?"

"Madge," said Steven quickly and sharply, "don't be silly and childish." Madge whirled abruptly away and went quickly up the second flight of stairs without another word, and Steven turned hopelessly to Rue. "I'm sorry, Rue," he said. "She's got dreadful manners and a worse disposition. She looks like Brule but she's exactly like Crystal."

"Hush, she'll hear you. I don't blame the child. It can't be easy to see another woman taking your mother's place. She loved her mother."

Madge's own door closed. Steven said slowly: "Madge is too young and too selfish to love anything. Don't mind her, Rue. She'll come around."

Another door opened and closed heavily. It was the great front door in the hall below, and Rue said: "It's Brule. I'll go down to meet him. Good night, Steven. I wish you were coming."

"I wish so, too," said Steven. "Well, my dear, keep your chin up but don't lead with it."

He knew she was nervous. He knew she dreaded the thing that lay before her: the eyes, the leveled opera glasses and lorgnettes, the whispers. That's the new Mrs. Hatterick. The nurse he married, you know, after Crystal died.

She wondered if any of them would be kind.

Steven took her hand and in an encouraging gesture touched it gently with his lips and Rue smiled her gratitude and went down the curving stairway, clinging a little to the polished railing, her short train swishing gently on the steps. Would Brule be pleased with her appearance?

But it wasn't Brule who waited for her in the library.

It was Andy Crittenden. Dr. Andrew Crittenden.

She stopped short on the threshold. Expecting Brule, it was disconcerting to see instead a tall, lean figure, whose youthfully graceful shoulders and blond hair she instantly recognized. He was standing with his back to the doorway, pouring himself a drink from the bottle and siphon that stood on a tray on a table. But she knew instantly that it was Andy Crittenden, for he was as familiar a figure as was Brule. How many hundreds of times had she bobbed to her feet when he entered a hospital room—swiftly, yet with an appearance of cool leisure and a charming smile as was his way. Brule was reverenced by the nurses, feared, instantly obeyed. But Andy was adored; they hung on his words; they invented excuses for seeking those words. He was young; his eyebrows had a humorous lift; his orders were terse and brisk and not pompous. And he had a way with women, a charm that went straight to the nurses' hearts. Except, that is, with Rue. She hated men who had a way with women. And she hated Andy Crittenden after she had nursed Crystal.

But he was like a son to Brule, except in years; he shared Brule's offices; he had been from the first Brule's protégé and friend. Even after Crystal's death and the things Brule must have guessed, Brule still was Andy's best friend. He sent him patients, he permitted Andy to pinch-hit for him when Brule himself had other and more important irons in the fire; if Brule had a confidant, Rue thought, it must be Andy Crittenden. Brule, then, was as sensitive to Andy's charm as any of Andy's fluttering female patients. There was nothing Rue could do about it; and she had been trained in a hard school to keep quiet when she could do nothing. She had to admit, for Rue had the habit of honesty, that Andy was a good doctor. And because of Brule she'd had to accord him a surface friendliness.

He emptied his glass and poured another, while Rue, a small straight figure, watched him with implacable eyes. Drinking too much, too, she thought; a man as young as Andy Crittenden didn't need two stiff highballs to brace himself for—well, for what? Why was he there? And where was Brule?

He put down the glass and then sensed her presence and turned. He wore tails and a white tie and all the nurses in the hospital would probably have swooned away from sheer admiration. Rue's mouth tightened. He said: "Ah, there you are. I was waiting for you."

She came into the room toward him. Odd how a beautiful gown gave you poise and an ability to appear gracious whether you felt gracious or not! "For me?"

He was ill at ease. He said: "Yes, of course. Didn't Brule telephone?"

He noted her hesitation. He said quickly, "I expect he didn't have time. He was hurrying off. He said he had a patient. He meant to telephone to you, himself. He can't make it tonight. He—he sent me instead. If you don't mind."

"You mean he can't go?" It was a disappointment; she'd been depending upon Brule's assurance and support.

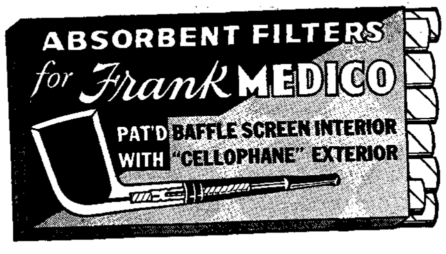
"Brule ought to have telephoned. He—it's one of those things—he said he couldn't help it. He was awfully sorry. Do you mind awfully if I—take you instead."

"Thank you. It's kind of you. But I think I won't go tonight. I—I didn't really feel up to it anyway. I—was only going because Brule wanted me to go. I—"

"I want you to go," he said abruptly. "There's a special reason. I've got to talk to you."

LATER, in the warm motor purring quietly along Michigan Boulevard, she wondered a little that she had given in so easily. Was it habit, because she had for five years obeyed Brule and obeyed Andy's least and smallest order? Was it because she forgot for the moment that she was now Mrs. Brule Hatterick, enviable in her security, in her luxury, in her position?

Andy, beside her, took off his opera hat, smoothed it thoughtfully and replaced it. He leaned over and rolled up the glass between the tonneau and the front seat, where Kendal, the chauffeur, sat, straight-necked and imperturbable.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How well Andy knew the car! How instantly his gloved hand had found the correct lever when he closed the window!

Rue wondered what he wanted to say to her. Evidently he didn't want the chauffeur to overhear. It was something about Brule, of course. Was Andy intending to take her to task for some unconscious failure in her role?

Andy said suddenly in the semidarkness: "I think we'd better go to the opera, if only for the first act. Then we can leave and go some place where we can talk. Unheard."

Rue turned with a jerk.

"Why, really, Andy! As if anything you have to tell me can't be said openly."

Rue gave a small, rather nervous laugh.

"What is wrong, Andy? You sound quite forbidding. Is it—have I been neglecting Brule?"

"No," said Andy. "You've not been neglecting Brule. It's just that I think it's best for you to be seen at the opera as if nothing had happened—"

"As if—" again Rue turned abruptly toward him. "What on earth do you mean? What has happened? Brule—"

"Oh, Brule's all right. Nothing has happened. It was just a chance expression. Don't pay any attention to what I say—"

INCOHERENCE was not one of Andy Crittenden's traits. He had, as a rule, wit and decision.

But he could have nothing very serious to say; she hastily canvassed the possibilities; he might have a message from Brule to her and that held unpredictable potentiality—otherwise there was nothing.

Andy sat frowning, saying nothing. They turned on Randolph Street, passed, now, crowds and lighted moving-picture theaters. They crossed under the stark, dark beams of the elevated, and a string of lighted cars rumbled and rattled swiftly over their heads. Kendal turned again on Wacker Drive; cars were thicker here, and became increasingly numerous until, as they crossed Washington Boulevard, they were obliged to crawl along, a foot at a time, in a flood of other long, chauffeur-driven cars, which gave glimpses of women, furred and jeweled, unassailable in their security against the cold, against the traffic hazards, against anything that was unsafe.

Well, she was safe. Cinderella. Married to the king of her world. Who could be safer?

They were almost there. She fumbled with the fastening of her glove and Andy saw it and turned, taking off his own gloves.

"Let me," he said, and fastened the glove swiftly and with the certain deftness of his surgeon's fingers.

The car drew up at last before the entrance to the Civic Opera. Women, their gowns shimmering in all colors below their furs, were crossing the wide walk quickly, so the wind would not disturb elaborately coiffured hair. Men were assisting their ladies' progress with one hand and clutching their top hats with the other. The walk before the Civic Opera entrance was always windy, always cold.

An attendant opened the car door. The cold wind struck against her silk-clad ankles and thin little silver sandals. Andy paused to speak to Kendal. A newsboy was near, shouting his wares above the din of motors and cars and the shouted orders of the mounted policemen. Andy turned, saw the newsboy and lingered to buy a paper and, in the cold and wind and under the great lights, to glance quickly and anxiously along the headlines. He frowned and threw the paper down and led her into the warm, bright confusion of the lobby.

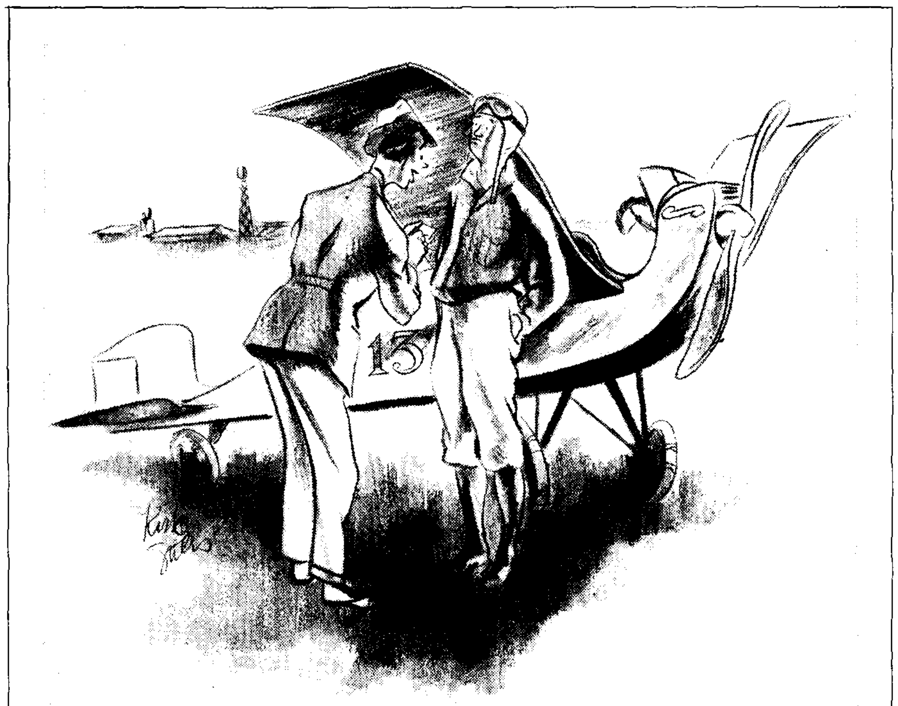
He knew, even, the number of the box that the Hattericks shared and had shared for years with two other families, and established Rue in her pink plush chair expertly. No one else was in the box that night, and Rue was glad. The overture had begun; the rustle and murmur were dying down, although new arrivals constantly drew the attention of the battery of opera glasses and delicate small lorgnettes.

"Everyone is here," said Andy. "Hello, there's Alicia." There was a note of surprise in his voice that Rue was aware of even as she turned to follow his look.

"Over there," he said. "With the Streeters."

"Oh, I see. How lovely she is."

Alicia Pelham was lovely; Rue thought she was the loveliest woman she had ever seen, so utterly beautiful that it was actually difficult to talk to her, you were so transfixed with admiration. Alicia was probably in her late thirties and certainly more beautiful than she had been at any time, for her beauty was the kind that richens and glows with maturity. Her black hair was shot with unashamed gray, triumphant because of



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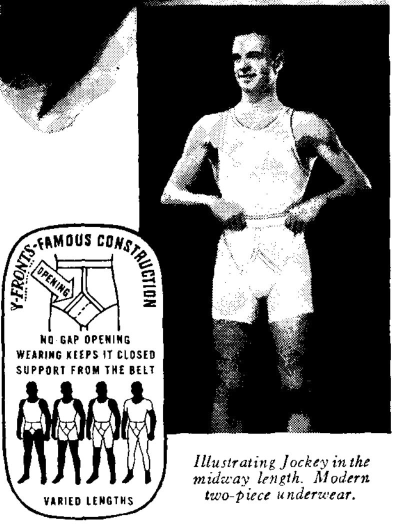

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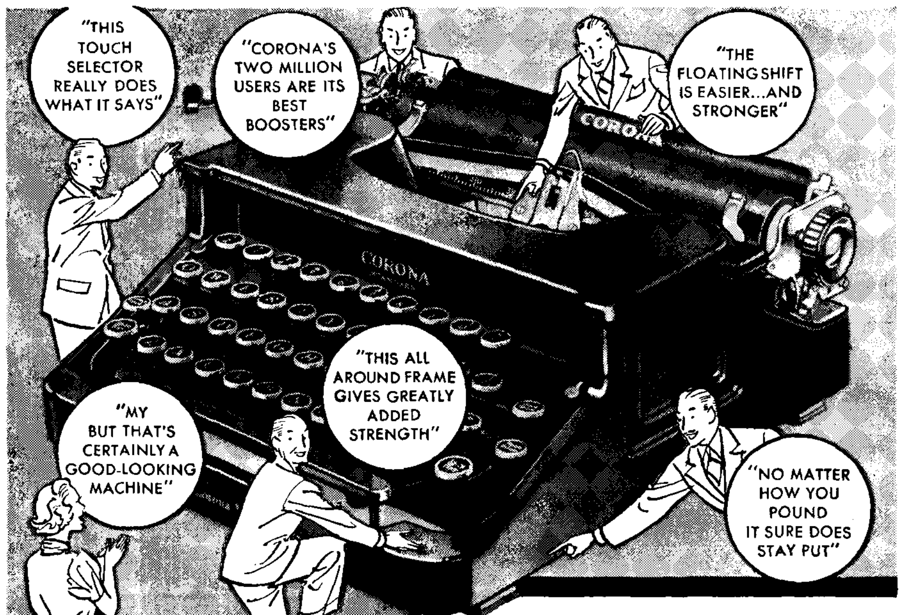
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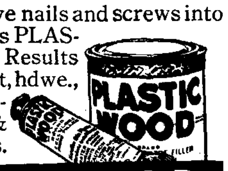

PLASTIC WOOD

her small, unlined and classically beautiful face. Her eyes were a deep, brilliant gray, like jewels except that only an emerald approached their brilliancy and hardness and an emerald is green. She was tall and white-skinned, with jet-black eyelashes that accented and never veiled the brilliance of her eyes. Her face was pointed and small; her lips were deeply crimson over incredibly white and perfect teeth. She smiled seldom and faintly; yet she was a brilliant conversationalist.

She had been for years Crystal's best friend. She had no money in later years and Crystal had calmly supplied her with a sum that met Alicia's living expenses, and Alicia as calmly had accepted it as well as a substantial legacy at the time of Crystal's death. They had been schoolmates; they had gone to debut parties together; Alicia had been Crystal's bridesmaid at her wedding but Alicia had never married. Not, Rue knew, for lack of offers. Alicia Pelham could have had almost any man she wanted by lifting one of her slender, long, white fingers.

She never married; she lived in her own small, perfectly furnished apartment; she had many friends; her name was almost never out of the society columns. Somehow she managed, with no visible source of income, to clothe herself beautifully; probably the dressmakers were glad to have Miss Alicia Pelham's patronage. She wore jewels, too—emeralds as a rule, which were supposed to have come from the wreck of the Pelham fortune. She opened bazaars; she greeted distinguished guests; her small, perfectly cooked dinners were famous among a chosen few.

Always an intimate of the Hatterick household, she had at last become engaged to Steven Hendrie. The engagement had lasted for two years. Rue thought, privately, that Alicia was not too anxious to give up her own independent, utterly free life: her little trips abroad with friends who, Rue imagined, obligingly paid the expenses; her own desirability as a single, unattached woman at those dinners where a single woman is so urgently needed to fill in. Perhaps after all those years, Alicia was simply and comprehensibly loath to give up her own manner of life. Certainly there was no rift between her and Steven. Certainly Steven was a man any woman would have been proud to marry. Rue's heart warmed at the thought of Steven.

SHE looked at Andy. He was still frowning at Alicia. And he looked, she realized suddenly, terribly worried. In the shadow of the motor she had not perceived that. Now in the light, she saw the tenseness of his mouth, the small sharp line between his eyebrows, which, in the old days, had meant he was frightened about a patient. Something quick and cold and uneasy clutched at her. All his talk in the car then had not been just talk.

"Dr. Crittenden—"

She had not called him that since her marriage.

He turned quickly.

"Andy, I mean. I—there is something wrong. I didn't understand. You must tell me."

He hesitated and glanced over his shoulder at the pink curtains over the door into the box.

"All right," he said. "If you must have it. No one can hear—it's as good a place as any. Something pretty awful has happened. I—I don't know how to tell you. I've been trying to find some way. I—"

Waves of music crashed around them. Rue put her hands on the railing of the box. He said unexpectedly:

"It's about Crystal."

"Crystal?"

"Yes. It's—God, Rue, I hate to tell you this. But you've got to know. You see, they've been inquiring. They came to see me. Because I was her doctor, you see—I was the attendant physician."

"I don't understand you." It was herself but her voice sounded strange and muffled by the music.

"Of course you don't. You see—well, it's the police. They came to my office this afternoon. Rue—don't scream—don't faint—you look so white. I oughtn't to have told you here. But there's not much time—"

Rue gripped the railing with gloved, numb hands. What monstrous thing was he trying to tell her?

"They say Crystal was murdered. And you see, you were her nurse. And you married Brule."

IT WAS sheer luck, though Rue was quite unconscious of it, that the lights were lowered just then.

"Rue, be careful. Don't say anything. What a fool I am! I oughtn't to have told you here—Rue, Rue—"

"I was with her when she died." Her own words were dragged from some enormous, dizzying cavern.

"Look here. We've made an appearance here. The house is dark. No one will notice. Let's go. Come—"

He was propelling her to her feet. They were outside the box. They were walking swiftly along the heavily carpeted floors. Here was the elevator. The attendant looked at them curiously. Andy said tersely as if his voice were a wire stretched tight:

"There's a drugstore somewhere near, isn't there?"

The boy said yes, and gestured.

Bright lights and the cold wind sweeping her skirt tight against her body, entangling her feet in her own train. Andy had a tight grip on her arm.

Then they reached the drugstore, bright and shining and smelling of food. It was warm there; too warm. The heat and the lights were unutterably confusing. She was sitting at a small, white-topped table. A boy came to ask for their order and his face swam hazily against the warmth and light.

Andy must have given an order, for all at once there was a white, steaming cup at her hand.

"It's black coffee," said Andy. "Maybe you ought to have brandy. But I—you've got to listen. Drink it."

The cup shook in her hand and spilled and she thought, "It's ruining my gloves; Andy's been drinking too much. He's had some terrible thing happen—he doesn't know what he's saying—it is not true—"

The hot liquid all but burned her tongue.

"Better?" said Andy. The boy had gone to the front of the store and turned on a little radio; there was dance music and the boy looked out at the cold, windswept street and whistled, keeping time and tune with the music from the radio.

"He can't hear," said Andy. "You've got to listen, Rue. You've got to do as I tell you."

"When—" whispered Rue stiffly and stopped.

"You mean when did I hear it? Tonight. Just after the office closed. The police—two detectives—came to me."

She had to moisten her lips.

"Does Brule know?"

Andy looked away from her; he took a long time about drinking something in a glass. He said then:

"Yes, he knows. He—couldn't come himself. He—Rue, listen. You don't realize what it's going to be. You see, I think—God, Rue, don't look like that."

In a split second of terrifying prescience she knew what he was going to say.

"You—"

"I think they are right. I think she

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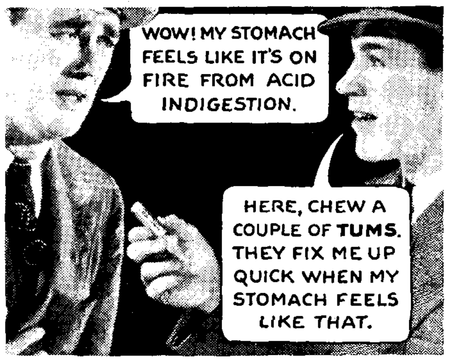
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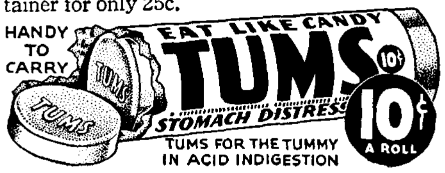
YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



was murdered." He said it almost defiantly.

Yes, he was mad. He'd been Crystal's doctor. He'd signed the death certificate. Someone's—her own—cup clattered loudly against the table and Andy glanced sharply at the boy, still oblivious to them, and back at Rue.

"And," said Andy, with paralyzing unexpectedness, "I want you to come away with me. Away from Chicago, I mean. Now. It's the only way." He leaned across the table, the lean angle of his jaw sharp against the bright orange of an advertising placard behind him. He said urgently: "You're in danger, Rue. It's worse than anything you ever dreamed of. You must come with me."

"With—you—" said Rue's voice again out of a vast distance.

And Andy said curtly as if he were angry:

"With me. Now. You see, I love you."

SOMEBODY began to sing over the radio—huskily, with heavily accented beats; the boy at the window accelerated his whistle. All her life afterward Rue was to remember the lilting tune. "Have you got—any castles—that you want—me to build—"

Andy heard it, too, and smiled in the strangest, tight way that had no mirth in it. He said:

"It's true. You've got to believe it, Rue. There isn't time for—for talk. Will you come?"

"But—"

She couldn't believe him when he said he loved her, either; it was as unexpected, as nightmarishly fantastic just then as the other incredible things he had said. It was as if it all blurred together, dreadfully confusing her.

He leaned forward again, speaking slowly and very earnestly, as if he must make her understand: "Listen, Rue. I know this is a—a blow. But you've got to listen and you've got to believe me." He pushed back his sleeve to look at his watch in a habitual gesture; it wasn't there and he seemed to remember with a frown that he was in evening dress and reached for a thin, elegant-looking watch that was in his pocket. His initials were engraved on it and Crystal had given him the watch; Rue remembered it sharply and with curious bitterness. She'd given it to him during the last week of her life; it was Andy's birthday; Rue herself had seen the presentation and the way Crystal had looked at him. Brule had been in the room, too; he had watched and smiled below his short black mustache, but it had seemed to Rue that there was knowledge in his eyes.

Andy shoved the watch into his pocket again. "I've got it planned. We'll go back to the house and get some clothes for you; there'll be time. Then we'll take a midnight train. Canada, I suppose—"

She simply couldn't sit there quietly and listen to so mad and fantastic a plan.

"Andy, don't. This—this isn't possible: I'm not going with you. I've done nothing. Crystal wasn't murdered. I was her nurse. I know—"

"I was her doctor," said Andy.

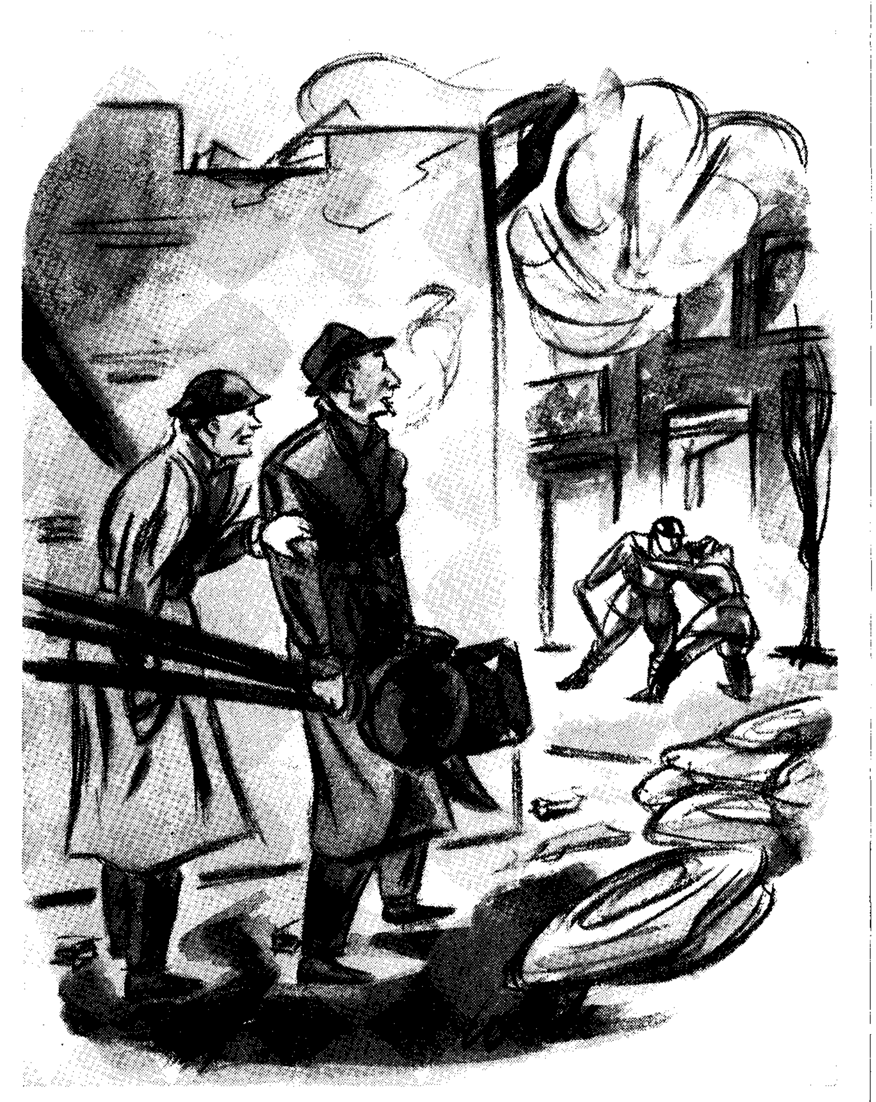
"But you said nothing. You didn't notify the police; you didn't question. You signed the certificate; you didn't even seem surprised. You—you accepted it. If you knew it was murder—"

"I didn't know then," said Andy. "I do know now."

"How do you know? You can't know. And if she was—" her throat closed.

Andy looked ashen.

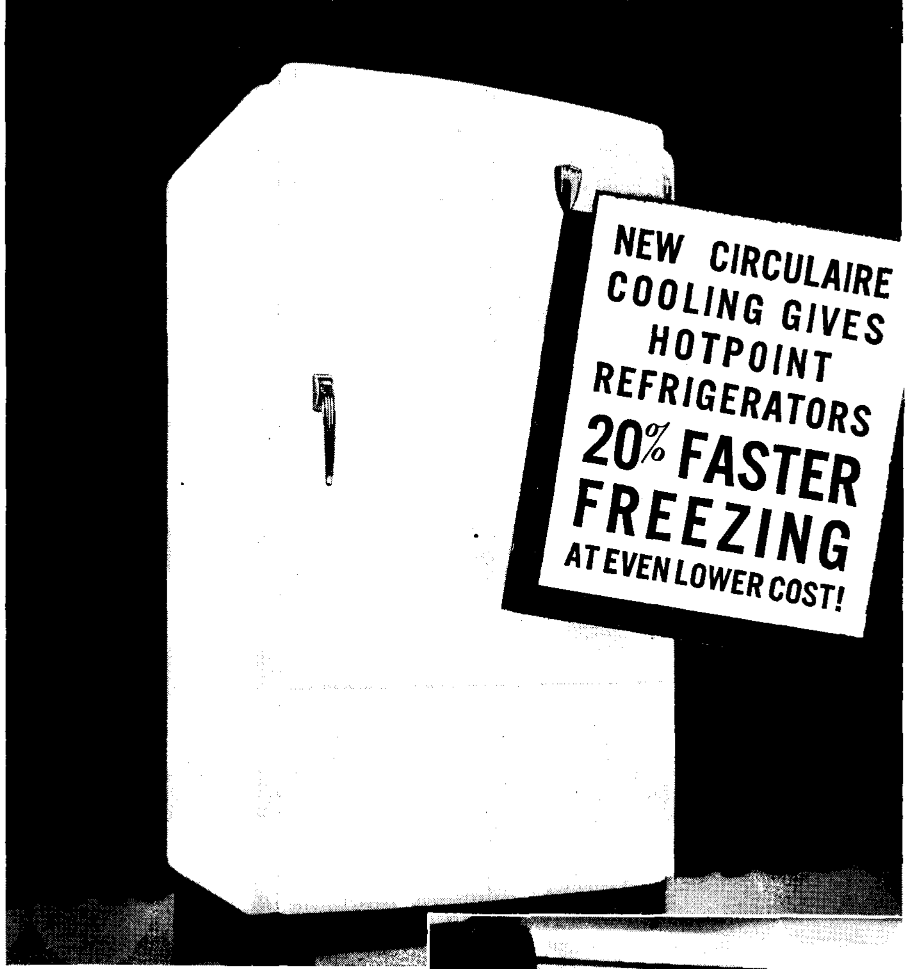
"I—I can't tell you, Rue. Isn't it enough to convince you of my sincerity when I tell you that I'm—giving up



"I think this is close enough to the core of things. It gives us a general idea of the feeling that prevails in the conflict"

GEORGE WADE

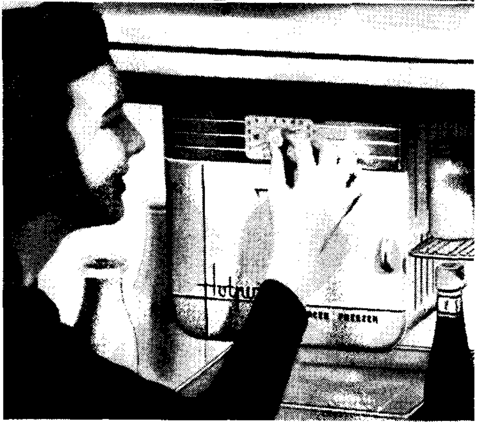
MASTER OF THRIFT



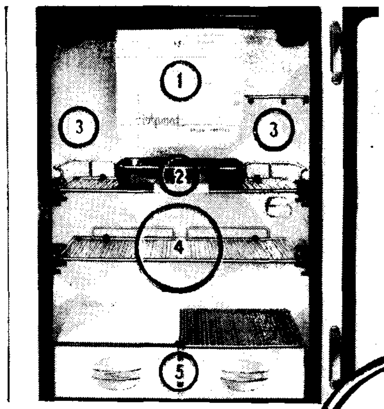
HOTPOINT'S 1938 Refrigerator gives a vital new meaning to the word "thrift". Sensational Circulaire Cooling, the year's greatest advance in refrigeration, forces live air over and around the mechanism, increases freezing speed 20% and sets a new record for low operating cost.

You'll like Hotpoint's many convenience features, too! They include Pop-Ice Trays that quickly, easily release just as many cubes of ice as you need; electric light and the adaptable interior which permits adjustment for large or small items of food.

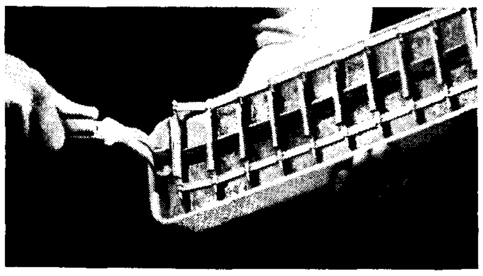
See the new Hotpoint Refrigerators at your electric dealer's today. Select from the 15 brilliant 1938 models. Pay as little as 17c a day on Hotpoint's Friendly Finance Plan. Edison General Electric Appliance Company, Inc., 5743 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois.



STAINLESS STEEL SPEED FREEZER— Powered by Hotpoint's Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster, speeds making of ice and desserts. Supplies a blanket of penetrating cold to keep foods fresh. Sixteen different speed adjustments. Defrosts without interrupting refrigeration.



5 ZONES OF COLD—1. Fast Freezing. 2. Cold Storage Zone. 3. Cold Beverage Storage. 4. Food Compartment. 5. Conditioned Fruit and Vegetable Drawers.



POP-ICE TRAY— So simple a child can release it—even when frozen solid. Just pop it for two cubes or a trayful. Eliminates cube waste and struggle at the kitchen faucet. Standard equipment in most models.

As little as $1.19 A Week
BUYS A HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR

Hotpoint

YOUR HOME-
is worth
beautifying!
So Get
A Skilled
Painter
to Do
the Job

ANY home worth building is worth beautifying—and protecting. Painting does both. But when you decide to redecorate, remember this important point—experience is the vital part of every paint job. So enlist the services of an established Painting Contractor. He works quickly, capably, quietly—saves you time and money. He uses the right materials—insists on dependable paints of the highest quality. His capable supervision assures beautiful work that will bring you pleasure and satisfaction for years.

A WORKMANLIKE JOB

For one thing, your Painting Contractor sees that surfaces are properly prepared before new coats are applied. Paint that's blistered and peeling is burned or scraped off. Cracks and crevices are filled. Chalked areas sanded smooth. Dirt, oil and grease removed. The right undercoats and finishing coats are used. And his work has a smooth, rich beauty free from sags and brushmarks.

Whether you plan to paint the outside of your home this spring, or redecorate the interior, save time and money by employing a skilled Painting Contractor. And it will pay you to get in touch with him right away—before the seasonal rush starts. Convenient terms can be arranged. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Paint Division, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

IT'S THE SKILL
BEHIND THE BRUSH
THAT COUNTS

everything I've worked to make secure? My profession, all my connections. I'll give it up gladly to take you away."

"You can't do that. And anyway, I am not going with you. What right have you to suppose—"

"To suppose you would go away with me? No right. Except that I love you—whether you believe me or not—and I want to save you. That's all."

"But you must tell me. Tell me everything you know. I've got to know."

"You've got to believe me, Rue," he repeated. "I can't tell you everything—there's so little I know. But—very well; you'll understand better if I—begin at the beginning. You see, when Crystal died, she had been for two weeks actually on the mend; you knew that."

"Yes. I didn't expect her death just then. But it seemed so natural. There was nothing—Andy, how could she have been murdered? There was no way. There were no symptoms of anything—she—was it poison?"

"So the police say. It had to be that."

"DO YOU mean they've found poison—"

"No. They have to get Brule's consent to make an exhumation. But he'll have to give it. Otherwise it would look bad for him. After all, he inherited most of Crystal's property. But it probably was poison. There were no symptoms. I remember when you called me that night and said she was worse, I couldn't believe it; she'd seemed so well. And I got there just after she died. You said she'd gone into a coma; you said that over the telephone. I remember that. And I told you to call Brule, and to hell with professional ethics about a doctor's attending his own family, didn't I?"

"Yes. And I called Brule. But we couldn't do anything. She died without returning to consciousness at all. It was about eleven o'clock. I thought she was in a natural sleep until I took her pulse for my chart. She was dead when you arrived. She died naturally; she couldn't have been—murdered," whispered Rue all at once as if it were a word she could not speak aloud.

"I thought it was natural then," said Andy.

"If you think she was murdered you must know who did it. Who—" Again a wave of complete disbelief came over her. She said: "It isn't true! It can't be!"

"It is, Rue." It was like a groan. He brushed his hands over his eyes. His gloves lay on the table: he picked them up with a tight, nervous grip, and said quickly as if to get a bad job over: "I'm as sure of it as—listen; tonight when the police came I was closing the office; the office girl and nurse had gone and Brule had gone to see a patient at the hospital. They came—a little fellow by the name of Funk and another one. I knew they were detectives but I didn't guess what they wanted; at any rate they came in and insisted on talking to me privately. Asked particularly to make sure Brule was not in the office and there was no way he could hear them. They said—it's a crazy thing, Rue; they said they'd been getting letters; letters urging them to look into the matter of Crystal's death, and the manner of it. Letters that said she'd been murdered.

"They didn't show me the letters: I had to believe them. They said they finally had to take some notice of the things; even the district attorney had received one or two. So they looked up the records and found I was the attending physician and had signed the death certificate. And they came to question me. They'd already talked to other people, too; had inquired into the circumstances of Crystal's life—her relations with her family, everything. It—it's only a question of time till it reaches the newspapers. I suppose there are whispers already. They can't go about inquiring like that, no matter how carefully, without somebody getting wind of it, and the moment anybody guesses the truth it'll be all over town.

"Well, the main point of evidence was that one of the servants had told them that she was definitely better and that everyone was surprised when she took so sudden a turn for the worse and died. I was surprised when she died that night; but Brule—Brule wasn't. Naturally I reproached myself; I didn't know where or how I'd made a mistake but I reproached myself bitterly for not handling the case right. My patient died and she was Brule's wife—and Brule's been—so much to me."

So was Brule's wife, thought Rue.

"I was—horribly upset. You remember that."

"Yes, I remember. I remember that you and Brule talked of it. And that Brule reassured you."

"Yes, he did, didn't he? He said she'd never been strong; had never had much resistance. Well—then this afternoon, when they questioned me I—oh, there's no time for all this talk. You must come."

"Why do you think she was murdered?"

"Because—because that accounts for it, Rue. Poison. That accounts for her death. As nothing else ever did."

"You were not satisfied then that her death was what Brule said it was."

"No," admitted Andy. "No, not entirely. But I wanted to be. Anyway, she was dead. It wouldn't help to make a fuss, demand a post mortem, stir up a lot of talk. I blamed myself; I thought I had missed something important; something organic. Sometimes symptoms do deceive a doctor; you know that, Rue." There was a look of pleading in his eyes. "I accused myself of everything; I told myself that I had let myself be swayed by Brule's diagnosis when I ought to have sought further myself. Oh, don't misunderstand me: I'm not trying to alibi myself; I'm not blaming Brule. And God knows I didn't suspect murder. Oh, I blame myself. Now. I've always let Brule influence me; he's done so much for me. I owe him loyalty."

"I am Brule's wife," said Rue. "I can't go away with you. And—and even if this is true, if Crystal was murdered, I still can't go. I didn't murder her."

"LISTEN, Rue." Andy was white and tense. He said rapidly: "You are Brule's wife and you may think I'm failing in loyalty when I tell you I love you and when I ask you to go away with me. But there are greater loyalties than those of friendship and of obligation. And as for this—Crystal's murder—oh my God, Rue, don't you understand? You were alone with her when she went into that coma; you said then, as you said just now, that you thought it was a natural sleep; that you only discovered it was not when you went to take her pulse for the ten-o'clock chart note. You were alone with her; she was all right and better when I saw her at six and when the day nurse left at seven. Brule said he came in about nine and you told him she was asleep. At something after ten you called him and she died shortly after. You had been alone with her all that time; she would have taken anything you might have chosen to give her, thinking it was medicine. And then, you see, in the eyes of the police you had a motive. You married Brule."

"I gave her nothing. I didn't—"

"I know you didn't, Rue. I believe you; if—if I had seen you do it with my own eyes I'd still believe you. But that's the situation—"

"I must go home. I must see Brule. Where is he?"

A shadow like a veil dropped into Andy's eyes.

YOUR MONEY-
is worth
saving!
SUN-PROOF PAINT
So When
Refinishing Your
Home, Use Paints
That Last!

GOOD paint is a good bargain—but poor paint is a *downright extravagance!* Any reputable paint dealer will tell you that. Good paint goes farther, lasts longer—costs a lot less in the end. To get *beauty* that endures you need *paint* that endures—that resists wear and weather, holds its color year after year! Pittsburgh Paints do just that. Their pigments are "anchored in" for permanence! That's why it pays to specify Pittsburgh Paints. They *save money* because they *stay on the job!*

Take exterior finishes for example. Poor paints simply won't stand up under constant exposure to rain, sleet, frost and hot summer sunlight. They crack, peel, blister, fade, lose their bloom and luster. Pittsburgh Paints, after long exposure to these same conditions, are still smooth and beautiful. Still rich and true in color. Still ruggedly safeguarding your property.

ONE DAY PAINTING

Moreover, any room can be completely redecorated from floor to ceiling in a single day with Pittsburgh's Wallhide, Florhide, Waterspar Enamel and Waterspar Varnish! Painters come one morning—your room is ready that night—glowing with new soft-toned beauty. And remember this—with Pittsburgh finishes you paint for permanence, and save *time* as well as *money.*

Consult your Pittsburgh Paint dealer; you'll find him qualified to give you up-to-date advice on color selection. He'll tell you, too, where to find a reliable Painting Contractor. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Paint Division, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH PAINTS
Smooth as Glass

"I'm not sure. I think he'll be home later."

"Why didn't he come to tell me?"

"Because—there were things Brule had to do."

"What?"

"I—I don't know exactly. It's an ugly situation any way you look at it. I got hold of Brule right away; as soon as I could get rid of the police. I told him all about it; if he can pull any wires he's going to. But I think it's gone too far. The district attorney himself can't stop it now without exhumation; if nothing shows up then, things are all right and we're safe."

"You're afraid something will be found," said Rue in the strangest voice.

Andy hesitated; one hand tightened around the glass; after a moment he lifted his eyes and looked straight at Rue.

"Yes," he said. "I'm afraid. Will you trust me, Rue?"

His eyes plunged deeply into her own; for a moment it was as if all the world had fallen away into limbo and only the two of them, Andy Crittenden and Rue Hatterick, were left.

THE door of the drugstore opened sharply and a cold blast of air swept in upon them and the boy stopped whistling and went to greet a man who lounged toward the soda fountain and gave them a quick, oddly observant look that seemed to take in every detail. The coffee cup and Andy's gloves and Rue's little silver and blue train looking so out of place on the bare, white-tiled floor. Andy saw that look, too; his eyes jerked away from Rue to watch; the man at the soda fountain turned harmlessly enough to order something to drink; Andy said quietly: "Come—I told Kendal to come for us in about half an hour. He'll be at the door soon."

His question went unanswered. All at once it seemed to Rue that the music from the radio and the heat in the drugstore were unbearable. She pushed back her chair with a clatter of scraping metal and Andy sprang to help her; he paused to pay the boy at the cash register and Rue, walking ahead toward the door, caught her own reflection, garish and bright, in the mirror behind the soda fountain. A slender woman in sables and a silver blue evening gown; a woman with a paper-white face and great terrified dark eyes and a red, meaningless mark for a mouth; a woman with a white kid glove that was stained with coffee. Did the man leaning on his elbow there at the soda fountain actually turn to observe her covertly as she passed? Or did she only imagine it?

Andy came quickly after her, his footsteps hard and reassuring on the bare floor. The music blared all around them with a ghastly falseness to Rue in its gaiety, and Andy opened the door and she passed ahead of him again into the night-lighted, cold street with the wind seizing viciously upon them.

"Was that a—detective?" The wind snatched her words and hurled them eerily into the shadows but Andy heard.

"No. Why should he be a detective?" But it was too quick a denial; she had voiced his own thought.

The wind hurled her blue and silver train around her ankles. She grasped the soft furs closer about her throat. Andy, holding his hat against the onslaught of the wind, said something unintelligible but with a surprised note that caught Rue's ears.

"What—"

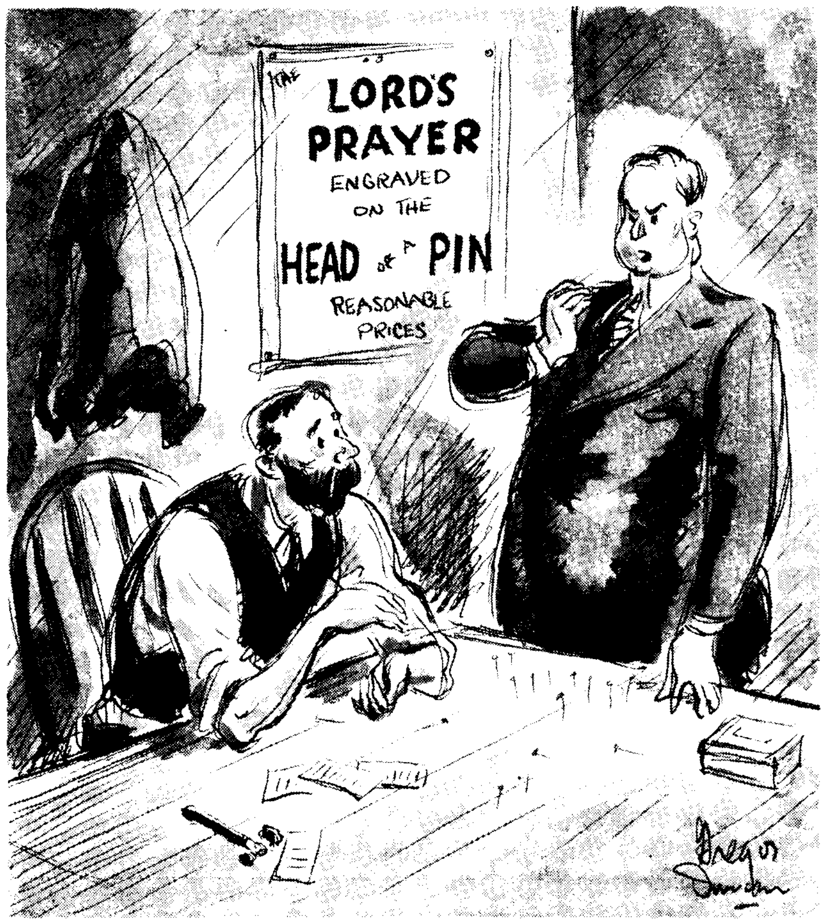
"Nothing. I thought it was Alicia Pelham. There ahead, getting into a motor."

She followed his look. Half a block ahead, a car had stopped just before the lighted entrance to the opera proper; she had the barest glimpse of a woman's trailing skirts as she got into the car; the attendant closed the door; the shadows from the tall pillars obscured the little scene but, as the car swept away from the curb, Rue said:

"It's Brule—" and stopped.

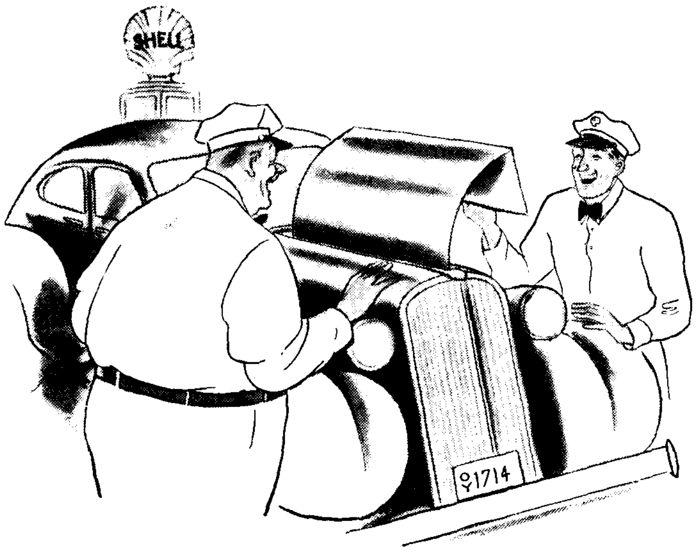
Andy did not reply. Rue added quickly: "It looked like Brule's coupé. It couldn't be, of course. I'm going home, Andy."

(To be continued next week)



"This batch is worthless, Dubois; I said the HEAD, not the point!"

GREGOR DUNCAN



"Then I said to the Sales Manager, 'You're Nuts!'"

He wanted me to march up to every customer and make a spiel like this:

"*Mrs. Klunk, what you need is Golden Shell Oil. This is a special oil for stop-and-go driving. It flows* instantly *to every moving part, even on cold starts. It is also tough for fast, hard driving. It prevents wear. My company spent umpty millions developing it. And yet it is only 25¢ a quart.*"

And by that time, where's Mrs. Klunk? Across the street, probably. Or *fainted.*

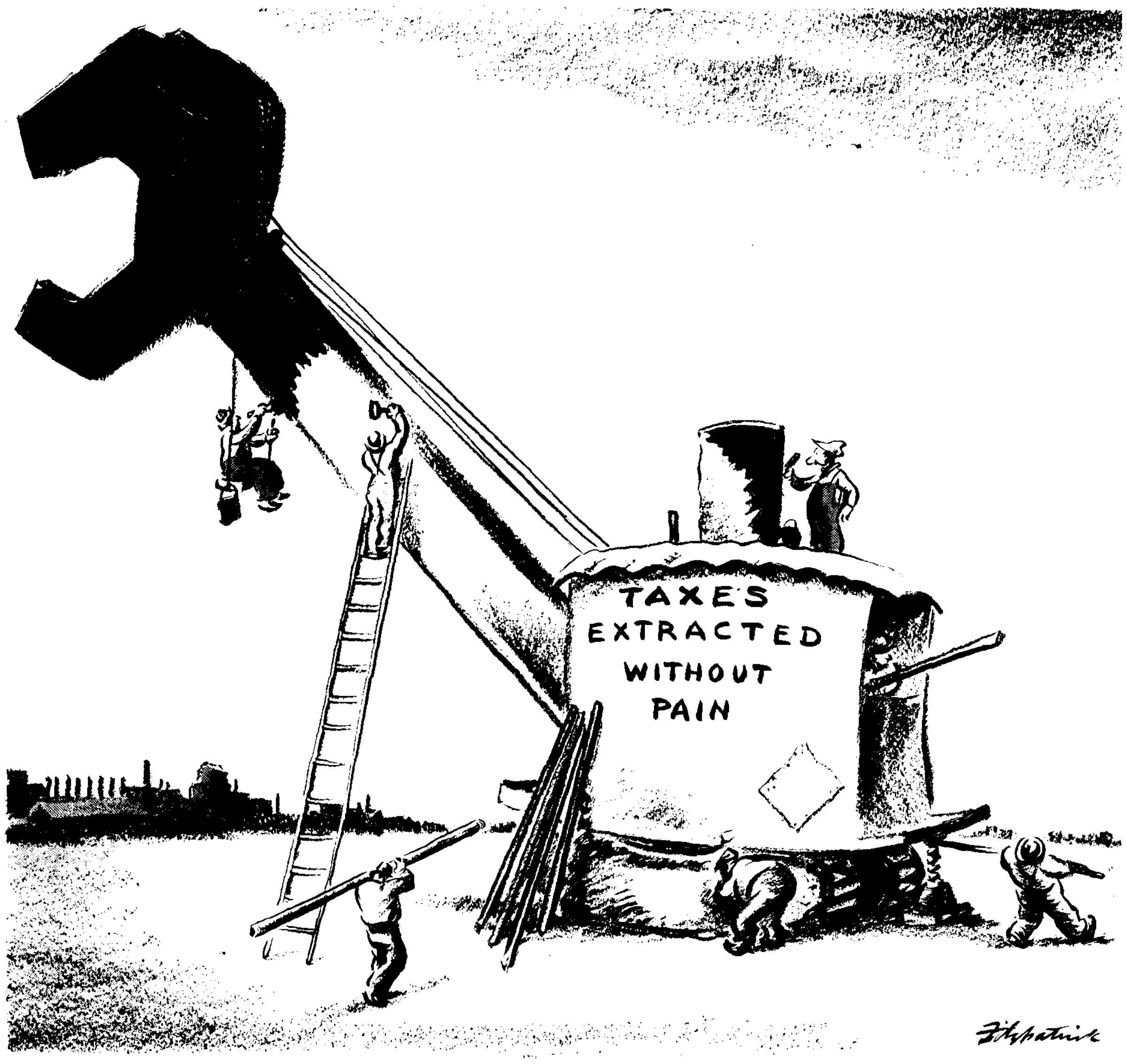
Heck, you can't talk to *customers* the way that guy says. You got to *humor* 'em. They got a right to pay 30¢ or 35¢ a quart if they want for their own pet oil.

Know what *I* tell Mrs. Klunk? I say: "Mrs. Klunk, listen, this Golden Shell Oil is what I use in my own car. And my car has to both *run for less* and *last longer* than your car does." It works, too. Kind of flatters her, I guess.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

A Bad Case of Taxes



AT ITS worst the tax bill that finally gets the approval of a bewildered Congress will be better than the law now on the books.

It will not be a good tax act. It will be the result of too many compromises and concessions to meet any reasonable standard of a wise tax program. It will be the best this Congress can produce under admittedly difficult conditions.

The present tax law is essentially bad because it discourages enterprise and effort. Because of the penalties placed upon initiative and successful achievement, production suffers. There is less national income to divide. There are fewer good jobs for willing workers.

The most glaring evil in the existing law is the tax upon the surpluses of corporations. American business, small and large, has grown upon its own earnings. Corporate surpluses are the seed corn of present-day industry. Eat up the seed corn, and next year's crop is smaller or gone.

Congress will doubtless eliminate the worst features of the surplus tax. Other destructive policies in the elaborate and complicated law may be modified. Many will be retained. Congress has not thought it politically possible to write a wholly new law.

The evils in our tax laws arise from confusion and from prejudice. The confusion comes from a misunderstanding concerning the purpose of a tax.

Many in Congress and outside think that a tax is an instrument of social reform. Taxes have been used in a futile effort to redistribute the national income. A conscious and a determined effort to transfer money from the pockets of those who have more to those who have less has added terrific complications to our federal tax law. This is poor thinking. Among other reasons, because it does not accomplish its desired end.

Worse still, many of the provisions of the tax law were adopted in prejudice and malice. The penalties levied at productive holding companies were designed to inflict injury upon politically weak and unpopular groups.

A democracy has the intrinsic power to destroy any kind of organization. An individual has the power to mutilate himself or even to commit suicide. It is not necessary, however, to exercise the conceded power of self-destruction.

The French taxed glass windows because glass seemed to be an object of luxury. So the French people economized on glass and the tuberculosis rate was very high. Because the French government thought glass a luxury, too many French people did without enough fresh air.

The way in which bad taxes can stifle industry is shown vividly by the railroads, although other policies besides taxes have helped injure the railroads.

American railroad service was fairly described by J. J. Pelley, who speaks for the railroads, as the best in the world, produced and sold at the lowest average cost. Yet, as a group, the railroads face great danger. A new government committee is considering the advantages of governmental operation.

The troubles of the railroads are plain enough. Their earnings are too small for their expenses. The government fixes the rates they charge and, ultimately, the wages they pay. It also levies taxes. The political tendency is to increase wages and taxes and to lower rates. So gradually the railroads are starved.

The railroads have, of course, other troubles. They did not pay off their mortgages and they felt the competition of the motorcar. Nevertheless, governmental policy during a generation and more had tended to take more out of them than the traffic would bear.

The tax levies on corporations have had the same effect on general business. The wise tax gatherer seeks to take no more than the traffic will safely stand. Congress has not been a wise tax gatherer during the past few years.

Yet the necessity for stimulating business to increase production is recognized by the more intelligent men in government and among the labor organizations as well as in business itself. For example, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, said this year: "We want to see capital go into the productive channels of private industry. We want to see private business expand. We believe that much of the remaining unemployment will disappear as private capital funds are increasingly employed in productive enterprises."

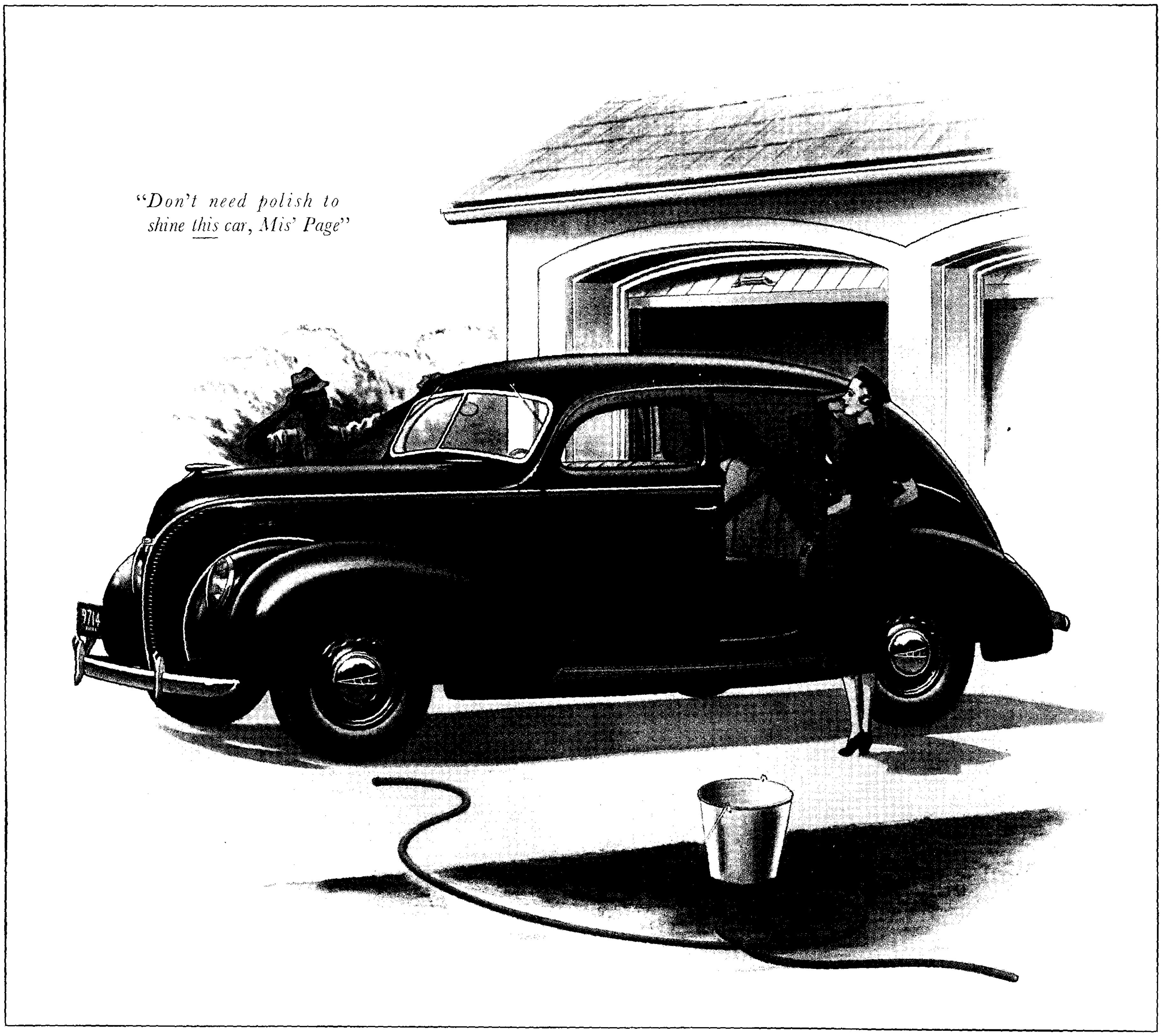
Some of Secretary Morgenthau's assistants, however, were very zealous in their efforts to persuade Congress to retain the undivided surplus tax, which has had a withering effect upon business.

Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, and one of the conservative spokesmen of organized workers, was even more plain-spoken than Mr. Morgenthau when he said: "Labor no less than industry demands that every sound private enterprise which has economic and social utility shall be allowed to function and not be stifled or be destroyed by governmental competition or governmental fiat, whether expressed through its taxing power, restrictive legislation or through discrimination. Unless industry is allowed the opportunity to make reasonable profits, collective bargaining will be rendered useless and of no avail."

This year the country's tax collectors, local, state and federal, will take an estimated total of 13.5 billion dollars. This is twenty cents out of every dollar earned in the nation.

With the best possible tax system the burden will be heavy enough. With a tax system embodying various schemes of economic reform, seasoned highly with prejudice, plus a touch of malice, the load slows down our productive energies.

We need a totally fresh consideration of the entire matter of federal taxation. This Congress would serve the nation well by creating a nonpartisan committee that, in the interval before the next session, might work out a new program. Given the opportunity, resourceful men could devise a tax measure that would provide essential revenues and at the same time encourage the productive energies of the American people.



A fine car – from start to **FINISH!**

You can't always see the quality that has been built into a motor car. It takes time and wear to bring out all of the facts.

The fine finish of the Ford V-8 is a good example. It is proof against sun, salt, sleet—against gasoline, alcohol or anti-freeze. Tests show that its rich, deep luster wears more than eight times as long as former finishes and is easily, quickly renewed by washing. Ask the boys who clean your car—they know the difference!

The same kind of quality is all through the car . . . in its V-8 engine—a smooth, modern power-plant which only Ford has been able to build at a low price . . . in special steels, tooled to their special jobs with incredible precision . . . in interior appointments, deftly designed and carefully fitted.

The 1938 De Luxe Ford V-8 is a fine expression of Ford quality and craftsmanship. It is a car you will be proud to own—attractive, easy riding, roomy—but still low priced.

THE DE LUXE
FORD V·8
FOR 1938

SHE COMBS THE WORLD FOR PICTURES THAT THRILL!

What Margaret Bourke-White, America's famous woman photographer, said when Ralph Martin inquired if she thought that one cigarette was as good as another

HOIST SIGNAL
1 STOP IN MOTION
1 HOIST TO LEVEL
2 LOWER TO LEVEL
3 MEN ELEVATE SLOWLY

STEEL MILLS, lumber camps, dams, skyscrapers, coal mines, subways *(as above)*—appeal to Margaret Bourke-White. She has gone all over the United States, up to the Arctic, into far countries. Her photographs are now internationally famous for their vigor and sensational interest. They're *different!* And that's just what Miss Bourke-White said about Camels to Ralph Martin at the New York World's Fair grounds *(right)*.

WORLD'S FAIR 19

"Cigarettes seem pretty much alike to me. Do you find some difference between Camels and the others, Miss Bourke-White?"

"I've found that Camels are very, very different, Mr. Martin — not just in one way, but in a *lot* of ways. For example, my nerves must be just as trustworthy as a steeple jack's. And Camels don't jangle my nerves. Camels taste extra-mild and delicate, too. When I'm tired—I get a 'lift' with a Camel. And at mealtimes, I like to enjoy Camels 'for digestion's sake.' You see, there's something about Camels that *agrees* with me—all around! I think that's what counts most —how your cigarette *agrees* with you!"

BETWEEN her photographic expeditions, Miss Bourke-White is fond of doing the same things that most attractive, alert young New York women do — shopping, going to the theatre, supper dancing. "And," she says, "there's rarely a time when I haven't plenty of Camels along with me. Camels make a big difference in the fun I get out of smoking."

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THEY ARE THE
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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME"

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Expert growers tell their preference in cigarettes —it's Camel!

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco," tobacco planters say

Floyd Smither, who grows tobacco, says: "Last year I grew a handsome crop of tobacco and the Camel people bought up all the choice lots. I smoke Camels — so do most planters. I *know* the quality of tobacco that goes into them."

Harry C. King, a successful grower for twenty years, says: "Camel bought the choice lots of my last tobacco crop—paid more for them. So I know they use finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels. That's why Camel is my cigarette."

"The Camel people bought the best of my last crop," says T. N. Williams, who grows fine tobacco. "There's no question where the more expensive tobacco goes. It goes into Camels. I prefer Camels, and most other planters do, too."